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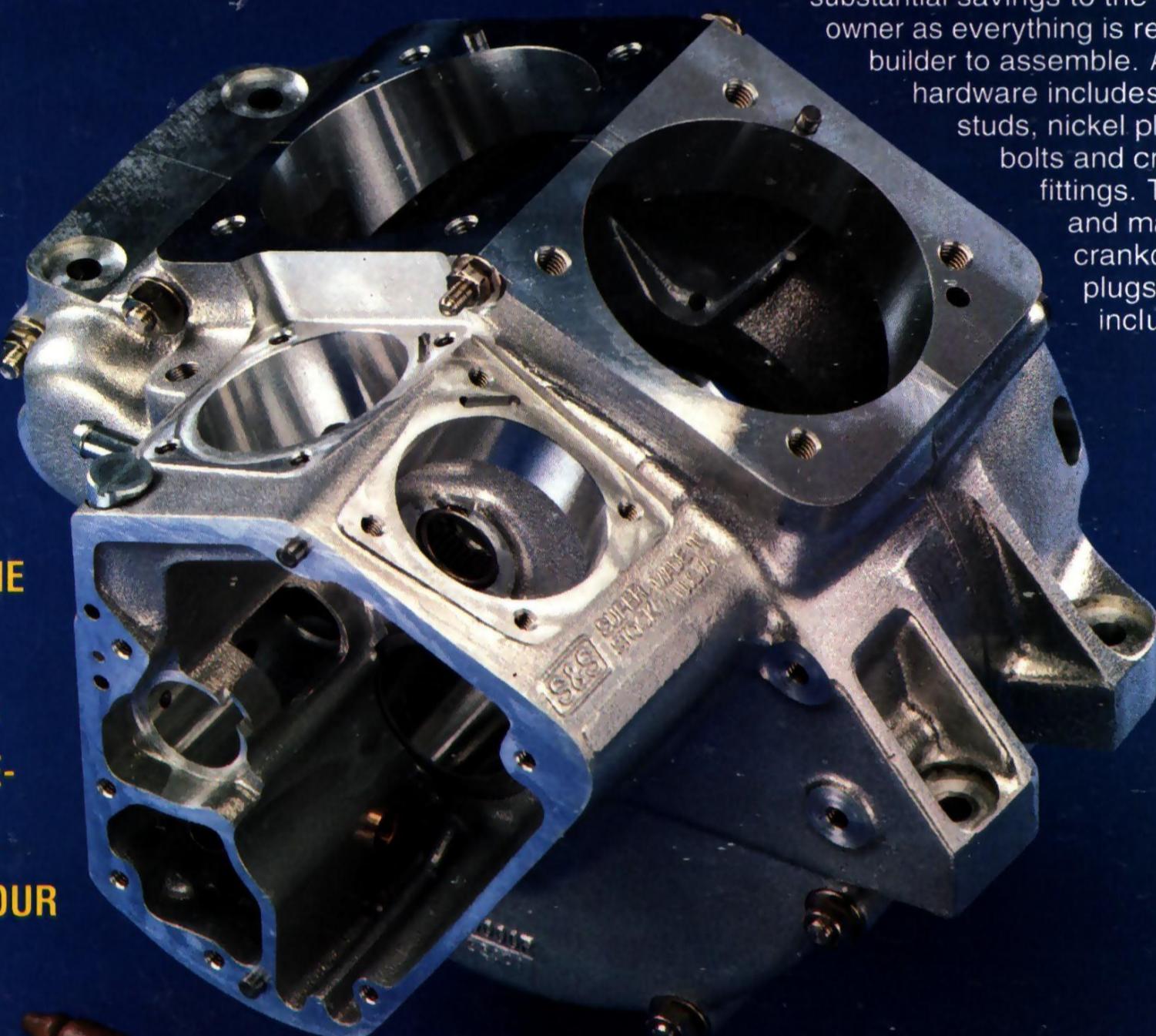
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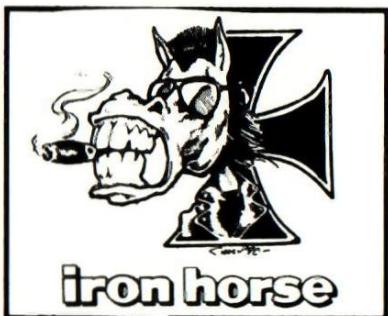


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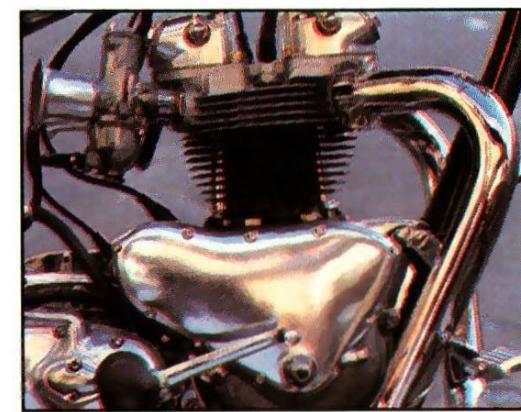
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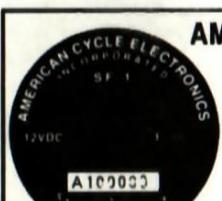
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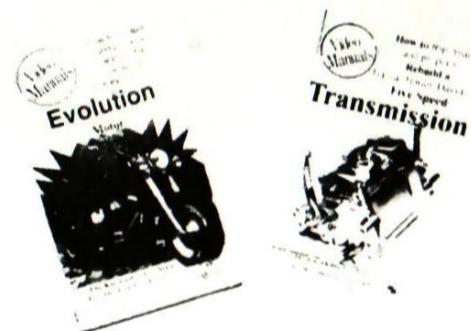
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Back Talk

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FROM ITS MAGNIFYING TRANSMITTER HIGH ATOP NEW YORK CITY'S Empire State Building, powered by a succession of giant Tesla Coils, the Iron Horse World System is engaged in the continuous wireless transmission of pure, unadulterated biker current directly into the brains of righteous riders around the globe, effectively bypassing the propaganda, doublethink, newspeak and other nefarious forms of thought control emitted by the corporate Molochs in Milwaukee and their mindless minions in the yuppie-biker press. Prepare to witness the awesome results as countless bikers achieve perfect harmonic resonance and split this weak world of bullshit in half! Resist the weak force! Join the strong force! The Iron Horse World System!

REAL WORLD SOFTIE

✖ First of all, some butt kissing. Excellent mag—great articles and a **real-world attitude**. Fucking **inspirational, man**—real, live people writing about the **real bike scene**. Okay, enough of that. The reason that I put finger to my wife's keyboard (!) is in response to a column by Genghis that appeared back in IH #119.

He states his version of what a Softail should look like. Well, here's mine. She's **ridden hard** and regularly. As you can see, she is basically a stock FXSTC with a few changes—**Screaming Eagle cam**, **S&S Super E**, and, of course, drag pipes. The paint was my brainstorm, expertly applied by Teresa Crane of Pompano Beach.

All the modifications were performed by me and I regularly maintain my bike. She's a **major part** of my life. I think that even Genghis wouldn't mind seeing this one in the pages of *Iron Horse*. It would be pretty cool to see my ride in your mag!

Keep up the great work, and as for the yups and RUBs, fuck 'em, fuck 'em all!

—Pat Ward, Coral Springs, FL



BSA BIKERS

✖ I just finished reading IH #123, and it was great! I guess I'm just not your usual "biker" (by the way, is that term **trademarked** yet?). I started out riding a **Honda CB 750**. Why pay thousands for a Harley only to go out and drop it while learning to ride? Screw that shit! I gave **65 dollars** for the bike—4 new plugs, an empty field, and I was ready to go! I dumped the Honda four times on the first day. I didn't love the Honda, in fact, I thought that it was possessed and trying to kill me, but I learned the basics and I'm grateful for that.

However, I was considered a non-biker because I putted the Honda. I eventually ditched it and became **bikeless**, waiting for the day I could afford a Harley. My priorities got screwed by little things like rent, food, bills, car insurance (for the seven months you can't ride here). The point of my letter is **FUCK THAT NOISE!**

I now putt a **chopped BSA**—total cost? **800 dollars!** Putt what you can afford, not what people say is "best." It's for you, and nobody else! **FUCK everybody else. I dig my BSA** and if I can't hang with these "righteous bros" because I'm not on a \$13,000 bike with \$8000 worth of bolt-ons, then fuck 'em. I'll ride alone the rest of my days. Sorry I can't afford to be a "real" biker! Am I wrong?

Hey Lynch, I'd love to ride with you sometime. Your articles are a lot like my riding adventures.

—Nightcrawler, Benton Harbor, Michigan

As ya know, we dig British iron here at the Horse. Paul Spradlin's **Project BSA** chopper started last issue, and check out Tracy's '69 **Firebird** on page 66. If you **REALLY ride**, you're really a biker, no matter what you're putting.

KANSAS SHIFTER

✖ Hey David, how are you coming with your Project FU Chopper? Are you still going with the **S&S engine**? Send me some pictures when you're done.

The **solid rim** works and looks great! I never got my bike completely done. Right now, I'm **rebuilding the engine**. Toward the end of last summer, it started smoking just a little. I began the process with only plans to redo the heads, but you know how that goes. I checked the rod play, and, of course it was too loose. I contemplated the thought of an S&S big bore kit but decided on just lightening the

flywheels. I just didn't want to bore the stock cases.

I got my **jockey shift** on— I love it! Everyone around here calls it my **jackass shift**, but hey, somebody's got to be different around here. The transmission looked in real good shape. The mainshaft seal behind the transmission sprocket was leaking, so I took it completely apart to be on the safe side.

Once I get all this back together, which should be within the next two or three weeks, I'll send you some pictures.

I hope to hear that you and Shawn will be riding back through this area this summer. Of course, I'll be working down at the shop (H-D of Salina).

—Shawn "Hippy" Clemmer, Salina, Kansas

Readers will recall that Shawn is the proverbial "friend indeed" who swapped rear wheels with me last summer (IH #120 "Way Out West"). His swingarm Shovel runs a Jammer springer with a 16" front wheel, and that 15" riveted aluminum disc in the rear.

JAP JUNK

✖ Wanted to drop a note to say the whole **opinionated lot** at *Iron Horse* is doing a great job. Your rag is the **last, true voice** in a yuppie-filled motorcycling world. Keep up the great work telling it like it is.

I've been riding many years, but only started reading the Horse with issue #100 (Dave Lamb's "Hot Rod Bonnie" still makes my mouth water). I've got a good friend who's been riding since the '50s, racing BSAs and such, and whom I proudly ride with as a member of **Gypsy MC** international (enclosed is a pic of me on my Bonnie). He's got a shitload of old *Iron Horse* issues from way back and I love poring over them. Seeing all those old issues with the occasional **chopped Honda 750** brought back some good

memories. My brother had a cool, chopped 750 with a coffin tank back in the '70s that I thought was it. I personally don't ride Jap, and I hope I never have to, but my question is: at what point did Iron Horse decide that a chopped ricer was no longer worthy of publication? I love your rag, it's awesome, but I gotta tell ya, you guys used to run some **kickass Jap** feature bikes. Just some food for thought in the open forum we all know and love as *Iron Horse*!

—Randy Lambert, Abilene, Texas

Back when Iron Horse was owned by Paisano ('78-'84), it was mainly a **non-Harley** publication, specializing in Jap and British customs. The '70s was the **heyday** of the Jap chopper, and ya just don't see 'em that much anymore. Even if you did, we'd still find custom Brits and Harleys to be more interesting. We don't have anything against bikers riding Jap machines, they just don't turn us on.

TESTIMONIAL

✖ *Iron Horse* continues to be the best motorcycle publication or biker rag or whatever, of all those I read. We here at **Jersey ABATE** recently had a speaker from *American Iron* magazine at our **Two-Wheeled Convention**, and both he and his magazine paled in comparison to the Horse. There is absolutely no reason to compare the two. The biker community is served superbly by the Horse. Examples abound, especially the recent interview with **Danny Lyon** in issue #123!

—Gary Introne, Metuchen, NJ

HOLY SHIT

I read *Iron Horse* #123 with great interest. The "**Losing My Religion**" piece featuring Martin Jack Rosenblum was something I felt I should comment on.

You're to be commended for giving Marty a chance to respond to whatever it was that Genghis said about him. (I missed that issue, so I didn't see the piece.) A lot of rags would just spew their venom and that would be that. To your credit, **you gave the man a chance** to speak his mind.

Like I said, I don't know what Wong's gripe was, and it doesn't



matter. If he dislikes Marty, cool—it's a free country. But just so you catch another side of the story, let me tell you a bit about my association with Martin Jack.

Though we've never met face to face, Marty and I have corresponded for about a year and a half on a regular basis. We've also talked a couple of times on the phone about one thing or another. I've got his book *The Holy Ranger: Harley-Davidson Poems*, as well as his first two albums, *I Am the Holy Ranger*

and *Free Hand*. I'm looking forward to taking delivery of his latest album, *Down On the Spirit Farm*. In my opinion, his work speaks volumes about the "motorcycling experience," the "lifestyle" or whatever the fuck someone else wants to call it. No, his works **aren't the definitive expression** of our way of life because ultimately, each of us expresses our art and our lives in our own way—I'm sure that Scott would agree that he expresses his martial art in his own unique way. The book and the recordings are Marty's way of expressing his own relationship with the road and his machine(s).

I've learned quite a bit about brotherhood through Marty. As I said, we've never met, just corresponded. But he's been helpful to me in a variety of ways, from answering questions I had about particular aspects of motorcycling, to contributing words to my newsletter, *Your Freedom*. Contributing, as in *free*. This from a guy who writes professionally and probably gets paid pretty well for doing it. Why'd he help me? I don't know. But I consider it a gesture of brotherhood.

The man also canceled a paying gig to do a benefit for a biker who was badly hurt in an accident. Brotherhood.

I've found Marty to be a guy who speaks straight, with no bullshit. As he says, we ride the same roads.

--- **John Haynes, Oklahoma City, OK**

In *Iron Horse* #123 you presented an interview with Martin Jack Rosenblum, Harley-Davidson's historian. I take issue with a number of points regarding this article. First, it is evident that you have taken an **unethical approach to journalism**. You plant this story in your own magazine with the obvious intent to rip limb from limb Rosenblum in ensuing issues of *Iron Horse*. Do you think your readership is blind and can't see this? This is a typical "Snow job" people have learned to expect from *Iron Horse*. Every diatribe in which your writers engage is based on conjecture. I have never read anything in *Iron Horse* based on fact or evidence, evidence, just on what obviously is based on the ill-conceived opinions of a small cadre of insecure writers.

Second, you make the **false assumption** that others place credence on what you think about a management decision by Harley-Davidson. You are presumptuous to believe that bikers give a goddamn about your opinions. Harley-Davidson has every right to hire anyone

they please to do the job the company requires. It is obvious that Harley-Davidson believes Rosenblum is eminently qualified for the position.

You and your writers certainly have a knack for beating a dead iron horse into the ground. Do you sincerely believe that Harley-Davidson or most of the Harley riding community gives a goddamn about the fact that you do not like the company, its employees or its products? If you do then you need to get a life.

Rosenblum has done more to unite the biking community through his writing and music over the years than any other biker to grace this nation. He has stood behind and fought for all the things any biker should believe in— freedom of choice, riding American motor- cycles, protection of our constitutional rights and a host of other vital issues.

While *Iron Horse* wastes issue after issue haranguing (*sic*) over such useless and worn-out issues as what is or is not a biker, what is or is not a proper ride, slamming other biker rags, and reinflating its own writers' egos, some of us are out there on the front lines doing something about issues which affect us as American bikers. Martin Jack Rosenblum is such a biker.

The *Iron Horse* crew is so pertinacious they can't get out of their fossilized line of thought. As usual you are so wrapped up in yourselves and trying to boost your weak egos that through incogitant writing you must trash someone else's reputation to exalt yourselves as the **gods of bikerdom**. It is said that "God rides a Harley," but he sure as hell doesn't work at *Iron Horse*.

--- **Skip Gaterman, St. Louis, MO**

And that, Skippy, is the single valid assertion contained in your letter— God is **only** a stringer for the Horse. However, the **biker godz** currently employed here include **Woden, Thor, Shiva the Destroyer, Crom Cruachan, Kali, Hephaestus, and Surtur** among others. Martin Jack trashed his own reputation, he didn't require divine guidance to help him perform that particular task.

The point that both Skippy and Mr. Haynes have missed is that Martin Jack's talent and character, or lack thereof, was never the issue. What was at issue was his **false portrayal** of biker history and the **outlaw influence** upon Harley-Davidson in American Iron's 90 Years of Harley-Davidson. Haynes admits that he has no idea what the debate is about,

and joins Skippy's litany regarding Rosenblum as nice guy. Fine. Martin Jack could be the most beautiful saint to ever walk the earth, but that **does not excuse** spreading **misinformation, distorting facts, and fabricating outright lies** regarding the history of the biker culture. At *Iron Horse* we consider the attempt to rewrite biker history to be an extremely important issue. We would think that anyone who values the truth might be similarly concerned.

Skippy, the outlaw influence ain't about "conjecture," "ill-conceived opinion," or a concern with boosting the egos of "insecure writers." It's a simple **matter of truth**, about **giving credit** where it is due, and the clear, **unbiased presentation** of the facts. Matters with which both you and Martin Jack seem to be **completely unfamiliar**.

You accuse me and the staff of *Iron Horse* of "unethical journalism." Aside from your prejudice, what is the evidence? Here are the **facts** regarding the Rosenblum interview. *Iron Horse* bent over backwards to accommodate Rosenblum, as *Flynn* provided him with a list of **written** questions to be answered at his leisure. Rosenblum had weeks to prepare his answers. In addition, I assured Rosenblum through *Flynn* that his answers would appear completely **unedited**, and, as per his request, *Iron Horse* would not offer a rebuttal to his comments until the **following** issue. These were undoubtedly the conditions most ideally suited for what is usually referred to as a "safe interview."

Rosenblum **was not** ambushed, which is what you're clumsily attempting to imply. He was presented with **honest questions** that we at *Iron Horse* sincerely wanted answered. He knew exactly to what the questions referred, ie., *Genghis*' critique of his articles, the outlaw influence, the *Harley Cafe*, etc., and he chose to evade them. That the questions were not **forthrightly** answered is not the fault of anyone working at *Iron Horse*, nor is it our fault that Rosenblum's responses made him appear as anything **BUT** "someone who speaks straight, with no bullshit." As stated in last issue's rebuttal to Rosenblum:

"There are people, including the staff of this magazine, who are really hungering to hear something of substance from Harley-Davidson regarding the corporation's current state of affairs. Personally, I was looking forward to reading *Flynn's* interview. I eagerly anticipated the factory's view of the whole

outlaw question, and was even prepared for some kind of unique perspective that might justify and/or clarify Harley's position. Given the opportunity to state their case in *Iron Horse* **unedited and without space limitations**, Martin Jack and the corporation he represents punked out big time."

I believe that even the most casual reader of the interview, **unfamiliar** with the issues involved, would find Rosenblum's evasions **offensive**, not to mention **cowardly**. It is most interesting that you anticipated the rendering of Rosenblum "limb from limb" in an "ensuing" issue of the *Horse*. Could it be that even a sycophant such as yourself could detect the **over-powering aroma** of bullshit that permeated Rosenblum's responses? And just what, exactly, is "unethical" about a rebuttal? That is the **nature** of debate—that's what it's all about. If you're **content to blindly swallow** the lamest bullshit or the worst, cliched poetry or the most asinine obfuscations, more power to ya. Slop it down with *Harley beer*. But don't write whining, pissy letters to *Iron Horse* if we refuse to join the party.

As far as I'm concerned, whatever trashing Rosenblum happens to receive because of his performance in this interview, he richly deserves. He demonstrated a complete **lack of respect** for the interviewer, this magazine, and its readers. If there is a question of ethics involved in this matter, it resides squarely with cowards who refuse to **fairly answer** straight questions and sycophants who abet them.

Lastly, we're fully aware that H-D doesn't care about bikers anymore— we document the fact in every issue, and we couldn't "give a goddamn" whether you, Harley-Davidson or any "Harley riding community" agrees with *Iron Horse*. We know we're right--- we got the godz and **REAL** bikers on our side.

ON OUR SIDE

✖ Hey, Snow, after reading "Losing My Religion" (the Martin Jack interview in *IH* #123), all I can say is, thank God I ride a **Triumph**!

--- **Jason, scenic downtown Baltimore, MD**

The correct one to thank for Brit iron is **Crom**.

TASTY CH

✖ Hey guys, thanks for putting out the best, and only bike rag I read! Why? Because you're the only rag to recognize the class

of such machines as the early ironhead XLs, older Big Twins, and British vertical twins.

Enclosed is a pic of my '70 XLCH which I restored from a rusted out rat. When I first picked up the bike, the front brake cable was missing, the front suspension didn't work, the rear fender and seat were bungeed to the frame, and the smoky motor had more cracks in it than an eggshell.



Steve's 1970 XLCH in Santee frame.

Except for the seat, front fender, and hand levers, everything on the bike is **original**, and was either rebuilt, repainted, repolished or rechromed. Molding and paint for the Santee frame was done by my good buddy, Bob, while his cousin Joey painted the tank and fenders. My good bud, Pauly, is currently redoing the tank with a flame design.

"Sportster high-top runners? Get real! And as for that H-D Toilet Water, well, it smells like burnt clutch plates to me."

Thanks to Bob, Joey, Doug, and Pauly for helping me get the bike together. Long live the ironheads!

Tell Sager that I know what 20 year old fork oil looks like.

--- **Steve G., Carteret, NJ**

FLIP YOUR PATCH

✖ I just thought I'd put my two cents in about how "The Motor Company" has seemingly forgotten about the **very people who supported them** over the decades. If a biker is like being married to your motorcycle, then what Harley is now doing is like your in-laws disowning you (although in a real marriage this is not always a bad thing). Harley has turned to a new clientele and left us, the bikers who always stood behind them, to fend for ourselves. As business goes, it's probably a good move for them to pursue the monied yuppie who'd rather pose on a Harley than ride it. However, if we, the "tattooed hardcore" (IH

#123), were a Fortune 500 company, you'd probably see the latest **90 cubic inch hardtail Panhead** rolling off the production line this year! But that holds little solace for those of us left out in the cold. On the bright side, on the inevitable day when Mrs. Yuppie tells **husband Wannabe** he must sell his **1995 FXDWGEZ special-fringe-and-concho edition**, there will most likely be one of the faithful

Harley quit making off-road motorcycles? I remember riding my uncle's Baja 100 many years ago. Ever since then, I've been hooked on motorcycles. I collect and ride **Hodakas**--- they're made for trail riding, which they do very well.

I've been saving for my first Harley for a long time and hopefully I'll get the damn thing soon. Until then I'll keep trailing my **four slice chrome toaster tankers**, thank you.

As long as you keep selling your rag, I'll keep buying it.

--- **Paul "Da Flash" Ahner, LaGrande, OR**

Harley's off-rovers couldn't keep up with the jappers.

HIGH-CALIBER RIDER

✖ I almost gave up on, as you guys put it, "the hardcore" type of riders. While **grabbing some growlies** to help the JD go down, I spied your mag on the rack and after a quick look, I slapped the \$5.85 Canadian on the counter and rushed home.

I ride a **1942 WLC four-five** converted to a .45 Magnum. For those who don't know, that's a 45" bottom end with Sportster jugs, lots of nuts. She is **100% Harley**, jockey shift and all.

My biggest problem is finding people to ride with as most of the yuppie assholes ride Evos and don't want old, oil-dripping, rigid framed hard asses anywhere near their new, **bathroom-colored** status symbols, if you get my drift.

Your mag really opened my eyes! Another thing that really pisses me off is the Harley Owners Group (or I should say, the Evolution Owners Group). They don't know shit. I'm proud to ride a legend, one that remains true to the hardcore.

I also agree that **Willie G. needs a good kick in the nuts**, even my old lady says that he's fucking

Just flip your Harley patch, John, and we'll know who ya are. Hey, how come you didn't send a pic of your ride? We would have loved to put it on our Wall of Fame.

PROJECT CHOPS

✖ Hey David, just read your diatribe (Project FU Chopper) in IH #121. I think you got it right, man. I agree with what you see in the difference between what was happening in '81 and now with regard to the biker purists and yups and Harley's two-facedness (is that a word?). Everything in your article was right on, from the line, "...if pure function..." to your reasons for building the FU chop. I feel like **framing the fuckin' pages**.

I think we have a few more things in common. I've been riding a Paughco rigid Shovel since 1990. The bike has the 9" over wide springer (sans shock) that you've got, **half high apes with six inch risers, jockey shift ratchet-top, 18" front wheel, and a dual magneto, kick-only 80 inch mill**. I have to run the small wheel to help keep the frame level with its 35 degree rake. I think the FU's 40 degrees is the way to go.

I've blasted the bike to the Sturgis 50th rally and down to last year's Run to the Wall in D.C., just to mention a couple of big runs. The bro I rode to Sturgis with was on an **'85 FXSB**--- nice sled with a flame paint job and an 89 incher (non-stroked). I know you'd appreciate the FXSB and its lineage. He also has a Paughco rigid project with a Pan motor that should be up this year.

My ride has had five different seats, four different front wheels, two different rear wheels, three different primaries, two different front ends, etc., in the last four years. I like checking out the different combinations, and, next to



Jim Wysocki's chopper originally appeared in IH #96.

things up. Sportster high-top runners? Get real! And as for that H-D Toilet Water, well, it smells like burnt clutch plates to me.

Last but not least, do you guys sell any patches with your mag's name on them? I want one for my riding vest!

--- **John "Swill" Clarke, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada**

riding it, I'm happiest when I've got my hands in it.

I'm in the process of building another **chop that is based on an old C&J rigid frame** with a 10" stretch and 40 degree rake. The drivetrain will be the Shovel, belt drive and four speed out of my other bike. The C&J frame has got a 15" over wide Denver's springer

with a 21" Invader wheel, and is going to run a high gas tank. I would prefer a 15" or 18" over wide Paughco or Jammer springer, but have not been able to locate one.

I'm after a look that will allow a **small helicopter** to fly over the front jug, and under the frame backbone, but still have a bike I can turn around in the street— hence the 40 degree rake. My **Paughco** rolling chassis will be for sale, by the way. Good luck with the FU chop.

— Jim Wysocki, Hadley, MA



Eric's XL from Vermont

PLEASSED WITH SPORTSTERS

✉ I recently picked up a copy of Iron Horse and was pleased to see that you do feature some nice Sporties (unlike most bike rags). I'd be very pleased to see a pic of my 1975 XL in your rag. Keep up the great work.

— Eric Crowninshield, Jamaica, VT

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

✉ First off, please excuse my handwriting, as my hand is in a cast.

I have a problem— I work at my ol' man's bike shop, and no matter what, I still get the same attitude from the same guys who don't know jackshit about bikes. I work on bikes and know a lot of tech shit.

Hell, my ol' man even proved to one of them that his ol' lady knew what she what the hell she was doing. I was changing the fork seals on a Low Rider a guy was buying from us, and after he bought it, he took it to another shop for other repairs because he "didn't want a woman working on it."

When in hell are guys gonna learn that women can be great mechanics also?

When I was a child growing up on bikes, my father and three brothers kept telling me that I wouldn't have a man around all the time, and if I were to break down, I'd have to fix it myself. So I watched, listened, and learned. I carry tools on my bike and tools in my car.

I want these male chauvinist pigs to give us women the respect they give to the bros that work in a bike shop. Granted, I or anyone else occasionally makes mistakes, but who's perfect? At least I admit my mistakes and try to fix them!

— Sunshine Bryant, Houston, TX

Check out Tracy on page 66. At the Horse we happen to think that a capable, hardcore, hard-riding

woman is a major turn-on. Tell the dames to get fucked.

A FAX FROM HOLLAND

✉ Regarding your report on the Harley-Davidson Cafe in IH #122 "Ride Free? Eat Me!", as well as Scott's "going the distance" column in the same issue, you guys really hit it right on, man! Yeah, I'm one of those guys who's scrapin' every dime together for the **ultimate day**— you know, when you pick up that scooter that you've been dreamin' of

practically all your life. And til that day, I'll be in the wind on my ricer, since I'm one of those addicts who just can't do without two wheels.

Guess that's something that the cafe crowd can't understand. All they want is **to be seen** on their carwash cleaned, chrome hung, super-deluxe garbage wagons on a bright, sunny Sunday afternoon cruisin' (or should I say **stumblin'**) towards that ultimate house of ill repute "The Hardly-Davidson Endorsed RUB and Celebrity Hang-Out." Then they rush back to their condo with said garbage wagon strapped to the **Sleazyriders** superduper bikecarrier danglin' on their Detroit Airco & Airbag Cruiser as the weather guy expected the slight possibility of a drizzle in their area after four o'clock.

If this is the direction the Motor Company is headed, please, please **count me out**. Further, **Willie G.**, be urgently advised that the bike— whatever the bike ---- has been and will always be the ultimate, definite form of class transportation for zillions of people all around the world! So don't give that "motorcycles aren't about transportation" crap again. And listen. Don't piss off the guys who ride the bikes as a way of life, and not as a way of making people believe that it's their way of living. Those for-real bikers are the guys stood by the Company when things weren't lookin' too bright for you. The RUBs came much, much later.

In the meantime, I'll keep on dreamin' of and savin' for that one ride, but the way things look at the moment, I'll probably invest the money in a **Pan or Shovel to rebuild** rather than investing it in a brand new Blockhead. Hope it pisses H-D off. So, **Willie G.**, go sit on one of them vibrating barstools. Maybe it'll shake up your brain and maybe, just maybe, all the loose parts will fall into place again.

To the staff of **Iron Horse**, may the favorable riding winds ever blow your way.

— Martin R. van Essen, Almere, Flevoland, the Netherlands

Hey Martin, spread the word among the European bikers— flip your Harley patches, and join the **Iron Horse World System**, bros!

FALLING INTO PLACE

✉ I was thinking about writing to your mag. Issue #121 with the new Project FU chop and all the hardtail chops, and then #122 with more on the Project FU and Lynch's jockey shift on his Super Glide really got to me. All this shit seemed to be falling into place for me.

I just ran into a guy who bought one of my buddies' bikes about five years ago. I asked him what he did with it. He said he had the motor rebuilt and that it was sitting in his closet while the rest was out at the Hog Barn. He said he was riding a new Harley-Davidson. After a little wheeling and dealing, \$800, and my old '66 BSA Lightning, the old **1942 Flathead** was mine! All I need to do is have the trans checked out and put it all back in the frame. It's a **hardtail, suicide clutch, jockey shift, with an extended springer** and lots of chrome. Maybe when I get it all together you'll show it in your mag. Keep up the good work.

— Greg Rundol, Lagrange, IN

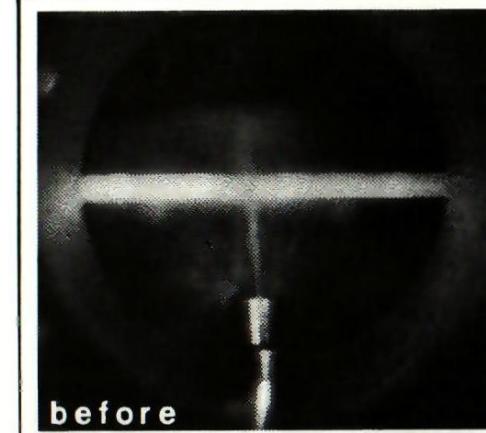
Make sure that you do send us some pics Greg— we love Flatheads!

DOUCHE DOG II

✉ Hey, Mad Dog (IH #123 Back Talk)--- get with it, will ya? Iron Horse is the only rag that stands up for real, **true bikers**, unlike **E a s y r e a d e r s** (Entertainment for rich and famous yuppie riders only), **Super-slacker** or **Outhouse Biker**. Shit, you only get two bike features for \$3.95 from **Outhouse** and you complain about the Horse? What's your trip? Are you a salesman for Harley or a **dishwasher** at the Harley-Davidson Cafe? What's your problem? We need more guys like Snow, Genghis, Lynch, and Mike Seate! People who tell it like it really is instead of joining the invasion of yuppie morons who don't even know how to change their oil.

Hey, Iron Horse, keep up the great work and thanks for sticking with us.

— Kraz, New Britain, CT



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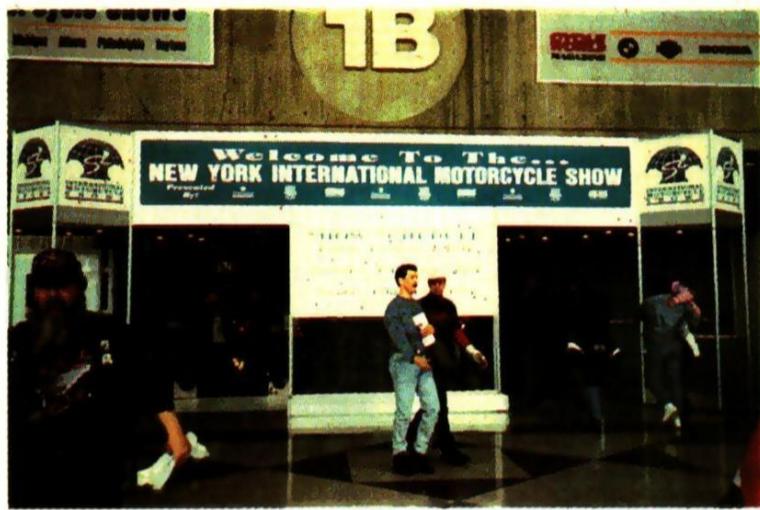
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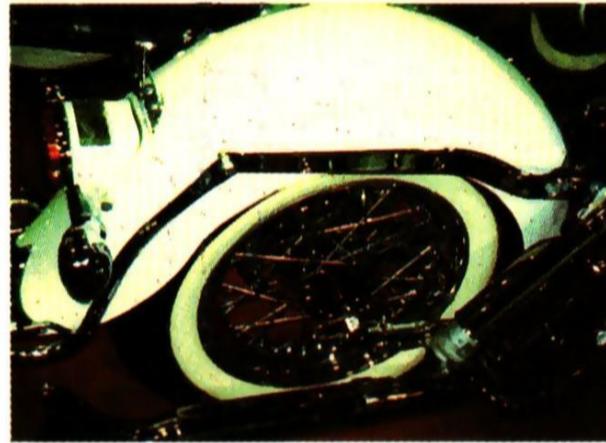
the New York

international motorcycle show

by Genghis

The New York International Motorcycle Show took place at the Jacob Javits Convention Center adjacent to the scenic (and frozen) Hudson River on February 4th, 5th, and 6th of 1994. I'm glad that I attended the Saturday show, if for no other reason, than that it helped me to resolve a custom issue in my mind. It helped to crystallize why I not only prefer the superior function of a swingarm over a rigid, but also why I think that the classic swingarm rear section of the four speed Big Twin Frame (manufactured from 1958-1986) actually looks better than a rigid frame's rear section.

There were two Panheads side by side at an exhibit--- one was a rigid, and the other was a swingarm. Seeing these two great old girls together encapsulated, for me, the visual differences between the models, as well as the reasons why the swingarm is so much more impressive than the preceding rigid design. Compared to the rigid next to it, the swingarm's entire rear section looked so much more massive in nature--- like the muscular quads, hamstrings and buttocks of a Ms. Olympia champion compared with the hips and upper legs of a sedentary, out of shape woman. The Duo Glide, from the seat post back, with those great big shocks, solid-looking round swingarm, chromed sixteen inch



spoked wheel and full rear fender looked almost... voluptuous. Many people feel that the Harley rigid frame's slim rear section adds to the appearance of a custom. I contend that the massively constructed rear section of a swingarm custom accentuates the naturally powerful look of a Harley, especially if it sports a skinny 21" front wheel framed by a short, stubby, Wide Glide fork devoid of covers. Massive in the rear, slim at the front, like a slingshot dragster catapulted from a dragstrip's staging area, a clean, swingarm Big Twin is majestic. Those guys who designed the Duo Glide chassis back in the '50s might not have had the privilege of working in today's "Styling Department" in Milwaukee, but they created a work of art that has yet to be surpassed by the many rear sections created by the factory since.

The angle of the shocks may have been dictated by a functional concern (to allow for saddlebags), but the rear section of the Duo Glide chassis is such a visual tour de force, that, if you weren't familiar with Harley history, you might conclude that it was designed with purely aesthetic appearances in



mind.

This insight alone made me glad that I attended the show, but there were many more interesting exhibits that confirmed that this was a winter afternoon well spent.

OH YES, THEY'RE THE GREAT PRETENDERS

One attribute of the show that made me feel like puking was the presence of the journalistic leeches that have recently jumped on the Harley bandwagon only for the gain of a neat profit. Both *Cycle World's* *Big Twin* and *American Rider* had some very elaborate and expensive looking displays at the show. Yes, *Big Twit* and *American Ricer* were both there in force, pushing their prostituting



pretender products to an unsuspecting, yuppie market who just can't wait to sample the inane reading in these rags which consists of nothin' but cheerleading for the trademark-enforcing factory. *Big Twit* and *American Ricer* seem to have learned their hypocrisy lessons (attempting to sanitize the Harley scene of its outlaw origins) only too well from *American Ironing*--- to the point that even that rag seems to be taking offense at these newest pretenders.

Check it out--- in the letters section of a recent *American Ironing*, there appeared a letter from a reader titled "Resents 'Me Too' Mags" in which the yuppie-turned-bro asked, "What's with all these new Harley-oriented magazines popping up all over? I for one resent all these 'born again' or 'me too' magazines trying to imitate AIM. Why don't they stick to their rice rockets and quit pretending to be into Harleys?"

Dunno about you, but that reader's last question sounded appropriate not only for *American Ironing* itself, which didn't exist before the '90s, but for all the other Brando-come-lately "Harley-oriented" rags as well as their yuppie readership. A classic case of the pot calling the kettle black. For the record, *Iron Horse* debuted with Paisano on the

west coast in 1978, and moved to New York City in 1984. To the Horse, all of these rags are merely "pretending to be into Harleys."

THE GOOD STUFF

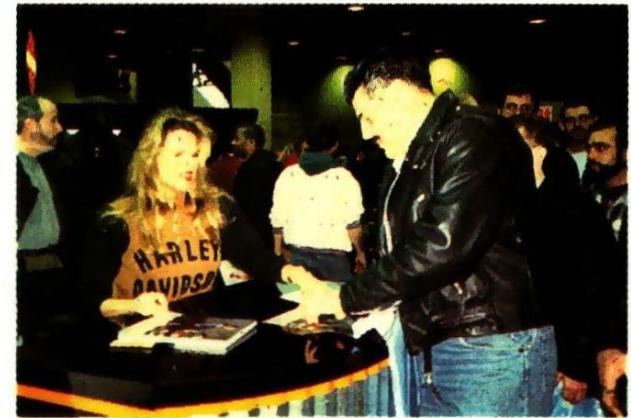
There were some nice customs to scope out at the show. One of them was Marlene Cline's clean Sporty, "The Rocketeer," which I wrote about last issue. Marlene's bike was in the SD Cycles display. Another good looking



bike that was in English Don's SD Cycle's booth was Roger Miret's rigid chopper, which you'll soon see featured in a future issue of the Horse. Don wasn't at the display when I dropped by, as he was busy at work in his new shop not far from the convention center. At 540 West 38th St. in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen, his number is (212) 695-4747, while the 24 hour beeper number is 1-917-988-0754. I try to give out Don's numbers out as often as possible as an NYC 24-hour towing service is something that could save a biker a lot of hassle if he happens to break down in New York City. This is a very unforgiving place, my friends.

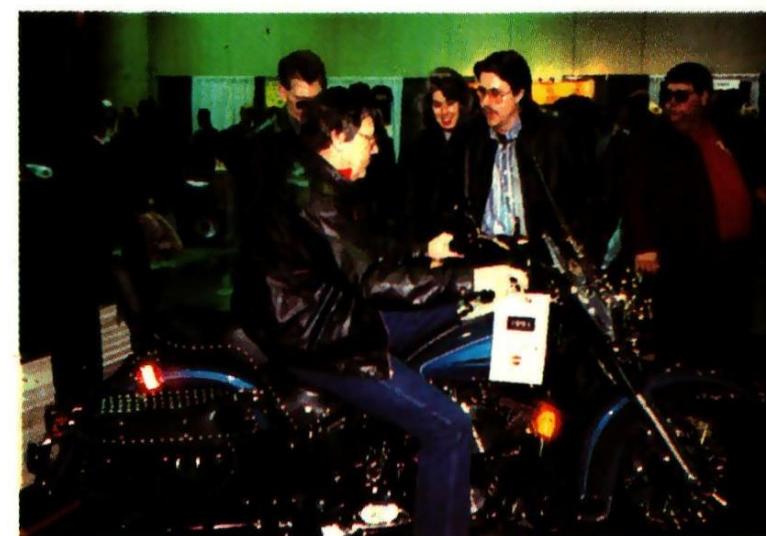
I have to admit to getting a kick out of the Triumph chopper built by the Sixth Street Specials coping First Place in the *Cycle World* show! A blue ribbon, fer crissakes! This 1960 pre-unit is featured on page 28 of this issue and Snow already told you to be on the lookout for it back in issue #123. Wonder if the *Cycle World* folks realized that Dimitri and Hugh are officially licensed *Iron Horse* Piss Peas? Oh yeah, be sure to check out Part III of Dimitri's Russian ride on page 58 of this edition of the Horse.

"Ms. Harley-Davidson" was on hand at the show to sign autographs. I don't know about you, but I had to wonder what a person like a "Ms. Harley-Davidson" had achieved to cause complete strangers to ask for her autograph. Am I the only person to find the concept a trifle absurd? If the



factory hadn't spent all of that bread promoting "Ms. Harley-Davidson," would anyone know her if they passed her on the street? Can you imagine a line of 16 bikers waiting for the autograph of someone whose name they probably don't even know? What has she accomplished in this world to warrant such attention, aside from having the luck to be born with the genetics that provided her with a pretty smile and big hair? I don't get it.

Another highlight of the show for me was when several bikers came up and informed me how much they enjoyed reading *Iron Horse*, and how superior they felt the Horse is to all the other shit hanging on the magazine racks. One righteous bro, Paul and his ol' lady Rosemarie, told me how they think that *Iron Horse* is "the only one." Another righteous reader and rider was Mike who told me that when he gets a new issue of the Horse, he hunkers down and reads it from cover to cover in one sitting while consuming a six pack or two. A great combination!



Hey people, we appreciate our readers for their support and intelligence. Even though we don't spend thousands of dollars for elaborate display booths to promote the Horse at New York or Cincinnati or Daytona or wherever, we know that we have the kind of solid relationship with our readers that no amount of money could ever buy. That's for fuckin' sure! Later. ♫



MODEL CHIEF

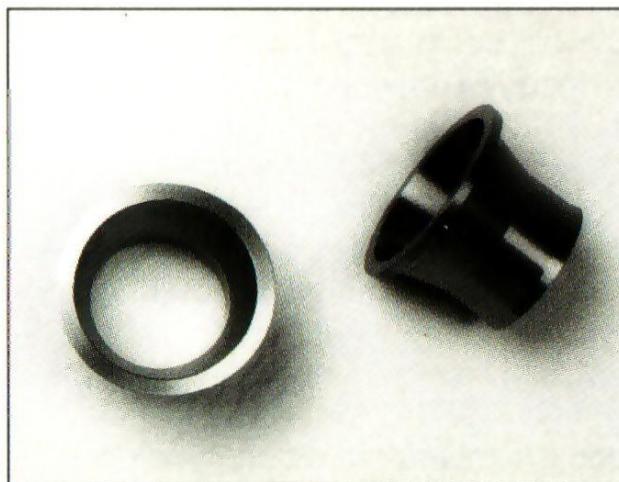
Under the title of "The Glory Days" Stratford Precision Models based in Milton Keynes, England, will later this year, launch a collection of 1/18 scale Classic Motorcycle Models. The first model to be released will be this 1948 Indian Chief. Carefully reflecting the style and individuality that became the trademark of the Indian motorcycle, this limited edition model captures all of the beauty and magic of the real thing.

Eighteen months were spent researching and developing this model, even to the point of using authentic DuPont paints.

The models are slated to go for £90 apiece (or roughly \$150). Contact: **Stratford Precision Models, Chapel House, Boycott Avenue, Oldbrook, Milton Keynes, Bucks, England MK6 2PN.** Tel: 0908-667755 or FAX: 0908-690884.

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They call it their Exhaust Tork Valve, and it's available for Evo Big Twins and Sportsters. White Bros says that the product gives the correct back pressure within the exhaust system by creating a venturi. At low engine speeds, the taper of the Tork Valve increases back pressure resulting in increased low RPM power and torque. At high engine speeds, the venturi created by the Tork Valve increases gas velocity, which maximizes engine power by increasing the rate at which the exhaust gases are



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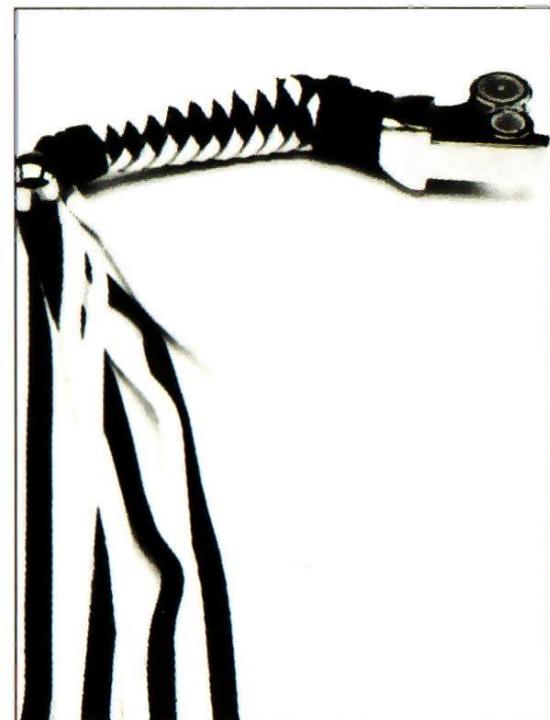
The White Bros. Tork Valve fits into the exhaust at the header to cylinder connection, and fits all OEM and most aftermarket pipes on both Evo Big Twins and Sportsters. Priced at \$64.95 per pair.

Contact **White Bros. at 24845 Corbit Place, Yorba Linda, CA 92667.** Tel: 714-692-3404.

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New from Iron Braid are leather lever covers available in fourteen colors: black, blue, orange, turquoise, yellow, white, brown, green, red, grey, and maroon among others. Each Iron Braid is stabilized with stainless steel to keep the braid from slipping, sliding, twisting or turning. A single color or combination of any two colors is available, with or without fringe.

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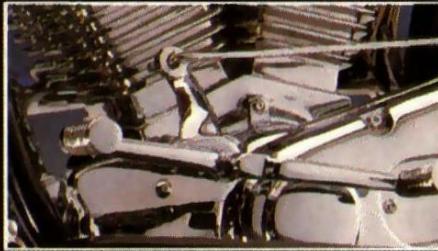
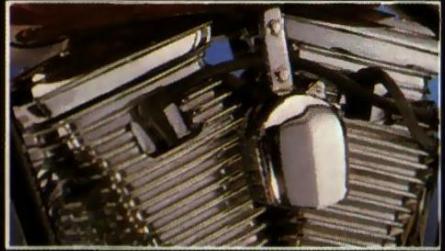


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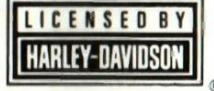
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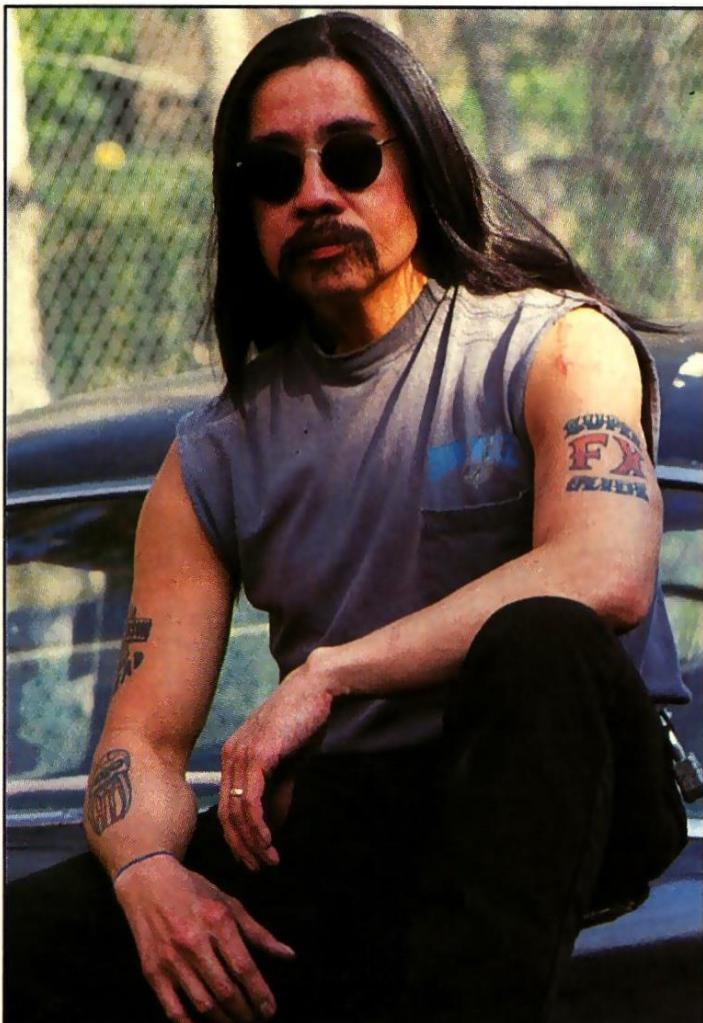
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"Working out of their humble shack, creating motorcycles from junk and parts, they seem to realize that they have far more in common with the likes of backyard customizers, independent entrepreneurs, and outlaws than with some huge, impersonal Company of 'the future.'"

I have this recurrent daydream. I somehow transport myself on my motorcycle, Mabel, back to 1903. I find myself riding the hardly paved streets of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I pull Mabel up to a wooden shack that serves as Harley-Davidson's first factory, dismount, and knock on the door. Bill Harley and Arthur Davidson peek out to determine what manner of machine might produce such a heart-pounding, thunderous exhaust note. They are bewildered reading their own names boldly emblazoned upon this wonder machine's gas tank: HARLEY-DAVIDSON. I fire up Mabel with a touch of the button as Bill Harley climbs onto the passenger seat. I clunk into first gear as Bill watches my machinations intently--- taking mental notes--- and I ease the clutch out as Bill stares at my left hand with awe. We roar off down the road, and Bill's hands fight for purchase on my shoulders as Mabel's mighty stroker motor makes quick history of the scene fading behind us. Bill marvels at the

front and rear suspension as we hit the uneven 1903 streets, and takes note of the powerful stopping power of the front disc, and efficient rear hydraulic drum. We get back to the shack, and Bill clammers off, all the while babbling excitedly to his partner, Arthur, of his amazing experience. They both rush questions out, asking about the details of this wondrous motorcycle from the future.

TRUE EVOLUTIONARY MOTORCYCLE

I explain to the boys that although Mabel was called an "FX" and "Super Glide" in 1971 when she rolled off the assembly line--- that she was, in reality, a variation of a 1958 FLH in wolf's clothing. She has the same basic '58 chassis, updated by the factory to accept the electric start (which blows their minds!), a 1993 86 cubic inch stroker motor, and a short, 1989 disc brake-equipped telescopic wide glide fork. Bill and Arthur find the

telescoping feature to be highly interesting.

Bill cannot believe the acceleration that the stroker motor produces in this big, fast bike. I explain that the stock, anemic engine was hotrodded by increasing the crank's stroke by a master engine builder of the 1990s, Andrew Rosa, who raced a 120" version of this same mill, the Shovelhead. "Could you perhaps transport this Mr. Rosa back to us for a few days?" asks Mr. Davidson, who further inquires, "Why did you change so much equipment on the motorbike from the way it was presented to the public by our descendants?"

I explain that it had become a tradition for a certain segment of the American bike riding population to customize their motorcycles to suit their own individual tastes, which tended to emphasize independence, individuality, and eccentricity. As rugged individualists themselves, Bill and Arthur immediately grasp the concept. I go on, "This customizing

trend even led to the Motor Company's adoption of many independent designs, referred to as 'outlaw' for various reasons. These designs became Harley-Davidson's best-selling models in the decades of the '70s, '80s and '90s."

The boys agree that this was a wise course of action for their descendants to follow. "It's only right that the Harley-Davidson company of the future offer its loyal customers what they really desire in a motorbike," says Bill. However, when I reveal to them the truth that the Motor Company of "the future" actively denies the enormous outlaw contribution to its prosperity, they are mystified, and are equally at a loss when I inform them that the future Company takes pains to trademark terms created and used in daily conversation by the very bikers whose designs have greatly benefitted the Co. When they hear how "hog" and "Ape Hanger" were shamelessly ripped off from bikers by the Company's lawyers, they are dumbfounded. Obviously, their sense of fair play is uncorrupted--- after all, they're still "little guys." Working out of their humble shack, creating motorcycles from junk and parts, they seem to realize that they have far more in common with the likes of backyard customizers, independent entrepreneurs, and outlaws than with some huge, impersonal Company of "the future."

Before I split into the time tunnel back to 1994, they compliment me on Mabel's aggressive looks. I tell them that her appearance is a function of my personality, expressed in the many modifications made to the basic motorcycle offered by their descendants. They seem both happy and sad as I blast away into the vortex--- happy at how far their bikes will go, but disappointed that integrity no longer seems important to "the future."

AGGRESSIVE STANCE

I'll be honest with ya--- I've always been aggressive. From my youngest days on, I've always been a natural bully. I was a small kid, and I compensated for this by turning the tables and becoming the bully. I hung out with the Italian hoods in the 'hood, and was a serious greaser with

long hair slicked back into a duck's ass by the time I hit high school. I had an attitude with a capital "A" (and here ya thought that stood for "Arlen")! I went out of my way to bump into people in the street which would either lead to a stranger backing down in apprehension or suffering a beating that reflected the violent rage I felt for squares. I took this rage out on complete strangers without explanation or rationale. One time my parents were called to see my junior high school principal, because I attempted to push a kid that I found offensive out of a four story window.

This is why Mabel looks the way she does. Low, squat, powerful--- ready to get down to business with the muscle to back it up. No fancy extended forks for this babe. Just a bare frame, a monster motor, a little chrome, some polished aluminum, and a minimal seat.

I must tell you that I have changed, even though Mabel reflects that early 60s greaser rage. The combat arts taught me to channel those violent impulses. It taught me to understand the true nature of my violence, and how to modulate it--- to focus it when needed--- and, paradoxically, the focusing of my aggression meant that it was never needed. Except for one time. However, this aggressive streak did lead me to style Mabel's looks.

PATHOLOGICAL, MAN

All right, so I've changed, but Mabel's basic essence is driven by the old pathological violent streak that made me want to clobber perfect strangers for no reason at all. I'll still occasionally feel like hitting someone on the street whose looks I don't like--- but that impulse is offset by looking inward and recognizing the old rage for what it is--- a vestige of the past. Now, I'll throw hard punches in the air when practicing technique, or I'll twist the throttle of my big, fast, anti-social motorcycle as a means of channelling the impulse.

These new riders on their shiny new Dyna Glides (not the ones who've been around) have no idea what the term "outlaw" means, man. Outlaw describes how I decided that I disliked the way a dude smirked from across the street and would therefore rush over to

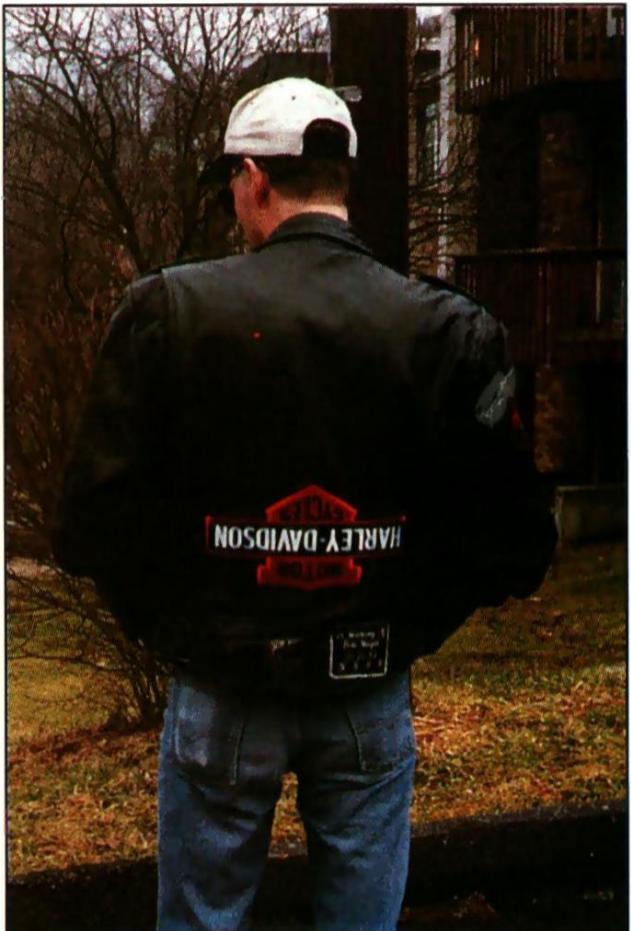
the hapless victim shouting, "What the fuck are you looking at?" before smashing my fist into his nose. Outlaw means looking at the rest of society and hating it for its gutless, orderly, civilized squareness. Outlaw means changing your motorcycle to look mean, aggressive, and unforgiving. Outlaw, to me, means the way Mabel looks, which shouts to the world, "I'll fucking run over you and not even think about it afterward." She is so good lookin' that she's pathological, man. Nice guys finish last.

Mabel looks the way a motorcycle should look. Check out the new Dyna Wide Glide, and you can see that imitation is indeed the sincerest form of flattery. The Dyna imitates an FLH chassised bike. For once, I recently read something in a straight bike rag that I actually agreed with. It was a road test of the Dyna Wide Glide, authored by Joe Minton. He wrote, "Harley-Davidson's best selling motorcycles get their highly stylized shapes from tradition. The '94 Dyna Wide Glide is a perfect example--- patterned after custom-built 'choppers' of the '50s, '60s, and '70s. The Motor Company took the shape from its own customers, which was the reason for the Dyna Glide's success. Milwaukee, of all places, has become the leader of factory-made custom motorcycles by building what their customers dreamed and built themselves."

This may be a first in square bike journalism--- a straight rag clearly giving credit to street bikers instead of the factory. This is as it should be, man. If it wasn't for the street-inspired designs, all of the factory's Big Twins of the last two-and-a-half decades would look like garbage wagons. Joe Minton can't say "outlaw," but he laid credit at the feet of those countless bikers who have lived and thought "outlaw," and styled their bikes accordingly.

Many people think that "outlaw" means that you have to wear a patch on your back. That can be a part of it, but it goes much deeper. It goes to the core of how individual bikers regard themselves, the world around them, and their bikes. It drives them to create motorcycles that have nothing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 88



Does it make you sick to your stomach when you go into a Harley dealership to get parts for your project only to find yourself standing behind smiling, shining examples of high society buying the worst looking Harley t-shirts ever made? Does it make you sick to realize that Harley-Davidson has apparently made a bigger effort to create a fashion line than they have to create an honest-to-goodness affordable Big Twin? The fashion line they push is clearly derived from the hardcore outlaw element, yet you can't get a kickstarter on a brand new Harley no matter how many murdered naughahydes you have on your back. (Hey, ain't naugas born black?) Does it curdle your milk when you see all these bandwagonner, softcore biker magazines and tattoo magazines constantly trying to gain some kind of credibility, and embarrassing us all in the process? What about EZ Readers, which can't even muster the fortitude

to say "huh?" much less a healthy "bullshit?" The absolute worst however, is when you're at the dinner table with your folks, and halfway into a mouthful of dear old mom's potato salad, someone says, "...oh, I seen on TV where a bunch of bikers just saved Xmas for all the folks in Hooterville..."

Okay, maybe it's just me, but I'm sick of being equated with these crowds of politically-correct bikers, and, by God, even if it costs me mom's potato salad, I'm gonna put as much distance between myself and the bandwagonners as I can!

I think that the numero uno thing that really flipped my gourd and got me to thinking about this occurred way back in the summer, while riding the Hell's Fuckin' Belle Shovel (HFB) to work. It was before I changed to vented gas caps, and the bike vapor locked and died on I-275 west in Ohio. I was just past Five Mile Road, at the only pull-off on that stretch of road

Flippin' the Patch

"This is serious... just as the American flag turned upside down is an international distress signal... this is a sign of distress. If you're an officially-'unlicensed' biker, let the factory know about it!"

(and lucky to make it that far). Anyone who rides I-275 in the morning rush hour knows how heavy and fast the traffic travels. I'm along the side of the road, kicking the shit out of the Shoveldread, and this dude in a Volvo station wagon goes by, blowing his horn and waving to me with the biggest set of Harley wings money can buy in his rear window.

Hey, maybe he thought that I was fulfilling my cosmic destiny or that I chose to be there or maybe the pathetic loser was giving me his version of the finger--- whatever, he didn't stop. So I got to thinking, in between kicks that is, how can I distinguish myself from these kinda losers?

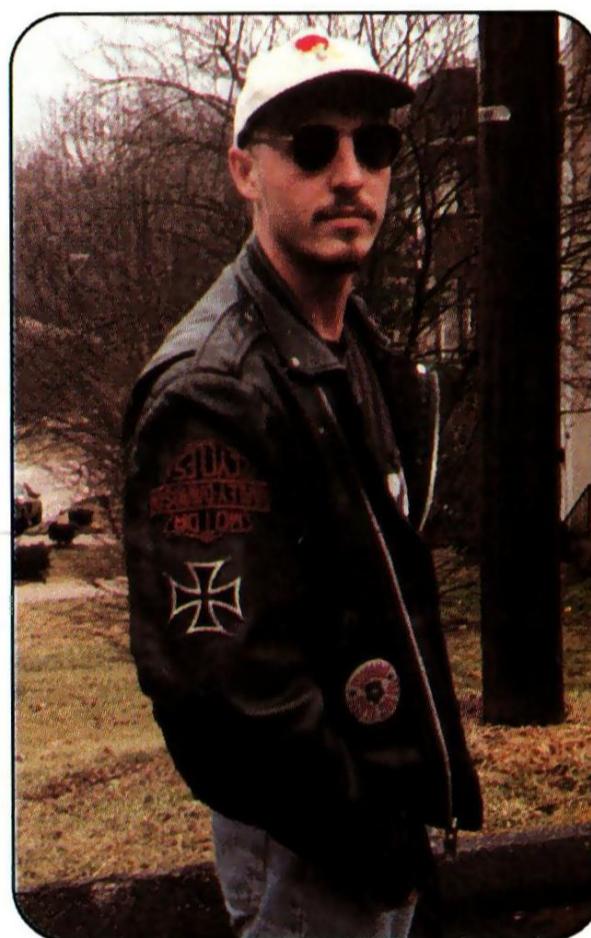
I must admit that the answer didn't exactly hit me like a lightning bolt. Nope, it kinda eased into my fevered consciousness. I have to give credit where it's due--- to the sentiments expressed in Abner Mality's ongoing essay contest, combined with the shot

of David ripping the Harley patch off his jacket in IH #123. It made me think that this is probably exactly what the Harley corporation wants to happen. To have the cantankerous, subversive, independent-minded biker element disassociate themselves from the corporate name and image. The fact that Harley is so sue-happy these days, trademarking ancient biker lingo, and threatening small businesses that cater to a Harley-only clientele to keep them from using the words "Harley-Davidson" in their advertising (no matter that it accurately describes these businesses!) is proof enough to me that the corporation is closing ranks and wants to silence any kind of dissent within their officially licensed army. That way, maybe they can write their version of history unhindered (you see they created the terms "hog" and "ape hanger," and all this time we thought some greasy biker came up with those terms decades ago) with only the genuine, unlicensed, uncontrolled bikers (an admitted minority) standing up and saying "bullshit." Even then, fear of a lawsuit will probably shut most people up.

But, as the saying goes, fear is never boring, and if I can, in some small way, send the message "bullshit" to the folks at the corp., then by gawd, I'm going to do it. This gesture might not be as dramatic as tossing your TV out your window and hollering, "I'm mad as hell and I'm not gonna take it anymore!" like they did in *Network*, but you'd be surprised how good it makes you feel. Starting right now, with this column in issue #125, I'm urging all *Iron Horse* readers to start turning their Harley patches upside down. Turn the window stickers on your work truck or alternate form of transportation upside down. If you're repainting your tank(s), turn your decals upside down. What can the corporation say? Nothing. Meanwhile, we can say plenty. It's a free muthafucking country, and if they think that we can't question *their* authority, then maybe they ought to pay attention to the sayings on their ugly pastel t-shirts. Anyway, I just bought a great, big Harley bar and shield patch from Harley-Davidson of Cincinnati, (you think they'll appreciate that plug?) and neither before, during or after my purchase of the patch did they direct me as to the correct, officially-licensed method of affixing it to my person.

Right now, it's upside down on the back of my jacket. If you're an officially "unlicensed" biker, let the factory know about it!

Does it work? Yes--- and boy, how! I've been wearing the upside down patch for a couple of weeks now, and it has to be the number one conversation piece wherever I go. While at a bike shop shortly after I flipped the bar & shield, I was sternly questioned by a guy who looked like he religiously read *GQ*. I asked him if he agreed with Harley trademarking "hog" and "Ape Hanger" or how he felt about \$14,000 Big Twins. He could obviously afford one, and he stood by his argument that it was their



The winter of our discontent....

company and they could do what they wanted. That is correct, but I don't have to accept or like it, although I *would* like to be able to like the corporation that produces my favorite motorcycle.

I was also questioned by a slightly intoxicated friend of mine, and even though he is a friend, I stuck to my assault-first-listen-later strategy. After my verbal barrage, he said, "Cool, dude." The flipped patch works fine, and seems to upset all the right people. If you decide to do this, let me know how it goes. I'd love to hear any readers' experiences with telling the factory "bullshit!"

I consider this action a gesture of

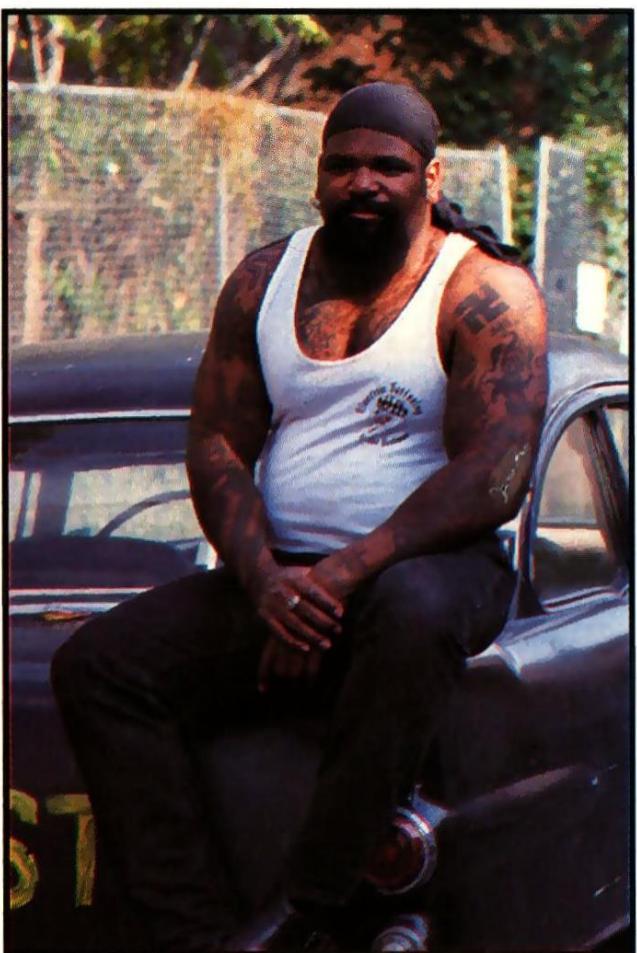
protest, and as with any good protest, there must be demands. We got plenty of 'em.

First off, the motorcycle. There's not a chance in hell that the corporation would ever bring back any of its designs from yesteryear such as the four speed frame (remember in the '70s when bikers would gripe about how the factory should produce a few hardtail Knucks for those who wanted them?). However, a return to the *philosophies* of yesteryear is necessary to return some integrity to the corporation. They should discontinue the Dyna-Glide, Garbage Glide, and FXR frames, and base all the Big Twin models on the Softail frame. Just as a 1977 Low Rider and a '77 FLH King of the Highway were based on the same frame, so too should all current Big Twins share the same basic chassis. That way, there would be the same parts interchangeability between all current Big Twins as there was from 1936 to 1986. Who cares if the general public might think that this is an outdated concept? The general public aren't the ones who're going to be buying new Harleys for the next one hundred years. We, the core audience, are.

Which brings me to the second demand: offering a truly affordable Big Twin. I'd love to buy a stripped down Softail, if I could afford one, and I make a pretty decent living as a painter. I can't see being able to afford a \$14,000 motorcycle and also being able to eat, make the house note, and support my dog. Snow told me how he bought his first Harley in '81, a new 1982 FXE for \$5795, while he was working on a landscaping crew pulling down minimum wage. But how someone making minimum wage today could swing a \$14,000 bike is beyond me. But I forgot, the corp. ain't interested in that class of people any more.

Number three never, ever should've been an issue in the first place: the kickstarter. I don't know how many times my kicker saved my ass this past summer on the HFB. Kickers are simply a part of the Harley "mystique" (stigma?)--- for nearly 90 years H-Ds had kickstarters on their machines. Bring it back. Besides looking cool, there's not a better feeling than hearing your engine explode into life after a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



Hey, it's a cold, snowy Pittsburgh winter, and all I can do is admire the transformation of my '73 Super Glide into the spitting image of a '77 Low Rider. I swapped tanks with Lynch, which he painted to match the classic scheme of the original Low Rider (he scored the last set of 1917 style decals in the country--- but I wasn't about to let him put them on upside down!), but it doesn't look like I'll get to ride until the Big Thaw. What I can do though, is watch movies of other people riding. Here's a couple or three reviews, if you're ever in a similar situation...

Motorcycle Gang American International Pictures [who else?]

From the opening shot--- a stirring montage of bikes skidding on dirt, inches from the camera--- to its smoky, clarinet-led jazz soundtrack, this, the first of American International's bad bike films does its best to emulate *The Wild One*. Stanley

Kramer probably got quite a chuckle out of this 1957 star vehicle for none other than child star Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer.

His cowlick is gone, but the wide-eyed, barnyard goofus we loved from the *Our Gang* shorts lends a level of gopher-faced kitsch to an already silly film.

The plot--- yes, there actually is one--- concerns two "gangs." The Skyriders--- a group of squeaky clean Triumph riders, and their arch-nemesis, a pompadoured, anti-social brat by the name of Nick Rogers. The Skyriders' idea of a righteous time is wrenching on their off-road Triumphs, sipping cokes, and trading incomprehensible, hokey dialogue at each other and a series of bleached-blond, torpedo-breasted women. An example:

"How 'bout a kiss?"

"What have you been smoking--- salmon?"

I did not make that up.

A few of the *Motorcycle Gang*'s finer, and funnier moments consist of a superimposed backdrop which the

Biker Movies: The Worst One

"Stanley Kramer probably got quite a chuckle out of this 1957 star vehicle for none other than child star Carl 'Alfalfa' Switzer."

Skyriders pose on their bikes in front of in order to simulate street riding. The movie's coolest character is an Asian fellow who owns the cafe the "gang" calls home. He talks like Dizzy Gillespie and cracks jokes so corny I can't bear to repeat them. Though he doesn't ride, his flippant, late '50s crazy-cool qualified him as the movie's most believable character. Does anyone know where Genghis was, say, the fall of 1957...?

Anyhow, most unbelievable is a classic, bob-job Knuckle that Alfalfa leans on, wrenches on, fights on, but, alas, never actually rides. I think it was the film's only valuable prop, and no one wanted to risk damaging it.

The defecation strikes the rotary oscillator when Nick returns from jail--- or juvie hall--- and finds the Skyriders have become a straight-laced, competition oriented club led by a very Buddy Ebsen-looking cop. Nick gets pissy at his old "bros" and, in a petulant manner befitting any 9th year art student, decides to make things miserable for everybody. I won't ruin it

for the rest of the VCR junkies and reveal just what these wanton cycle bums do, but, if you've \$9.95 to part with, *Motorcycle Gang* is the best bet for your snack or entertainment dollar.

One moment I will share--- unequalled for sheer hilarity--- occurs when Nick and his cronies ransack a small town diner, take the owner and his customers hostage, and then force them to watch, in horrified awe, a series of cheesy bike stunts. They wheelie. They donut. They even defiantly whip off helmet chin straps like the ballsy, big-bottomed anarchists they truly are. I, for one, am still laughing.

Harley's Angels Galleria Video

This overlooked gem from bikerdom's lawless days of the 1970s (or was it last Wednesday?) has one major flaw--- besides the negligent lighting, awful Rupert Holmes soundtrack, neanderthal scripting, and overall chintziness. It employs real, dyed-in-the-denim bikers in the lead roles. Yeah, we may be rugged, outdoorsy, individualistic, righteous, and forthright, but actors we are not. This film illustrates that point with painful clarity.

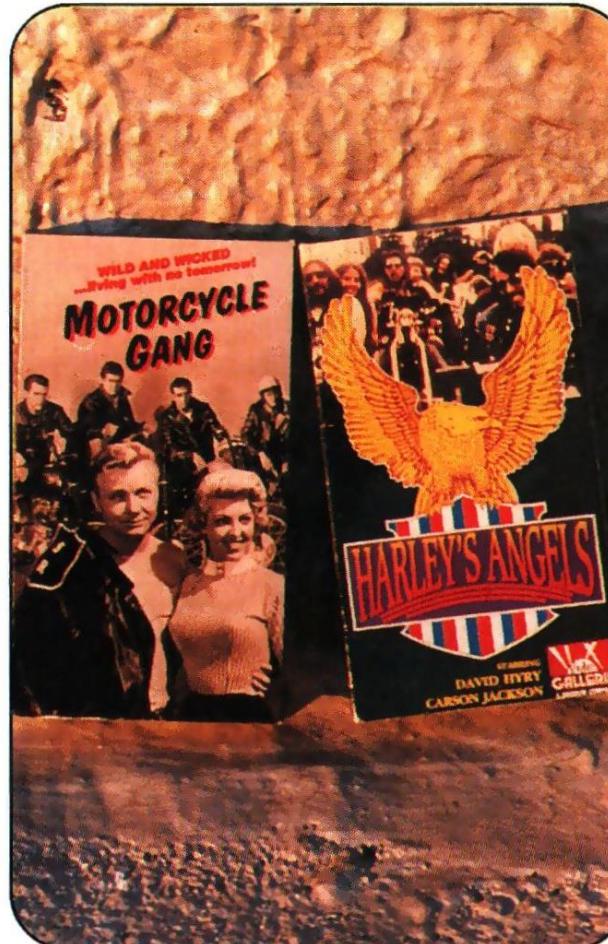
The Detroit Scorpions M.C., an actual 1%er club, portray a hard-drinking group of revelers known as the Spirits. Whilst on a run, one member slides into a farmer's barn with his amply-breasted (yes, we are granted a peek) significant other.

A pair Mayberry's finest show up and decide to knock off, first the randy patchholder, and then a piece or two from his stunned mate. Cops being cops, the perpetrators tell the young woman's NRA-poster-child father that the squishy gang bang which landed her in the emergency room was the work of--- you guessed it, the bikers.

This is where someone in the production department discovered a large cache of exploding blood bags, or squibbs, as they're called in the industry. This is Squibb City.

The remaining one hour and twenty minutes of *Harley's Angels* is a slo-mo slugfest in which the Spirits are cast as the losers in a battle of attrition. There's more blood flying around this film than you'd expect to find with a hemophiliac juggling chainsaws. While drunk. And blindfolded.

There are plenty of fine scoots throughout *Harley's Angels*, though, from stretched, raked rails, to a few semi-chopped ironhead Sporties that



Sure cures for cabin fever.

almost make this one worth the cost of rental.

What I found most amusing here was the irony of the scripting. Many in the biker press become awfully self-righteous when filmmakers portray bikers as brainless louts, concerned only with life's baser pleasures. But here we've a film made by, for, and with real patchholders which differs only from most biker films by its discernable lack of a budget. Also, look for a cameo appearance by members of the Road Agents, a club one used to see quite

"Imagine watching The Wild One while squirming in a tub full of Cheetos."

regularly in old *Easyriders* magazines. They, too, are splattered in fake blood and powder burns before we even get a chance to see their attempts at acting.

The Last Ride (no jacket info)

My wife--- by the time you read this--- Kim, occasionally treats me to films from the video store she belongs to. If I keep quiet through three or four

sentimental dramas, she'll toss me a bone, or better, a boneheaded video. You'd have to be either a Compleat Media Snob or intelligent and culturally aware not to remember the clenched-jaw acting of Erik Estrada as officer Ponchorello on television's *CHIPS* program. For those too young or loaded to recall, before police shows consisted of little more than today's standard of 30 minutes of live video of chubby white guys with mustaches pointing guns at black guys in baggy slacks, actual writers were hired to concoct plotlines, characters, and crime-does-not-pay type themes. Judging by Estrada's career after the demise of such programming, the cop shows did not pay either.

Now on the opposite ideological side of the fence, Mr. *CHIPS* lends the same snarling, smug confidence to the role of Johnny, the wrongly accused biker in *The Last Ride*. The Slavers, Estrada's club, deal coke, own whores, and ride a fine assortment of Hogs, but *The Last Ride* suffers from a rare problem encountered in moviemaking which made the film barely watchable.

Blair and I were well into our 4th pitcher of martinis (yes, martinis--- I'd just read a Dean Martin biography) when it hit us. The moment of realization was akin to watching a presidential speech while close enough to see a crusty, green boogie in His Majesty's nostril. Or having a microphone boom drop into the frame during a tense scene in a Hitchcock film. But here, the problem was more obvious. It seems the prop department for *The Last Ride* purchased brand new jackets for the cast, so that anyone who so much as gestures or moves produces a silly, plastic squawking noise which nearly drowns out the tepid dialogue.

"Look, Snake," (squeak, squinch), "I say we," (scronch), "bust these assholes!" And so on. Imagine watching *The Wild One* while squirming in a tub full of Cheetos.

Of what we could hear, the best moments included veteran biker-tuff-guy-walking-monument-to-craggy-machismo William Smith in a typecast but welcome role as a three-fisted auto mechanic. There's also a squeaky scene stolen from the last reel of *Jeremiah Johnson* in which Estrada has to hand-to-hand kill off a seemingly endless procession of knife, club, gun, blackjack, and bad-line wielding bikers. He prevails, but not before he and others break-in about forty sets of leathers. Squeak. ♦

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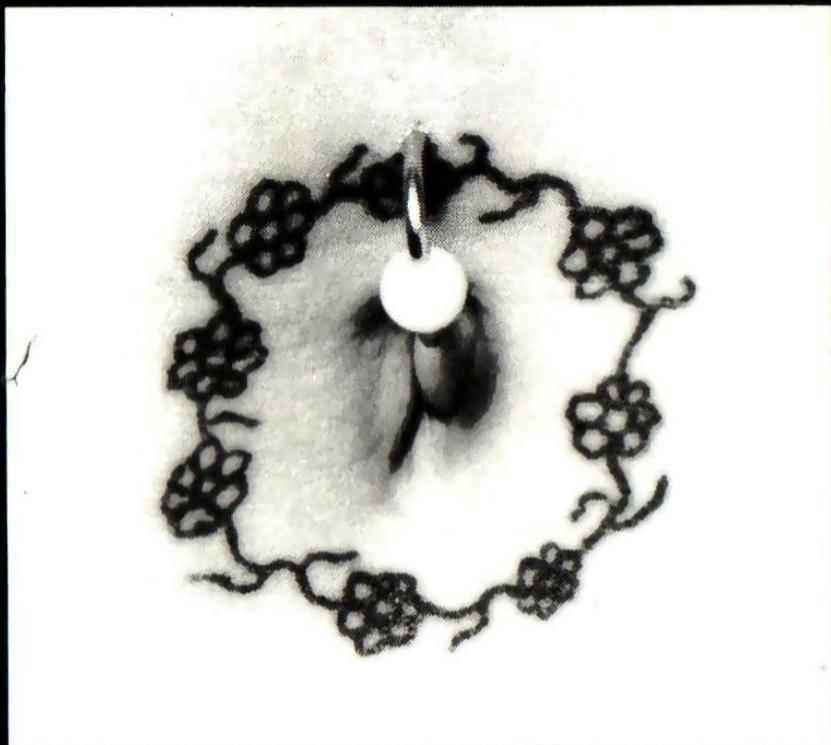


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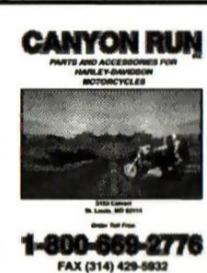
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u l t i m a t h u l e

L o n g b i k e



by Grizzly

photos by Cancer, Grizzly, & Stud

For years the Swedish bikers had the reputation of being the only ones who were into building and riding traditional,

radical choppers in Europe. Although they are, without a doubt, still the most experienced builders, these Longbikes

can now be found all over the old world.

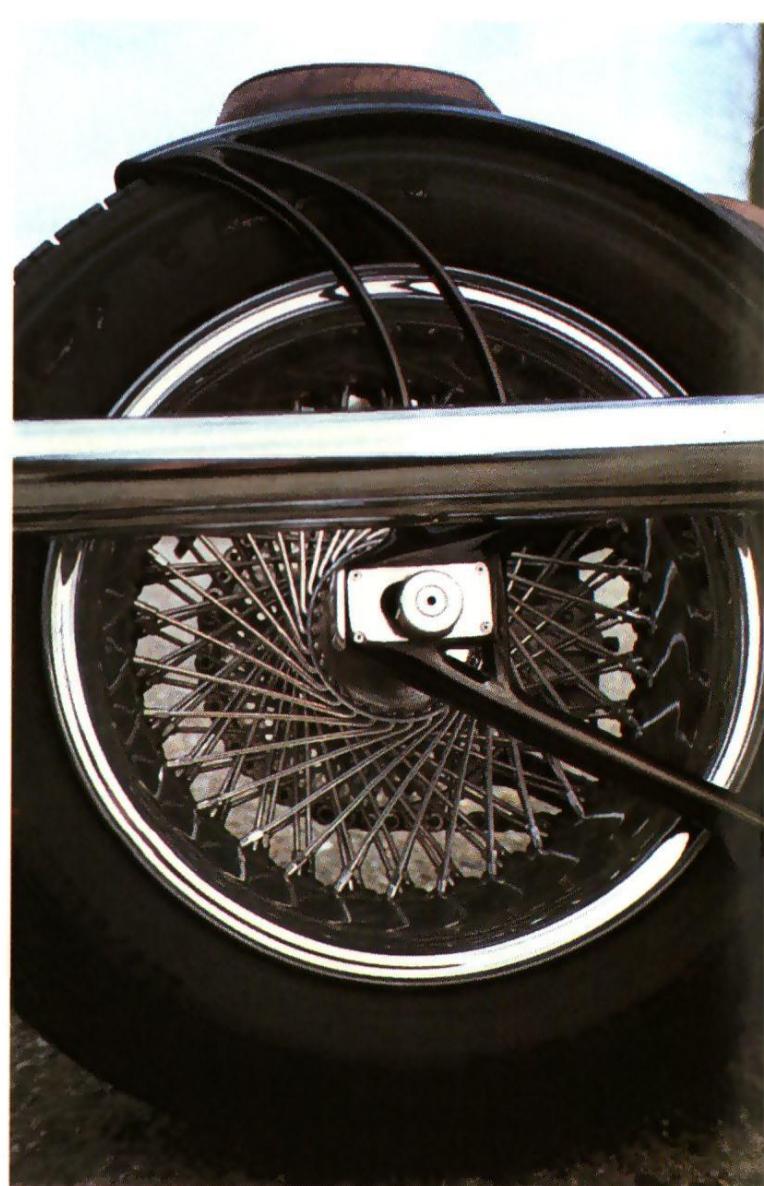
This Evo-powered chopper, for instance, was built and owned by Stud,



a longtime biker and patchholder from Holland. Stud always wanted the best out of life, and he decided that his chopper should be the longest, most radical, and most unique bike of the pack. His club brothers had been building radical Harley chops for quite some time when Stud started building his, so he had a lot of class competition.

To achieve his ambitious goal, Stud had to work very hard. He had to make a shitload of parts himself and had to order exclusive, custom parts from Sweden. Besides that, he needed a lot of patience, and yes, money.

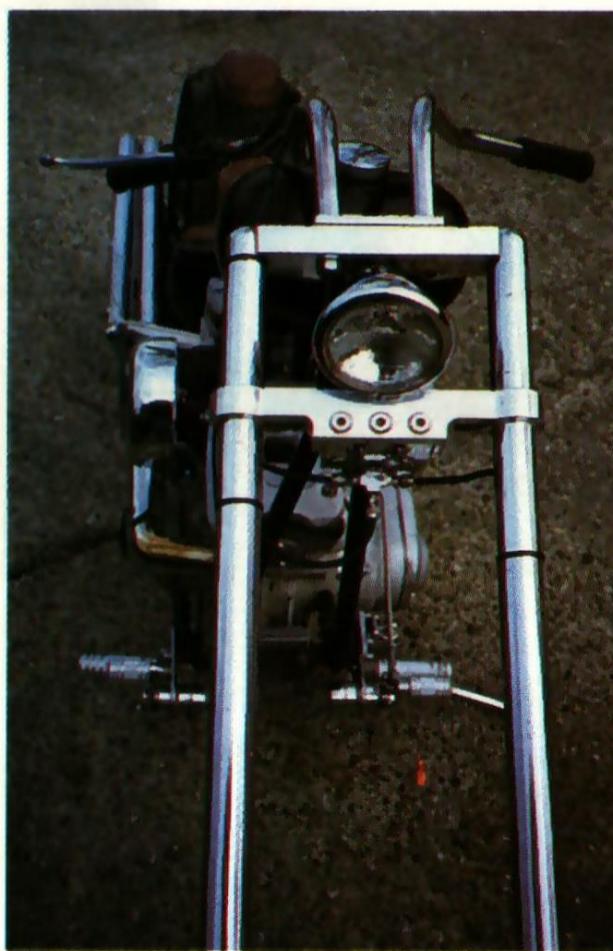
It took Stud years to accumulate all the chop's components. First, he bought the brand new Evo engine and a used four-speed gearbox. After that, he went broke for a while. Stud was (and is) supporting a wife and three little kids, so he had to work overtime and take several extra jobs before he was able to afford the Swedish-made frame. It was constructed according to his drawings and specifications and



was made from double-walled tubing. Stud went on saving and buying until all the basic parts were sitting in his garage-- the multi-spoked front wheel, the 180 spoked, super-wide rear wheel with the infamous sprocket-brake, and the complete 20" over front end from the legendary Swedish company Tolle. It was all ordered through a shop in Holland called L&L.

In the winter of '92, Stud could finally start with the actual building of the chop. After visiting Sweden a couple of times, and after having looked through various custom bike magazines, Stud knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted a bike as radical as possible, but one that remained simple. A naked, stripped-to-the-bone motorcycle with beautiful, flowing lines. He set out to design most of the parts himself, while his club brother Beer did the welding (with Stud always over his shoulder with suggestions and comments). Everything had to be perfect and adapted to Stud's needs and tastes. The rear fender and fender struts were made by hand and welded to the frame. The oil tank had to be tailor-made because of the unusual configuration of the frame. The gas tank was cleaned up by hiding the mounts and by welding the filler-spout in the middle and on top of the tank (this way, it will accept more gas).

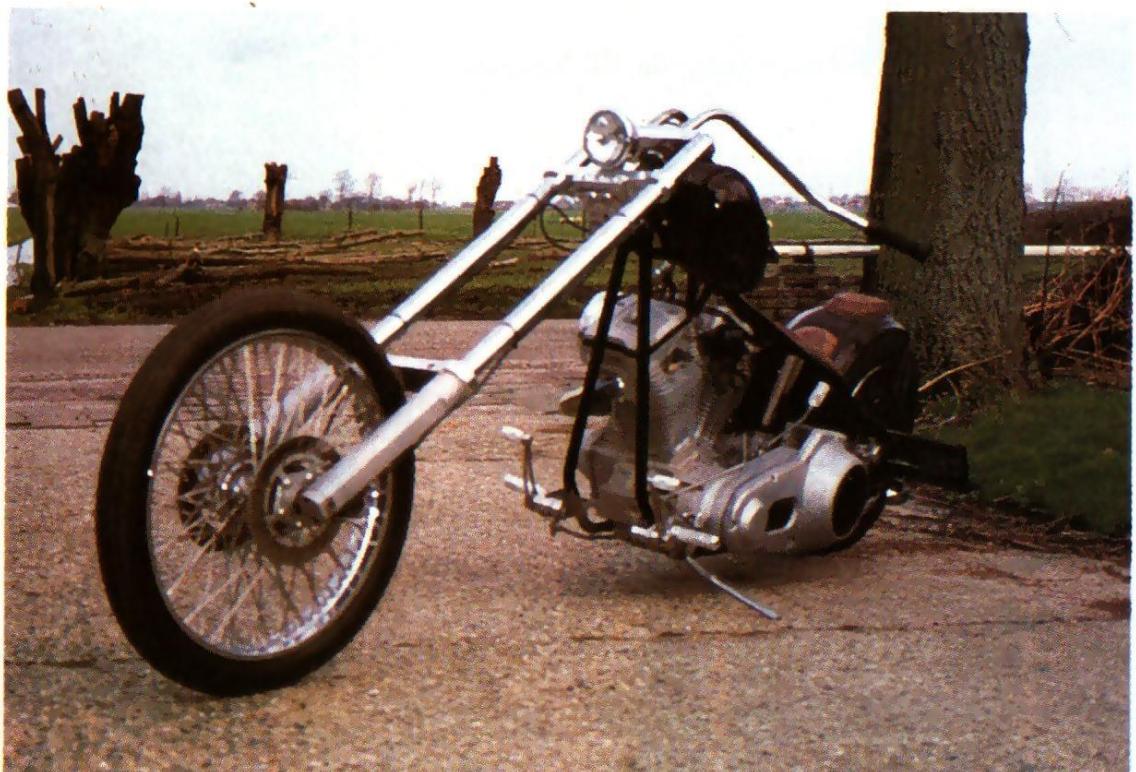
The handlebars, the ultra-clean rear axle and the fancy forward controls that match the fender struts were fabricated out of stainless. Because of the extraordinarily wide rear wheel, both





gearbox and primary drive had to be mounted off-set. This particular job required a lot of thinking, but with the help of friends, Stud eventually solved all the bike's problems.

The one-off pipes were made by the club's prospect Cor, and many other parts received Stud's personal styling touches. The bike was then molded—one hell of a job—and painted by club bro, Brembo. The aluminum parts were glass beaded by a good friend from another club, who took care of chroming the pipes and polishing the stainless parts.





Owner: Stud

General

Fabrication by: Stud
 Year & Make: 1991 H-D
 Model: Longbike
 Value: Not for sale
 Assembly by: Owner
 Time: Almost three years
 Chroming: Jame Hunt

Engine

Year: 1991
 Model: Evolution
 Rebuilder: None yet
 Ignition: Dyna
 Displacement: 80 cu. in.
 Lower End: Stock
 Balancing: Stock
 Pistons: H-D
 Cases: H-D
 Heads: H-D
 Cams: Still stock
 Lifters: Hydraulics
 Carb: Keihin
 Air Cleaner: S&S
 Pipes: Owner/Cor
 Mufflers: No way

Transmission

Modifications: Andrews
 Year: 1974
 Shifting: Jockey
 Engine Sprocket:
 Trans Sprocket:
 Wheel Sprocket:

Painting

Molding: Brembo
 Painter: Brembo
 Color: Black over gold
 Type: Acrylic enamel
 Special Paint: Club logo on tank

City: Opmeer, Holland

Frame

Year: 1991
 Builder: Roger Hansson
 Type: Hardtail
 Rake: Lots
 Stretch: Some
 Other Alterations: Double-walled tubes

Accessories

Bars: Owner/Beer, stainless
 Risers: In bars
 Fenders: Rear by owner/Beer
 Headlight: Mini-Bates
 Taillight: Red running light
 Speedo:
 Front Pegs: Owner/Beer, stainless
 Rear Pegs: Not til ol' lady likes bike
 Electrics: Owner
 Gas Tank: Mustang/owner/Beer
 Oil Tank: Owner/Beer
 Oil System: Owner
 Primary Cover: H-D
 Seat: Owner and Freeway
 Sissy Bar: Fender struts owner/Beer
 Height:
 Material:

Forks

Type: Wide Glide
 Extension: 20 fuckin' inches
 Builder: Tolle
 Special Features: Adjustable trees

Wheels

| | Front | Rear |
|------------|---------------|--------------|
| Size: | 21" | 15" |
| Hub: | L&L | L&L |
| Rim Width: | Stock | Fuckin' wide |
| Tire: | Avon | Goodyear |
| Brakes: | Grimeca/Tolle | Tolle |

Other special mods: Top motor mount/jockey shift/license plate holder/gearbox mounting plate by owner and Beer. Seats fit "in" rear fender. Petcock by Raffe. SJP tweakbar. Glassblasting, chroming, and polishing through Hans, BSMC. Modified engine sprocket, etc., for off-set primary by Aad Heemskerk. Spacer between primary case and engine by Aad Heemskerk.

Hundreds of hours were spent to make this chopper truly Stud's. Although the basic parts were very expensive, all the homemade parts didn't cost Stud a thing. As with all choppers, there's not another one like Stud's on the entire planet. It handles fine, according to Stud. Oh yeah, of course he has to keep in mind the minimal ground clearance, and sure, the fat car tire is not really designed to be on a bike, but he couldn't care less! He's out there, showing everybody that it can be done. This ultimate Longbike is built to ride, and ride it does!

While looking for a decent place to shoot these pictures I could not keep up with Stud. Not in the corners, nor on the long stretches of open road. Stud has done a few thousand miles on his Longbike, and even though he had never built a Swedish-inspired ride like this before, no problems have occurred with his chop, and it's performing completely to his satisfaction. ☒





1960 Pre-Unit Beauty

**"A Sixth Street
Blue-Ribbon
Special
that's a winner
in anyone's
book."**

by Snow & Sager



As you admire Eddie's elegant, classically chopped 1960 Triumph, he requests that you exercise your imagination a bit and try to visualize a couple of modifications on the already classy chassis.

Imagine, if you will, in place of that rose-painted Sporty tank, a functional fuel receptacle in the shape of a crucifix--- a holy, custom relic from perhaps the late '60s-early '70s chopper era. That was a fabled time noted for its wild enthusiasm and questionable excess--- chopped Honda 350s, square glide front ends (as seen on the Road Warrior last issue), maltese cross mirrors, swastika or 69 taillights, rigid forks, six-bend bars, and odd gas tanks of almost every size and shape. Rocket tanks, prism tanks, coffin tanks (that cleverly popped their lids for access to the gas cap--- zowie!), skull tanks, finned tanks that were capable of performing spontaneous castrations and/or circumcisions if the rider happened to hit the brakes too hard, and, of course, cross-shaped tanks. However, these were commonly maltese cross-shaped--- this is the first crucifix-shaped tank your reporter has ever seen.

Eddie thought the tank was pretty special, and suspected that it might be a one-off custom piece. He'd seen it hanging in his buddy George Horne's shop (Horne's Cycles on Farragut Avenue) since 1984, and when he commisioned Sixth Street Specials to build this chop, he knew that the True Kross tank would be the custom piece-de-resistance for the project.

"The bike was already magnificent,"

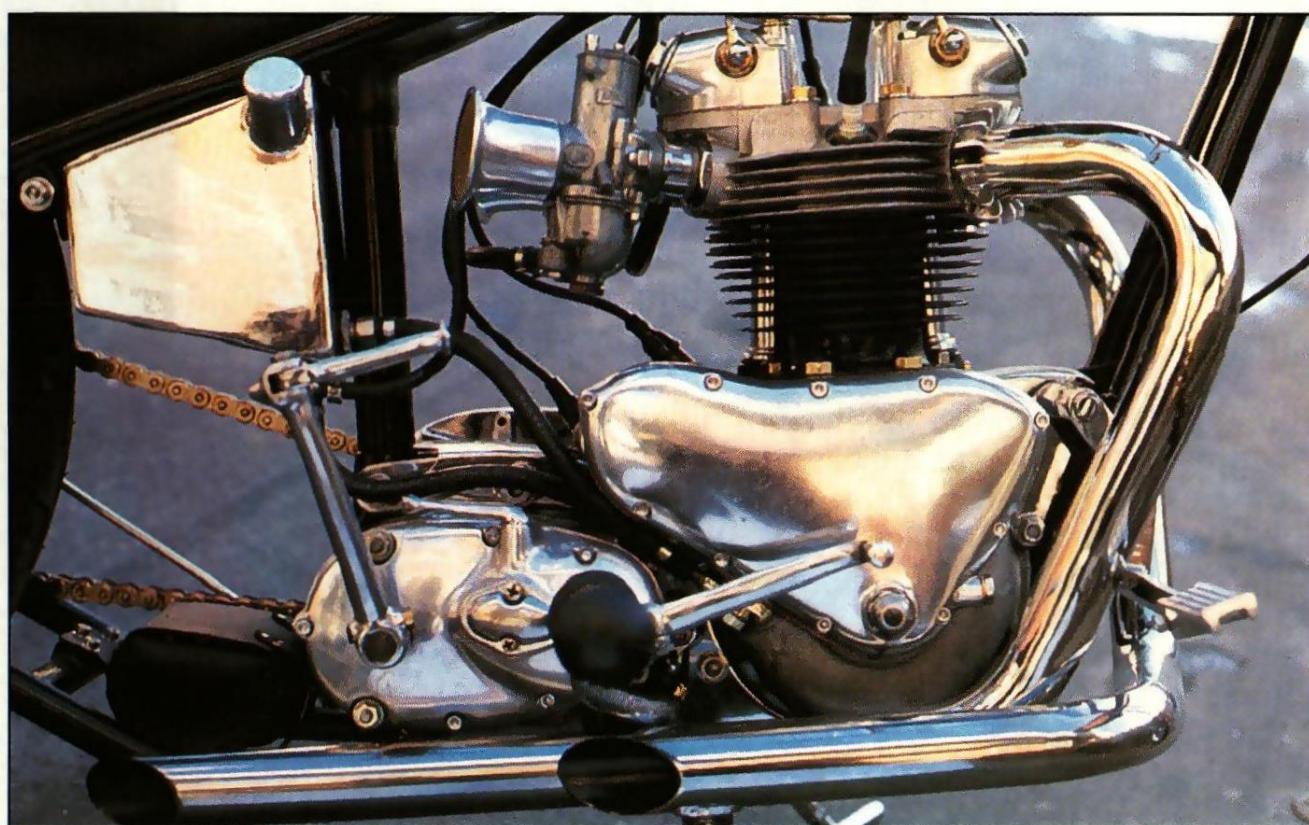


Imagine a crucifix-shaped gas tank in place of this Sporty, and you'll make the owner very happy...

said Eddie, "and I thought that the cross tank would go great with it." He managed to pry the tank from George's grasp, and, in fact, when I first scoped the bike out in Sixth Street's basement a couple of months back, the crucifix tank was mocked up on the frame. So wha' happen?

The 1960 Bonneville was the self-same chopper project that Dimitri first mentioned to *Iron Horse* two years ago in issue #105. Sixth Street Specials had acquired the bike in pieces--- the second year Bonneville motor, transmission, rigid frame, springer forks, and that Sporty tank. It was a project in urgent need of a patron for its completion.

Enter Eddie. The man is a serious motorcyclist with a simple philosophy. "I like bikes, all kinds of bikes," said Eddie. He races a Honda RC 30 as an



One of the most beautiful motorcycle engines ever--- the pre-unit Triumph. This 1960 T-120 was the second year of production for the Bonneville.



expert in the AMA's unlimited production class. Eddie moved up from his amateur ranking last year while campaigning his roadracer at tracks in Bridgehampton, Long Island, Loudon, NH, and Summit Point, WV. "I've never finished above third place," he said, "but I did manage to earn my expert's license." The RC 30 is a fairly exclusive and exotic piece of machinery-- there are only about 300 in the U.S. You can safely conclude that someone who owns and successfully races such a piece is dedicated to biking. Eddie counts a few other V-4 Hondas in his stable of bikes along with a Harley XLCR, and he rides the shit out of all his bikes.

"My street bikes are pretty ratty," he said. "I ride everyday, in all kinds of shit--- I don't care. Remember that nor'easter we had a couple of years ago, when they closed down the FDR drive? *{The East River was flooding the highway.--- Ed.}* I was the only vehicle on the road. The water was up to my fuckin' shins!"

Eddie related that people who only know him from his high performance riding on the track are often surprised to learn that he equally digs custom

bikes. He had always aspired to own a traditional, hardcore chopper, and his first choice was a Harley-Davidson. "I believed that if you're going to own a Harley, it should look like Peter Fonda's in *Easy Rider*-- you know, tall handlebars, tall sissy bar, long forks." Eddie immediately reconsidered his heart's desire when he was quoted a \$35,000 price tag for what he thought was a modest Harley chopper project. Then he was introduced to Sixth Street.

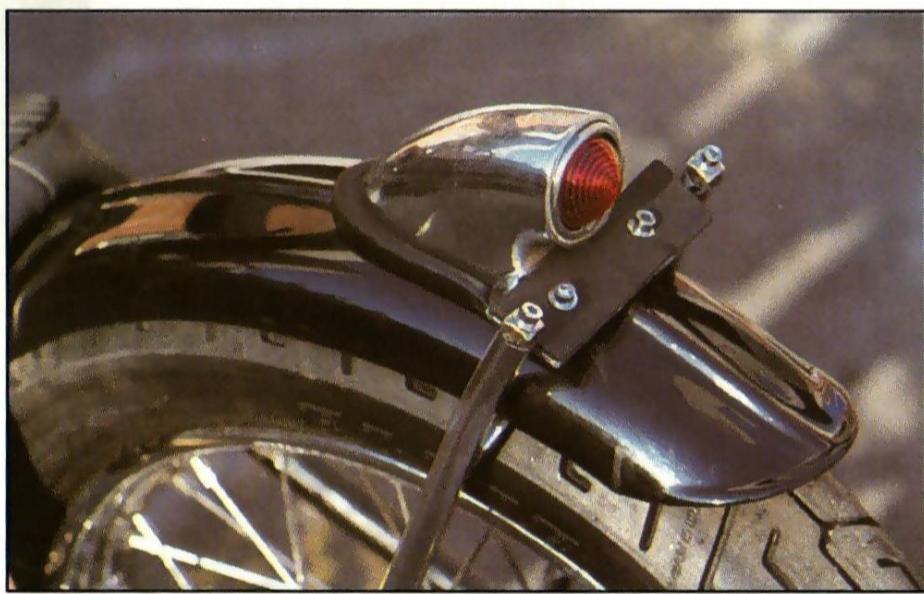
"Randy [Hoffman on page 46.--- Ed.] took me to meet Hugh and Dimitri, and the prices of the British bikes were a *lot* more reasonable," said Eddie. The stretched '60 Bonnie and Eddie were made for each other. "As soon as I saw the bike, I thought of the cross tank," he said. Which brings us to where we came in.

According to Hugh and Dimitri, they'll remember





Paul Cox at Sixth Street fabricated the spartan solo seat.



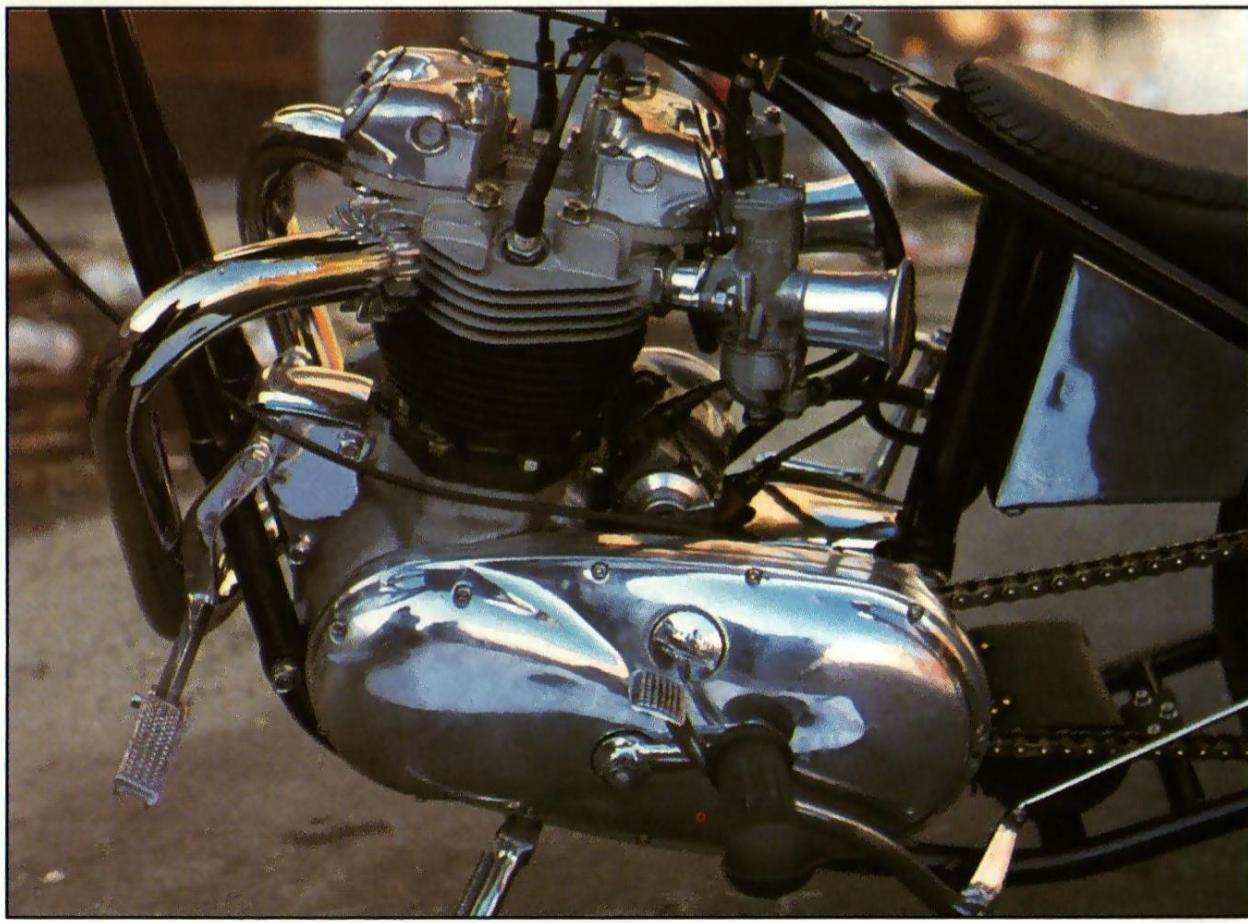
Limey limpstick and Triumph front fender make for a clean rear end.



Brass plate credits S.S.S.

the pre-unit Bonnie chop as the "Missouri Rose" after the road trip to Kansas they endured chasing after a rumored Britbike stash. "The car started overheating in the Holland Tunnel," said Dimitri, "and we didn't shut it off til we got back." Sounds like a typical, balls-out Sixth Street tour. The Kansas stash was a bust, so Dimi and Hugh started checking out the newspapers whenever they stopped, looking for British gold. The '60 turned up in St. Louis, as did three other nice Brits that they found during their non-stop tour. According to Dimitri:

"We originally bought the chopper in pieces, and rebuilt the motor last year to be used in a Triton cafe racer. However, Eddie showed up and wanted the chopper. Three months later it was done. Thanks to the guy in Missouri for starting this whole thing, and we hope he likes the way it turned out." Hey, from the looks of the

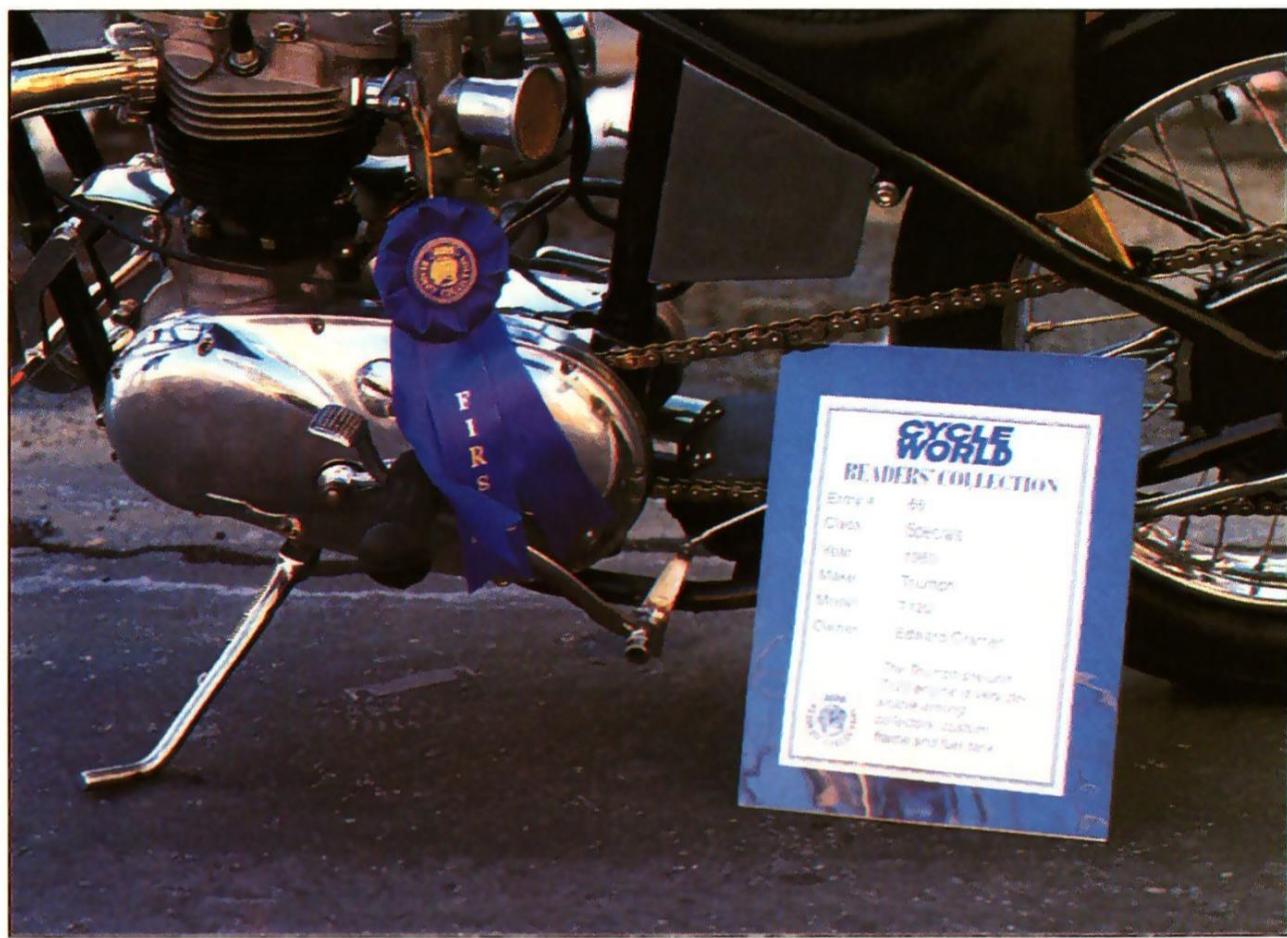


Bonnie, he's probably kicking himself at this very moment.

As the chop neared completion, the New York International Motorcycle Show drew closer, and the bike was barely finished in time to be entered in *Cycle World's* "Reader's Collection" show, sans cross tank. Eddie was disappointed, but Hugh says that there wasn't time to make the vintage custom crucifix fit properly, and so the "Missouri Rose" tank was used. Appropriately enough, the bike copped a first place blue ribbon in the "Specials" class. Guess it shows that even the straight bike rags can get it right once in a while.

However, Eddie wasn't as pleased as one might think. "I told Hugh and Dimitri to keep the plaque and ribbon," he said, "because I just didn't consider it *my* bike. When I get the cross tank installed, along with a tall sissy bar with a maltese cross on the back, *then* it'll be *my* bike."

The man is a serious biker. When he finally gets his gorgeous pre-unit where he wants it, *Iron Horse* will be there. Stay tuned... 



Proof that even a stopped clock is right twice a day-- our pals at Cycle World awarded Eddie's class wheels first place in the "Specials" class of the New York International Motorcycle Show.



Owner: Eddie

General

Fabrication by: Some dude in St. Loo
Year & Make: 1960 Triumph
Model: Bonneville
Value: How much ya got?
Assembly by: Sixth Street Specials
Time: First kick
Chroming: SD Cycles

Engine

Year: 1960
Model: T-120
Rebuilder: SSS
Ignition: Lucas competition magneto
Displacement: 650 cc
Lower End: Lightened flywheels
Balancing: Static and dynamic
Pistons: Hepolite
Cases: Stock
Heads: One
Cams: Late stock
Lifters: Stock
Carb: Amal concentrics
Air Cleaner: Velocity stacks
Pipes: Three bend drags
Mufflers: None

Transmission

Modifications: Stock
Year: 1960 Slickshift
Shifting: Foot
Engine Sprocket: 24T
Trans Sprocket: 18T
Wheel Sprocket: 47T

Painting

Molding: Dave & Jim, MJ6 Models
Painter: " "
Color: Black
Type: Shiny
Special Paint: Rose by that dude in
St. Louis

City: NYC

Frame

Year: '60
Builder: ?
Type: Customized stock
Rake: Yes
Stretch: Limosine
Other Alterations:

Accessories

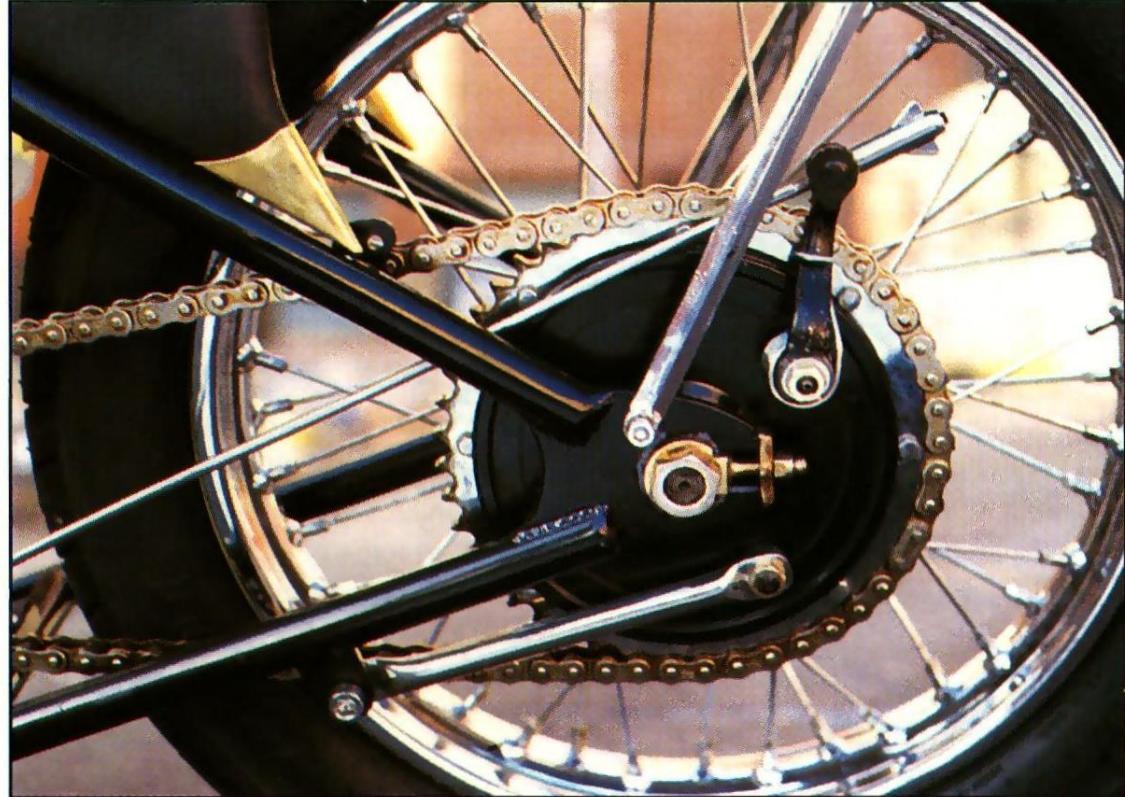
Bars: Neanderthal
Risers: 6"
Fenders: Front on rear
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Limpdick
Speedo: No
Front Pegs: Yes
Rear Pegs: Stock
Electrics: Hardly any
Gas Tank: Sportster
Oil Tank: Custom
Oil System: Keeps on pumping
Primary Cover: Stock
Seat: Paul Cox/Sixth St.
Sissy Bar: Custom
Height: 1/2"
Material: Chromed steel

Forks

Type: Springer
Extension: Half a yard
Builder: Don't know
Special Features: Actually works

Wheels

| | Front | Rear |
|------------|----------------|---------|
| Size: | 19" | 18" |
| Hub: | Chopperstopper | Triumph |
| Rim Width: | WM2 | WM3 |
| Tire: | Dunlop | Dunlop |
| Brakes: | None | Drum |



iron horse presents:

BIKER LIT CRIT

"or how one philosophizes with a a sledgehammer..."



It's that time again. Time to dust off the *Iron Horse* polo mallet and hit the turf along with a few empty heads. Each month the staff wades through the latest yuppie-biker magazines knocking noggins with state-of-the-art, hi-tech bullshit detect-O-meters---(an off-shoot of SDI research) fabricated from mythical uru and cleverly designed to resemble nine-pound hammers. Attempting to correct the reckless propaganda and deliberate misinformation peddled by the yup-biker press is a tough, disgusting, and often thankless job, but no one else is willing or qualified to challenge this unceasing onslaught on the biker culture by the money-grubbing late-comers. *Iron Horse* is the only biker rag to perform this invaluable public service for the benefit of inquiring bikers everywhere. If ya wanna buy any of these rags after reading Biker Lit Crit, cool--- but at least you'll know what you're getting into and realize what the yup rags are up to--- shamelessly cashing in on the Harley craze and attempting to rewrite and redefine the biker culture to suit their class-conscious audience. We believe that an informed biker is a dangerous biker, and they're the best kind. **Choosy muthas choose Iron Horse.**

In keeping with our policy of giving credit (and a slice of carrot cake from *Flynn's* grandma) where deserved, here's a couple of rags that merit some attention (we don't recommend that you buy any, just that they're worth a flip-through at the newsstand):

Hot Rod Harleys March 1994. This rag is produced by the hot rod guys at Petersen Publishing who might be cashing in on HD's popularity, but at least they aren't a bunch of former japbike

jockeys who suddenly decided that they loved Harleys after years of bad mouthing them. The guys at *Hot Rod Harleys* actually seem to be involved with their bikes and really ride, which anyone should respect. The feature sleds in this issue are nothing to write home about, and the toy runs are tired, but what's really cool is the last page of the rag. There are four vintage photos taken in 1958 of a chopped Knuck that are fucking priceless.

Cycle World April '94 runs a couple of custom Harleys. One is an absolutely uninteresting, Hamster-style Dyna Glide by Ness, of course. This bike is loaded with more useless shit than a factory garbage wagon, especially the side panels that exhibit an alarming glandular condition. I can't help but wonder what the chopper rider from '58 would say if he saw this two-wheeled Wurlitzer. He might think that he'd just stepped into *Earth Vs. The Flying Saucers* at the local drive-in. *Cycle World* is thrilled that the bike goes for \$30,000, but where, in fact, did the money go? It's basically a stocker with some frame work and lots of Ness parts. Oh, guess I answered my own question.

Just before the Nessboat is a traditionally-styled chopper based on the Softail frame built by race car builder John Buterra. It's gorgeous, unique, and creative, and shows far more work than the Ness nightmare, but hell, man, is any bike worth \$47,000? Especially one with a stone stock motor?

I now hand *Mjolnir* to *Flynn* and the rest of the IH crew. More Biker Lit Crit appears on page 74. Next time, we tenderize VQ, the latest sell-out from the senile fezz-boys at *Easyshriners*.



SPAYED IN THE USA **American Rider** **SPRING 1994**

by Lynch

Ya know, a year ago, when I would make my weekly trip to the Florence mall to buy a motorcycle magazine, I'd have about two to choose from, and they weren't primarily Harley magazines. Now, when I go, it seems like I have to cash my paycheck at the bookstore in order to acquire every "high quality, Harley-oriented" rag that's crowding the stands!

I guess I ain't surprised. I mean Harley-Davidson is trendy, and any time anything is popular, there will be enterprising people seeking to profit from that popularity. Hey, that's the American way, but geeze, do they have to be so goddamn sweet-smelling and disgustingly self-righteous? (Obviously they aren't aware that *Iron Horse* is the only magazine read by the hammerin' Harley godz!)

I'm referring, of course, to *Rider* magazine's new offshoot, *American Rider*, or *American RICER* as Genghis dubbed it in last issue's Biker Lit.

The best way to accurately describe the magazine is to quote the readers' letters that were published in the second mind boggling issue of *American Ricer* (April '94):

"It's nice to have a magazine out there you don't have to hide from your kids because the pages are filled with profanity, the single digit salute, and photos of biker babes in various stages of undress..."

Or:

"I will put *American Rider* in my law office waiting room." (Yeah, to get your

clients all greased up before they get their royal fucking.)

Or the best one:

"At last... a true magazine that doesn't make me feel like a complete jackass!"

"I have never understood the raw edge of senseless vulgarity that, while serving no useful purpose, clutters up so many 'biker' magazines."

"Now if I want to point out an article for someone else to read, I won't have to apologize first."

Seriously, those are some examples of the readers' comments regarding the first issue. Do you get the feeling that these same people express their

"It all adds up to a confused package, but that's what happens when you try to separate custom Harleys from the culture that produced them."

political views on bumperstickers? How do they survive the real world? What do they tell their children when they drive past a graffitied wall that reads, say, "Fuck you, Marty," in bright, neon colors? I can't remember just when it was that I discovered what the ol' middle finger salute meant---must've been somewhere around the age of five or six. I saw it displayed rather prominently in my uncle's biker magazine collection (which I wasn't supposed to be reading), but hey, I turned out all right. I mean, I didn't become a politician or a person that has to apologize for the content of the magazines he reads.

Do these same people apologize to everyone when their wives become pregnant? It's obvious to everyone that some fornicating had to take place to cause the blessed event. Every month I send a copy of *Iron Horse* to my mother, and I do not apologize for its content. She's an adult, and sees far more appalling stuff in the newspapers, tabloids, and on TV. She even reads Genghis' column.

Yep, it takes a yuppie magazine to take all the fun out of even custom Harley-Davidsons. I've got nothing against yuppies--- I even know a few, and few of them are really into their bikes. Yeah, I guess they deserve to

have their own safe, sanitized magazine, but, as you can imagine, there are a few things that I didn't like about the first two issues of *American Ricer*. Genghis reviewed the first one in-depth last issue, but I've got a thing or two to add.

I find it awfully self-congratulatory to pat yourself on the back with your very first issue. Both publisher Joe McNeil and editor Buzz Buzzelli take a stab at "other" Harley magazines, and state how much better *Ricer* is than the others. I recently spoke to Buzz Buzzelli on the telephone and he admitted that he hasn't read *Iron Horse* in "a couple of years," so I can only assume that we're not lumped in with those "other" shady, low-rent H-D rags. I must admit that I do find their constant flirtation with the outlaw element offensive--- as if these yups were once part of that scene or ever knew anything about it. Seems a cheap way to establish credibility. Like their article about Hollister--- on the one hand they decry nudity, vulgarity, etc., yet, a few pages later, they titillate their readers with the most important event in outlaw culture. And what's with titling Donya Carlson's column "Alternative Voice?" Is it because she's a woman? That's not very politically correct boys! It all adds up to a confused package, but that's what happens when you try to separate custom Harleys from the culture that produced them. (Check the convoluted logic employed by H-D's "historian" for proof of this confusion!) Guess that's how *American Ricer* can sell a rag based on H-Ds yet denounce bagging on japbikes, along with the decade of the '70s.

Ah, the seventies--- the AMF decade! I started first grade in 1970, along with the alternator Shovel. My earliest memories of Harleys were formed back then, by my uncle's biker mag collection, and the cool choppers and motorcycle gangs that I saw every- where. There was hardly a time during the '70s when you could drive down Rt. 8 in northern Kentucky, between Augusta and Dayton, without being passed by the most outrageous choppers, and real, no-bullshit patch-holders. Who could forget the California Star Bar, with its plywood covered windows, dirt floor, and parking lot always jammed with choppers? That's the reality I grew up with...

Then there's *American Ricer's* version. Like their interview with H-D's Clyde Fessler in the first issue. When you read this article, you might initially think that he might be praising the '70s, with talk about "the core

audience," and how bad Harley's financial condition was at the time, and how the "core" saved Harley's ass. As Genghis said last time, the factory shows its gratitude by suing bikers over "hog." Then we find out that Clyde is responsible for the Motorclothes division, and that he's now trying to market helmets as fashion items: "What we're doing is providing helmets for the customers so they don't look like dinks or dorks when they ride down the road." I got news for ya Clyde, nothing can help 'em, especially not your designer helmets. As a sidebar to the Fessler thing, there was a short piece on Karen Davidson and her stupid remarks about the popularity of H-Ds (yawn), and the bad image barrier (yeah, it's only making your daddy's company a zillion dollars a year). She says this regarding fashion, "I love the pace of it, and its diversity. I love the way it moves and the way it constantly changes." Duh? Sounds like a wet t-shirt contest. Can you believe she said that? A woman who's simply marketing a "fashion style" that's been a part of the Harley scene for only the past forty years or so? How risky-- black leather and jeans.

However, the worst article thus far, appeared in the second issue and was penned by none other than our old pal Martin Jack Rosenblum. It was sort of about the 75th Anniversary models and that era (that confusion thing, again). The article compared Harley's strong image with the Chicago and Northwestern railroad system. Hey, I like trains as much as the next guy, and I can appreciate the Last-American-Frontier imagery, but that's not what bothered me about this article. It was one simple quote. I'll print his entire paragraph so as not to misconstrue its meaning:

"There was something to the 75th-- they had a cross-country ride, too-- there was spunk, real power, that might have been mistakenly perceived as more tumultuous than it was. The faithful enthusiasts understood this, and despite the AMF banner on their machines, they stuck by the V-twin mark and the roar of its engines and they never waned. That was a time when Harley-Davidson was regarded, not as a cultural icon, but as a curiosity piece used by outlaw motorcycle gangs. Times changed, and now we have seen Harley gain a powerful image that would rumble, like a GP7, unmuffled into the '90s."

I wrote a letter to Martin Jack the second I finished reading that paragraph. Where did he get off saying that H-D wasn't a cultural icon

in the '70s? Fuck! It was a "cultural icon" from the very moment that it became synonymous with the rebellion and individuality of the original motorcycle outlaws, let alone the chopper riders of the '70s! Some of the wildest, most creative custom choppers were built during that era, not to mention a little flick called *Easy Rider* that caused the whole Harley-Davidson-as-cultural-icon thing to explode into the global phenomenon that is still reaping monstrous profits for Harley!

"Maybe I'm just assuming that there's any harm in sanitizing the past or rewriting history. If I didn't know anything about the '70s... I would sure have a different perspective regarding the whole outlaw influence. I might even believe that Willie G. had something to do with the invention of the custom motorcycle."

Talk about convoluted, that particular statement by Martin Jack clearly demonstrates, not just how uneducated these yuppie rags are on the subject of the custom Harley culture, but also how amazingly unfamiliar Harley's "historian" is with his subject. *Easy Rider* came out in 1969, nine years before the 75th, and represented the culmination of '60s chopper culture, which itself was directly descended from the dusty streets of Hollister over thirty years earlier. *Easy Rider* went on to greatly influence the '70s as well as the decades that followed, right on up to the present. So, in 1978, the year of the 75th, the Harley-as-cultural-icon phenom was thundering into *at least* its 40th year.

Needless to say, that bit about the "curiosity piece used by outlaw motorcycle gangs," is a grossly misleading oversimplification of the complex nature of the custom bike culture. Not everyone who rides a chopper or custom bike is a patch-holder or a member of a "gang" or a

one percenter-- you don't have to be in order to build or ride an outlaw-styled motorcycle or have an outlaw attitude. It's not surprising that a yuppie-biker rag wouldn't be able to make such distinctions, but I still think it's really fucking lame to encounter such mindless stereotyping in a magazine that is supposed to cater to custom Harley enthusiasts! And besides, Harley sold a lot of FLH garbage wagons during the '70s, so more people than just those in "motorcycle gangs" were interested in the two-wheeled "curiosity piece" from Milwaukee.

Maybe I'm just assuming that there's any harm in sanitizing the past or rewriting history. If I didn't know anything about the '70s, and I read a statement like Martin Jack's, I would sure have a different perspective regarding the whole outlaw influence. I might even be led to believe that Willie G. had something to do with the invention of the custom motorcycle. However, I take the history of custom motorcycling very seriously, hence my position at the Horse. I'm also concerned about the future of custom biking. I feel that it's a bad idea to leave it up to people who don't see anything wrong with softening the facts--- if they aren't dedicated to preserving the past, then they probably lack the dedication to preserve the future. Snow likened this situation to a "cultural war" in IH #123, and this is where the fun begins. Martin Jack called me after I sent him my letter, and said that Buzzelli edited-in that particular quote. I decided to do a bit of investigative journalism. I called the California offices of *American Ricer* but Buzz was out. Surprisingly, he called me back and took credit for the "motorcycle gangs" part of the quote, but stated that Martin Jack was responsible for the "cultural icon/curiosity piece" stuff. Mr. Buzzelli explained that they were referring to the public's view of Harley-Davidson during the time leading up to the tariff-exemption petition, and that the media only saw Harley as an outdated, antique machine which the company supplied primarily to outlaw motorcycle gangs.

I have to give Mr. Buzzelli credit. He was polite and listened to my opinions and was more than willing to discuss the subject. We agreed that it's ironic that Harley was supposedly trying so hard to shake the image that they are currently marketing with great success these days. Too bad he can't be that perceptive with regard to his own magazine. He was a nice guy just the same.

I didn't know whether I was going to like his magazine. Like I told Buzz, if you're going to deal with custom Harleys, you'd better know what you're talking about because you're treading on *Iron Horse* turf, and we're more than willing to defend it. Not that other magazines shouldn't cover the custom scene, but it should be done with accuracy, and, one would hope, a little passion and dedication. Otherwise they'd better get ready to suffer the slings and arrows of the outrageous bastards at the Horse.

Unfortunately, after wading through the article about the Rolex Riders and their chase-semi's hardcore tour to Sturgis (care to guess what the opinion of IH's Dimitri Turin might be of these pussies?) and reading the final column of the second issue, the prospects don't look too good. This was another MJR piece, and was concerned with growing old and having weak knees from being too healthy when he was young. It reminded me too much of a column by Mr. Josh Placa that recently appeared in *American Ironing* in which he whined about gaining too much weight over the winter and how his leather jacket fit too tightly. Give me a fucking break. Up to this point, I had thought that at least *American Ricer* kicks *American Ironing*'s butt. I had promised Buzzelli that I wouldn't burn *American Ricer* without cause, and just so he won't think that I'm deliberately picking on his rag— fuck *American Ricer* and *American Ironing*.



THE REBELS: A Brotherhood of Outlaw Bikers

by Daniel Wolf, University of
Toronto Press, 1991.

by Abner Mality

Look, I like things Canadian. I like Labatt's and Moosehead and V.O. I

like Joni Mitchell, Gordon Lightfoot, and Leonard Cohen. They're all giants in my estimation. I like Schooner Fair, Glenn Gould, Dudley Doright, Hank Snow, and the little of Margaret Atwood I've read. So why is it, then, when Canadians take pen in mitten to write about bikers, I'm inclined to recall that old *National Lampoon* quote regarding "The Retarded Beaver At Our Northern Border?"

Despite its subject, *The Rebels: A Brotherhood of Outlaw Bikers* is a real chore to get through. Author Daniel

**"...The Rebels, while
written by a weenie,
carries with it the
weight of scientific
inquiry, and... isn't as
easily dismissed by the
mainstream as is a
biker rag."**

Wolf is never satisfied with a simple declarative sentence if it can be protracted into a ponderous paragraph or transformed into a turgid chapter. His bureaucratic-styled jargon, and abstruse verbiage seem calculated to please none but the holders of a grant's purse strings; do these foundations pay by the word? The only time the author uses short sentences is when he speaks his own mind.

I wanted to dislike this book; it seemed the natural thing as I disliked the author so. His style suggests none of the endearing qualities manifested by misanthropic madman Hunter Thompson. Wolf never quite makes the cultural leap. Oh, he makes snivelling noises about "society," but today he is safely ensconced in the tweedy embrace of academia. So it came as rather a surprise to find, somewhere in the middle of the second tedious reading, that I actually respected the work. This was akin to finding myself absently nodding in agreement to some reactionary old fart like Lush Rimjob.

The opening paragraphs are yet another feeble, marginally plagiaristic regurgitation of the first pages of HST's *Hells Angels*, and a by-now requisite recap of Hollister/Rooney/*Wild One/Easy Rider*. Fifty years of riding are adroitly compressed in the elegant manner of Reader's

Digest, between pages five and nine. So read quickly.

Dan's style is loose to the point of sounding confused: at times he makes as much sense as a football bat. His interpretation of what constitutes an outlaw club is flexible enough (non-AMA or C[anadian]MA), but even his own subjects are unclear in the matter:

"I don't think it [the Rebels MC] is an outlaw club because we are not outlaws... I think it's only an outlaw club because that's what the citizens on the street classify you as..." (Ken, president, Rebels MC); "When you put on the Rebels patch, nobody bothers you... fuck them! We have our own society." (Danny, road captain). Another example: "...they are anti-social," (p. 9); "... the outlaw biker is not anti-social," (p. 344).

Who knows what the hell he means? How's this one? "... thirty Harley-Davidsons stretch out for a quarter mile... in tight formation." TIGHT formation? This one's good, too: "My public image expressed what I now[?] felt was my personal character," which is juxtaposed with, "... I was reclaimed by everyday life... I would be myself AGAIN." (My emphasis.)

Throughout this epic the term "jammin' in the wind" (euphemistically referred to as "riding" in some circles) resurfaces at least eleven times, suggesting that Wolf turns immediately to the picture pages of the brainless rags he cites. Alas, to our everlasting shame, *Iron Horse* is mentioned nowhere in the text.

Wolf serves up cliched quotes of such wincing awkwardness that even Mother Teresa would tell him to get fucked (but they would probably land him a job at *American Iron*): "My Norton Com-mando became a 'Magic Carpet Ride' of thrills and excitement, that I rode with lean women who were equally hungry to get their share." Or: "... I rode my motorcycle in anger... a show of contempt and a way of defying the privileged middle class." Then there's, "The establishment had done me no favors and I owed it even less... a reflection of my own dark side." This is a guy who's spent too much time around David Mann pos(t)ers.

But our star is not a complete nosepicker; at least he knows how to dress. Problem is, when Wolfie makes a fashion statement, we need a goddam translator! "I... donned some biker clothing and set off to do some field work... I had to modify my identity [by stroking it, no doubt--- A.M.] in order to facilitate participant observation of a deviant group... I had grown shoulder length hair and a

heavy beard. I bought a Harley-Davidson jacket and vest, wore studded wristbands and a shark's tooth pendant, and sported a cut-off denim jacket with assorted Harley-Davidson pins and patches, all symbolic of the outlaw biker world-view..." Each and every one of you reading this screed owes me one for not indulging in some cheap, obvious "Wolf in sheep's clothing" pun!

Danny Boy stops being comical when he says something completely false with a straight face like, "Becoming a biker constitutes a search for identity." This statement is utter horseshit. If any one nods their head and accepts such pop-psychological drivel, they deserve a world in which well-intentioned but feeble swine make decisions on their behalf, for their own good. I'll state the obvious, in case anyone's confused. Becoming a biker constitutes RIDING A BIKE, and becoming involved with it to the point that things squares take for granted are subordinated to it. People, places, things, and experiences are judged in terms of how they relate to the bike. You talk to the damn thing, pat it on the tanks when it performs well or gets your ass out of a jam. I gotta wonder just what kind of fantasy life this lame fuck is leading, if he thinks our courage "to be" would ever need to be "restored" (p. 50). If the straight world could EVER make bikers fearful "to be" our natural selves, then we deserve to be consigned to the ranks of bowlers, golfers, and cagers. Does anybody consider this psychobabble shit while they're splitting lanes?

The Jap vs. Harley argument is stated, clarified, and re-stated. It goes on for two pages and is so crammed with slavish, sycophantic sewage that it would do justice to a Juneau Avenue publicist. Or an officially licensed "historian." But Wolf even manages to screw up simple facts: "The media have always chosen the Harley to portray an anti-hero folk image, from Jimmy Dean and Marlon Brando to Elvis... the bike had to be a Harley" (p. 39).

PLEEZE, perfesser, MAYBE Jimmy Carter or little Jimmy Dickens, Jimmy Olsen or Jimmy Page, but unless you're writing about the sausage slingin' singer of "Big, Bad John," the name is JAMES Dean, dude. James Dean was a Triumph man, just like Brando in his only biker flick, *The Wild One*. The Kang rode a jap job in *Roustabout* (and H-Ds in real life).

As was the case with Yves Lavigne's *Hells Angels*, our author relies on cop input to a degree, but mercifully, not to the extent of Lavigne's book. In a little

over one page describing criminal activities, he uses indefinite verbs such as "might," "can," and "may" eleven times to tame what could have been punchy prose into watery wheateena (p. 266-268). Did someone's lawyer perhaps wield the editorial pen?

Our intrepid protagonist hedged his bets a bit when he ventured out upon the white-capped waters of reality--- Ishmael stashed a life raft under his bunk. "I had sewn a secret compartment into the sleeve of my leather jacket. It contained a letter from the

"Wolf serves up cliched quotes of such wincing awkwardness that even Mother Teresa would tell him to get fucked (but they would probably land him a job at American Iron...)"

Canadian Council (SSHRC) to the RCMP which identified myself and my research." (Why fieldworker Dan, I have the matching half of this very letter, and both halves bear the seal of our dear, departed father. The evidence is irrefutable! You are unquestionably my long-lost elder brother, rightful inheritor of the larger of his two milk farms! Yes, you are indeed the Big Dairy Heir!)

"This is why we look repulsive... we are saying we don't want to be like you or look like you. So stay out of our face!--- OFFO (Outlaws Forever, forever Outlaws)" (p. 277).

In order to glean something of value from this treatise, the reader must make the intellectual leap of allowing the terms "biker" and "outlaw" to share the same definition. Our author has, and uses the terms pretty much interchangeably. Once we accept this, his study helps to say what a biker is, and by extension, what he is not. To put it another way, this study can stand as at least a partial definition in the "what is a biker" debate which has taken place in the pages of the Horse for, lo, these many years. Whereas *Iron Horse* preaches to an audience that is, in the main, already converted, *The Rebels*, while written by a weenie, carries with it the weight of scientific inquiry, and as such isn't as easily

dismissed by the mainstream as is a biker rag. The Milwaukee marketing wizards won't like this book; they'd prefer their upscale clientele to believe they buy into an "outlaw" lifestyle when they plunk down their shekels for a shiny new Herd Instinct Sofdick. In spite of the author's, uh, frailties, *The Rebels* clarifies what a biker is--- it does not cloud the issue.

"See, the one thing that the police and everybody fails to say... they refuse to admit that *there is more than one society here*," [my emphasis--- A.M.]

—Sonny Barger
Lavigne's *Hells Angels*

(p.32)

In defining bikers as a subculture, Wolf has performed the most honest and accurate service: placing non-mainstream motorcycling in its proper context as a cross-current within normal society. Future writers may refine, expand, dispute or quibble, but in the end, the basic premise of this work endures (the author's stylistic flourishes notwithstanding).

The AMA once sought to define motorcyclists in terms favorable to their interests. By their own estimate, one percent of those riders graciously declined the arbitrary square pigeon-hole. Today, as Harley seeks to cast their newest customers in the most favorable light, perhaps nay-sayers such as *Iron Horse* and others with similarly bad attitudes are emerging as a different type of outlaw, taking their place beside bohemians, beats, heads, freaks, etc., as those who wouldn't allow the dominant society to contain them, but rather raised the middle finger in defiance. So, now, how long do you think it will be before Harley tries to copyright the term "outlaw?"

There's a lot more here. A great deal of it is unnecessary to those already living the life, but the curious looking for the vicarious jolt will get what they're looking for and more. Actually, the book really starts to sing when Wolf directly quotes the patchholders and allows the brothers to speak for themselves. Wee Albert and Blues, members of the Rebels MC, could've written a fine book on their own. The club must've been a tolerant lot indeed to have even allowed Wolf to hang around.

I guess this book deserves a place on your shelf--- I just hope Wolf doesn't make any money off it. *The Rebels* is available for \$19.95 + s&h from White Horse Press, 154 West Brookline St., Boston, MA 02118.

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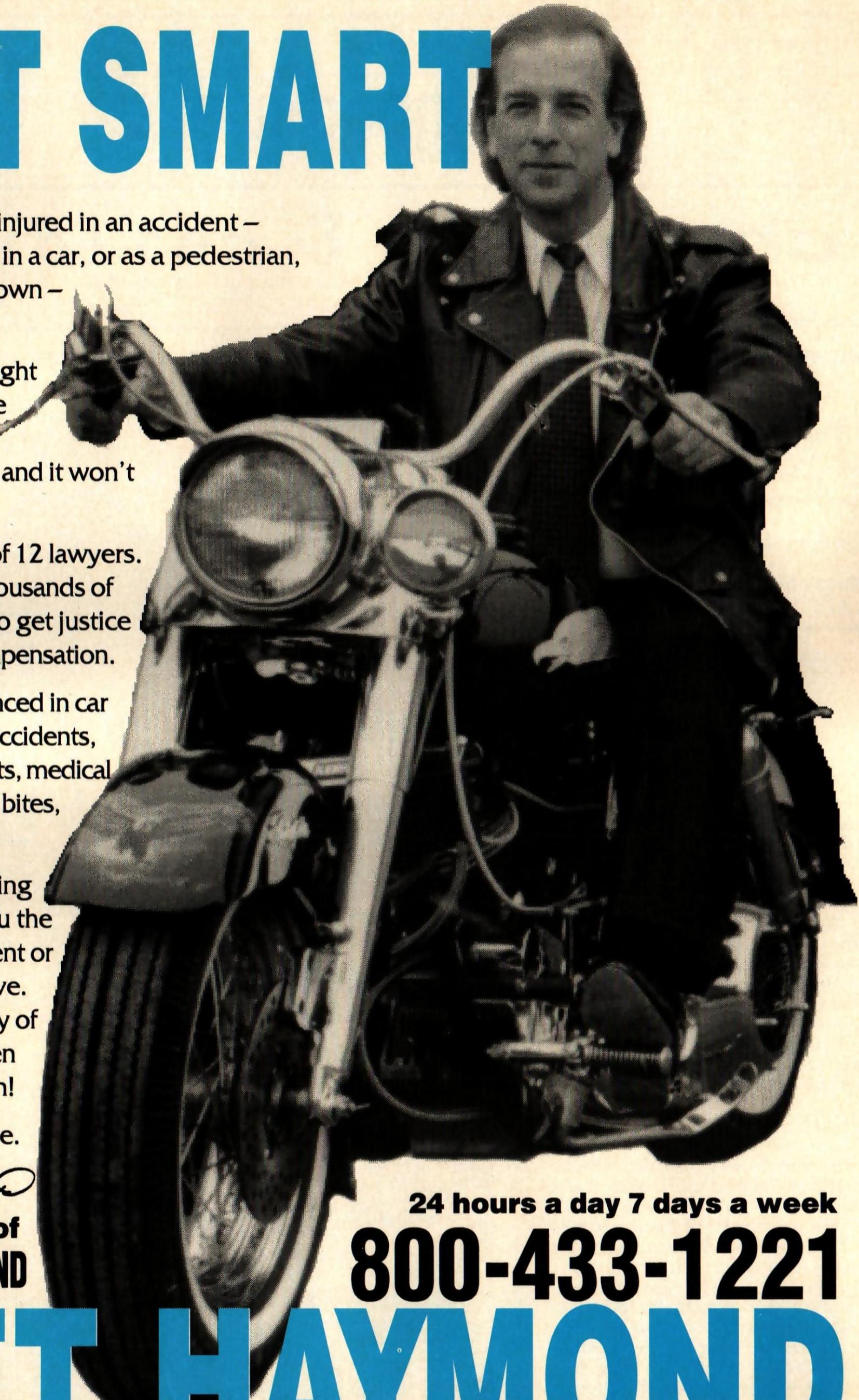
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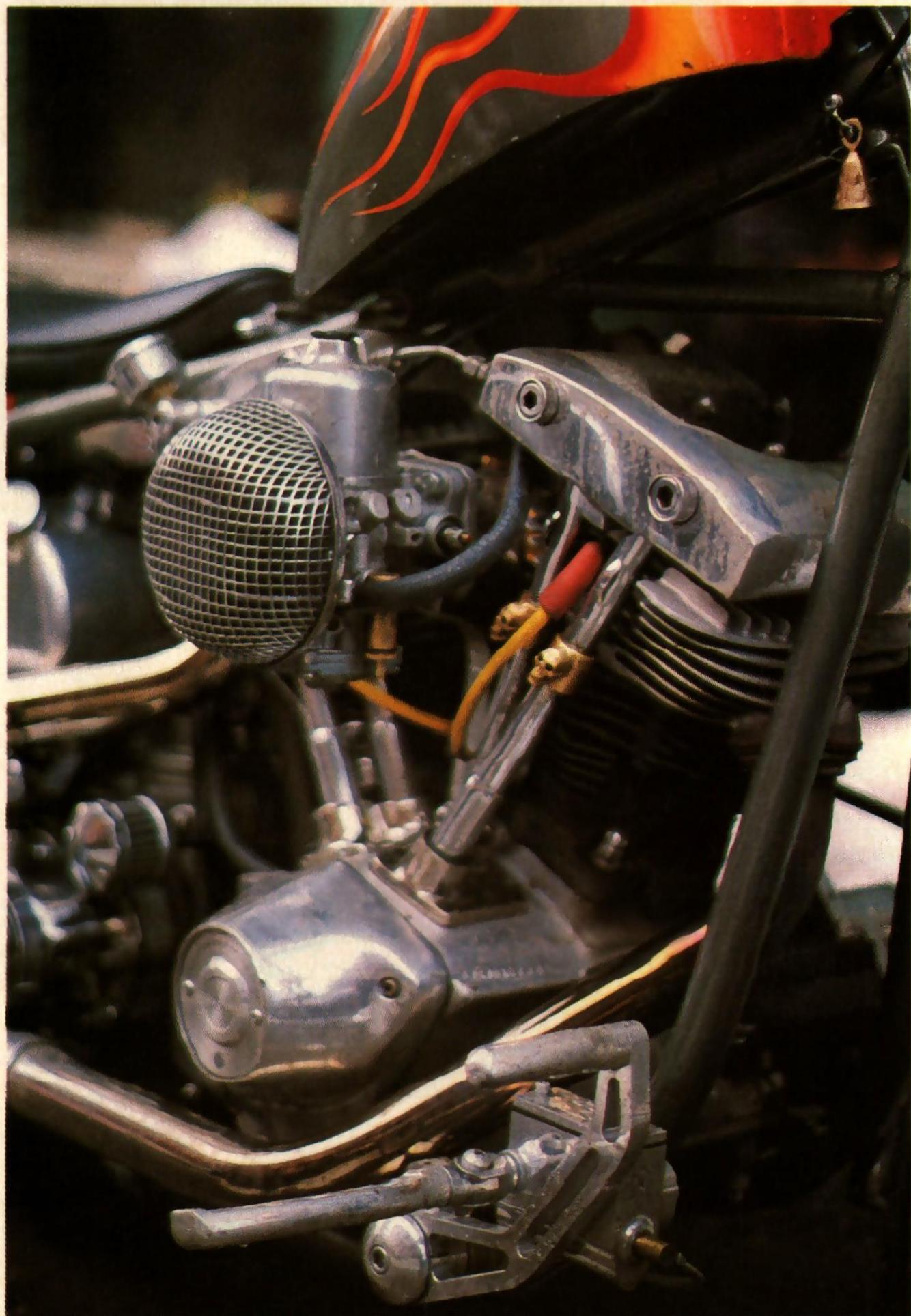
by Genghis

photos by I-Beam

Sometimes, an event or another person in someone's life has such a seismic effect that a person's life can be drastically altered. This was the case with Roger Miret, the owner of this fine looking Shovelhead chopper. In Roger's case, the pivotal person who dramatically affected his life was his young daughter, Nadia. The birth of Nadia changed, and continues to change Roger's existence. Her glowing presence revamped his life. Let's take a glance at what Roger's life was like before the grand entrance of his little girl...

FRONT MAN

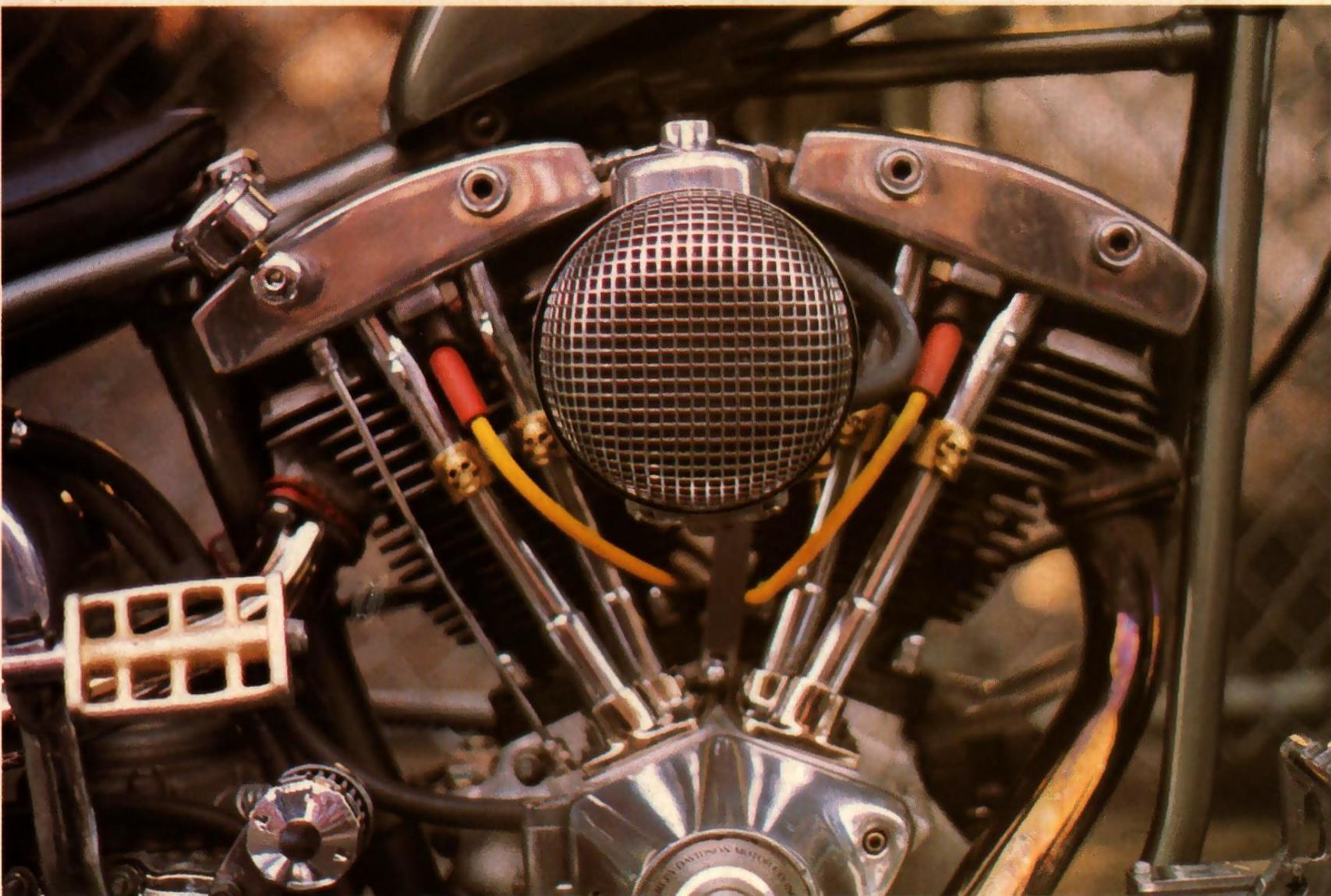
Before Nadia, Roger Miret was immersed in New York City's music scene. In Roger's own words, "I was the front man for New York's legendary hardcore band Agnostic Front [see Mike Seate's inset]. We were together for ten years and recorded six albums. The music was hard, fast, and melodic. My lyrics dealt with reality and social politics. The latest album, *One Voice*, dealt with the harsh prison system in New York state. The cover showed the infamous





Attica prison riot."

Ten years and six releases is a long time to have been committed to one's music and the sociological manifestations of the music's effect on its audience. Then... came Nadia. Roger tells us, "Nadia came along and gave me a whole new outlook on life. I left the band to train as a Harley mechanic at the M.M.I. school in Orlando." Roger decided that he and his family needed more security and stability than the mercurial fickleness provided by the music business. He felt that putting Nadia's future in the whimsical hands of his music's fans wasn't good enough. He also felt that being a mechanic would afford him more time to spend with his little girl as opposed to the hassles of performing gigs on the road. "I decided I needed to spend more time with my child, who's the most important thing in my life," said Roger. After having brought up two kids myself, I can relate to Roger's sentiments.



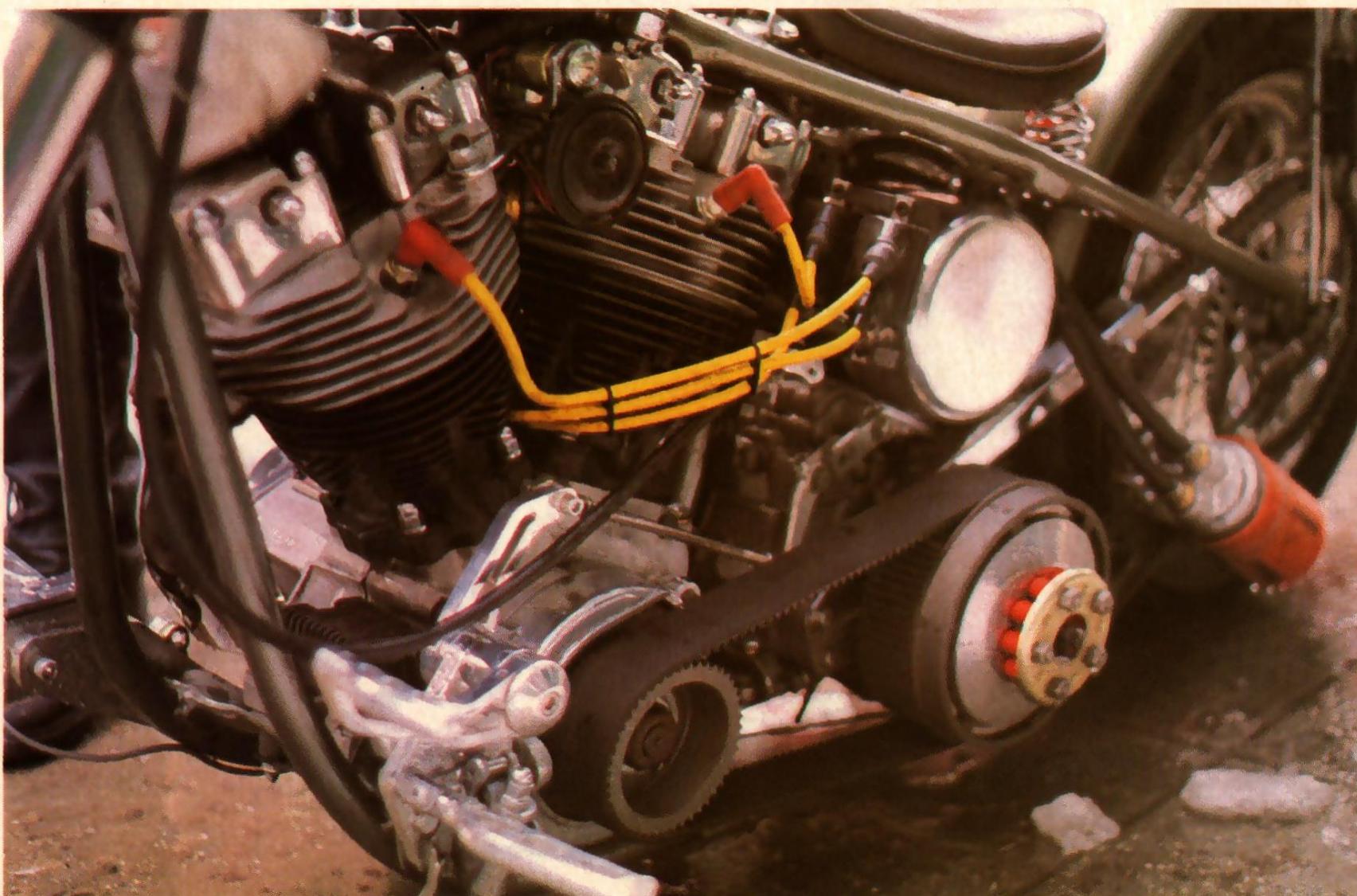
At the time I interviewed Roger, he had just graduated M.M.I. and had ridden up to New York on his gun metal gray chopper. He's currently looking for work in NYC. Anyone out there need a certified Harley mechanic?

MAGGIE MAE

Roger's chop is named Maggie Mae. Actually, Maggie Mae was one of two bikes that Roger purchased as basket cases while he was training at the Institute. The other was a rigid Sporty. Roger said, "I ended up selling the

Sporty to a friend, which allowed me the bread I needed to finish Maggie Mae. I chose the Shovel over the Sporty because I always wanted a Big Twin." Are ya listening, Lynch?

Maggie Mae is one of four Harleys that Roger has owned. His first was a





'71 Sporty that was bored and stroked to 1240 cc. Another way-station on his journey to his gray chopper was an '89 FXR which he promptly sold when he arrived in Florida. The third H-D was the Sporty he sacrificed for his dream bike.

Does Roger's chopper look vaguely familiar to you? It should. It was inspired by Steg Von Heintz's chopper that was featured in IH #116 (as well as in last issue's centerfold). Maggie Mae could pass as a twin of Steg's bike, Maxine. Hmmm, "Mabel," "Maxine," and "Maggie Mae." Do I detect a trend here? Naming a bike definitely indicates to me that bikers truly see their cycles as more like living entities than mere machines.

If Maggie Mae is any indication of the superlative mechanical and bike-building skills that Roger acquired at



Owner: Roger Miret

General

Fabrication by: **Roger Miret**
Year & Make: **1980 Custom**
Model: **Chopper**
Value: **"Mucho Dinero"**
Assembly by: **Owner/John Brown**
Time: **Three months**
Chroming: **Very little**

Engine

Year: **1980**
Model: **Shovelhead**
Rebuilder: **Roger Miret**
Ignition: **Dyna Single fire**
Displacement: **80 cu. in.**
Lower End: **H-D**
Balancing: **Stock**
Pistons: **H-D**
Cases: **H-D**
Heads: **H-D**
Cams: **Andrews "A" grind**
Lifters: **H-D**
Carb: **U Eliminator II**
Air Cleaner: **SU**
Pipes: **Shotgun**
Mufflers: **Nada**

Transmission

Modifications: **Belt**
Year: **1984**
Shifting: **Foot**
Engine Sprocket: **Primo**
Trans Sprocket: **23 teeth**
Wheel Sprocket: **51 teeth**

Painting

Molding: **Nada**
Painter: **Bikes Only, Orlando**
Color: **Dark Metallic Pewter**
Type: **General Motors**
Special Paint: **Flames by Bill**

City: NYC

Frame

Year: **1980**
Builder: **H-D**
Type: **FX Custom**
Rake: **Stock**
Stretch: **Stock**
Other Alterations: **Welded on hardtail**

Accessories

Bars: **Apes**
Risers: **Short**
Fenders: **5" flat and short**
Headlight: **Bates 5 1/2"**
Taillight: **Sidemount**
Speedo: **Nada**
Front Pegs: **Performance Machine**
Rear Pegs: **Nada**
Electrics: **John Brown Specialties**
Gas Tank: **King Sporty**
Oil Tank: **5 quart spun aluminum**
Oil System: **H-D**
Primary Cover: **Open**
Seat: **Solo**
Sissy Bar: **Fender rail**
Height: **Nada**
Material: **Strong**

Forks

Type: **Wide Glide**
Extension: **Stock**
Builder: **Harley-Davidson**
Special Features: **Beefy**

Wheels

| | Front | Rear |
|------------|-------|-------------|
| Size: | 21" | 16" |
| Hub: | H-D | H-D |
| Rim Width: | Stock | Stock |
| Tire: | Avon | Conti |
| Brakes: | H-D | Perf. Mach. |

Roger "Agnostic" Miret

It's the summer of 1985 and I'm in the midst of a punk rock malaise. The house reverberates with the tinny roar of **Black Flag**, **The Dead Kennedys**, and uncompromising New York bands like **Kraut**, **Cause For Alarm**, and a gnarly, thrashing outfit known as **Agnostic Front**.

In the days before MTV-approved "alternative" bands like **Nirvana** and the **Stone Temple Pilots**, underground music was just that. It couldn't be bought in stores, and its fans were recognized because of their **non-conformity**. Like the biker world, the alternative music scene has recently undergone drastic changes. What was once wild, free, and answerable to no one, is being threatened by commercialism, mass acceptance, and, ultimately, compromise.

At the core of this underground was Roger Miret, owner of this chopped Shovel. Not to sound like a Woodstock-era hippie walking down that sappy memory lane, but **Agnostic Front** was the one band that captured our frustration. Raw, nasty, and unflinchingly direct describes the music that Roger bellowed as **Agnostic Front**'s vocalist. These same adjectives could be used to describe his vision of a custom Harley. Back in the daze, Roger and I used to talk shop on Hogs, but neither of us had the coin for much more than the ratty Sportster I had at the time.

Roger has long been an aesthetically gifted brother, as his body suit of tattoos will attest. It's good to see that he's been able to fulfill this particular youthful aspiration with such class. Now if we could only convince him to re-form his band and lend the same class to today's increasingly lame music scene!

—Mike Seate

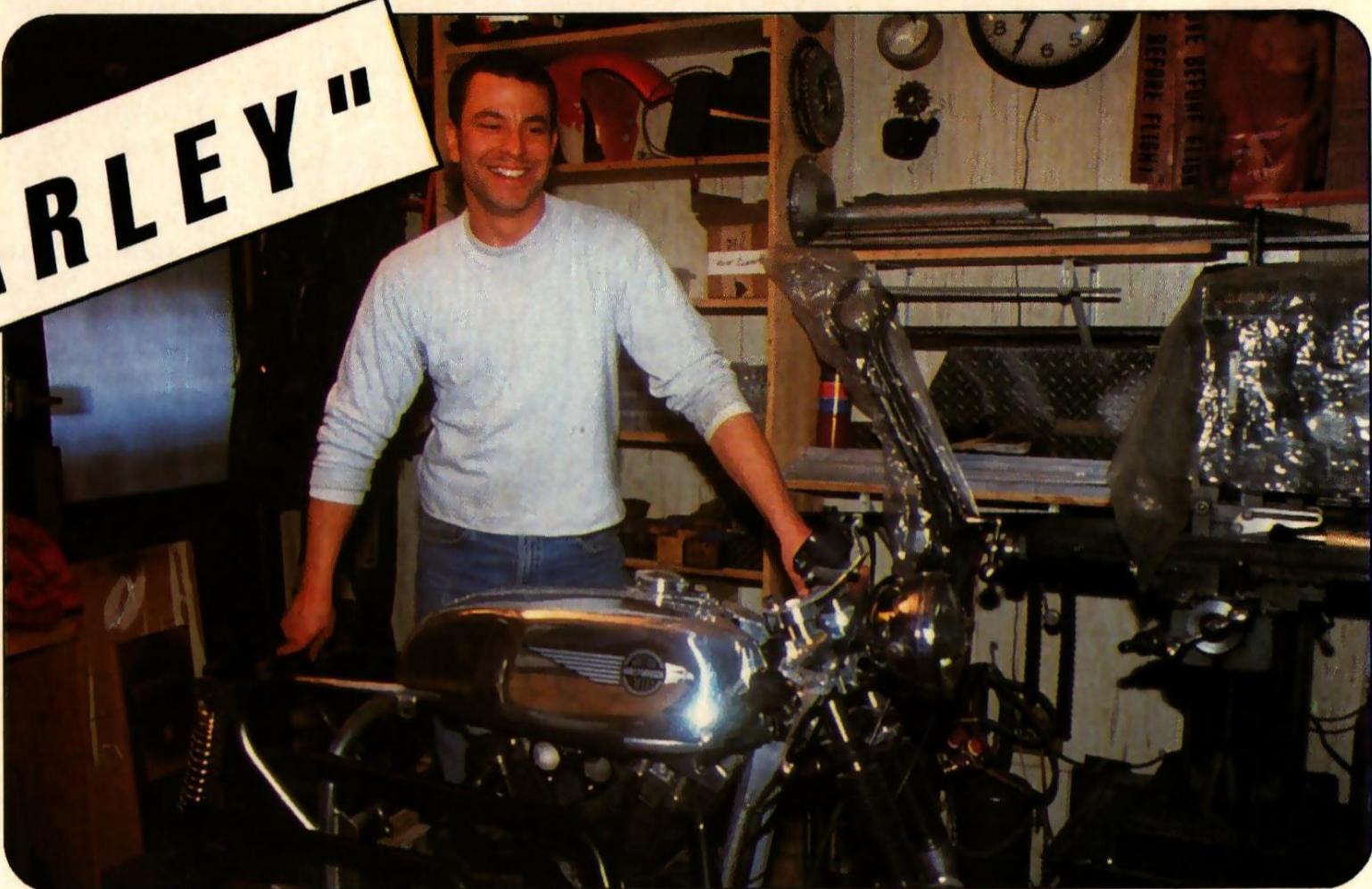


the Orlando school, then it can be assumed that he's a pretty good talent. This bike has a gorgeous finish, as well as an impeccable balance of polished aluminum, chrome, and paint. Roger's to be congratulated for building a beautiful, classic looking chopper.

DEDICATED TO NADIA

Roger dedicates this classic chop to daddy's little girl, Nadia. It represents the effort and toil that Roger went through to provide a closer relationship and better future for his little daughter. Ironically, it's more common for people to *give up* bikes when they start a family, rather than get more heavily into the scene, but not Roger. He knows what's important in life. Later. ✕

THE "NARLEY"



Randy Hoffman calls his Norton/Harley/Triumph/Suzuki hybrid the "Narley."

Tritons, Vintons, and other legendary monsters will soon have company: the Sportster powered Featherbed Narley.

He'd heard of it, but he had never seen it. Like the ancient sea-faring maps that warned of fabulous beasts and lands with the admonition "here be monsters," Randy Hoffman had heard of strange, wondrous custom bikes that centered around a Harley Sportster mill shoehorned into a Norton Featherbed frame. Weird, fascinating names like "Narley," "Nortster," and "Sporton" fired his imagination. But as far as actually beholding such a beast with his own two eyes? "No, I've never seen one," said Randy, "but it sounded like a good idea, so I thought I'd build one myself."

What you're

looking at is a work-in-progress. Whenever Randy manages to take a break from work, he manages to make a little progress on his unique custom motorcycle project. As the owner of a set design/building business that caters to Manhattan's high fashion industry, Randy barely has time to *ride* any of his bikes, let alone build one from the ground up. However, if you visited his Lower East Side workshop, you'd swear



Gas tank was custom made in Scotland at the Tank Shop.

by Snow & Sager

that you'd just stepped through the doors of a thriving motorcycle garage rather than an establishment that regularly deals with the likes of Elizabeth Arden. Randy's Triumph Trident, as well as his three Ducatis were present, while the Narley shrine was located

tells us that the wooden motor mounts, which will serve as patterns for machining the real things, took 50 hours to fabricate.

I questioned Randy about his choice of the



Randy's favorite ride is his roadracing Duck, Christine.

in the tool room.

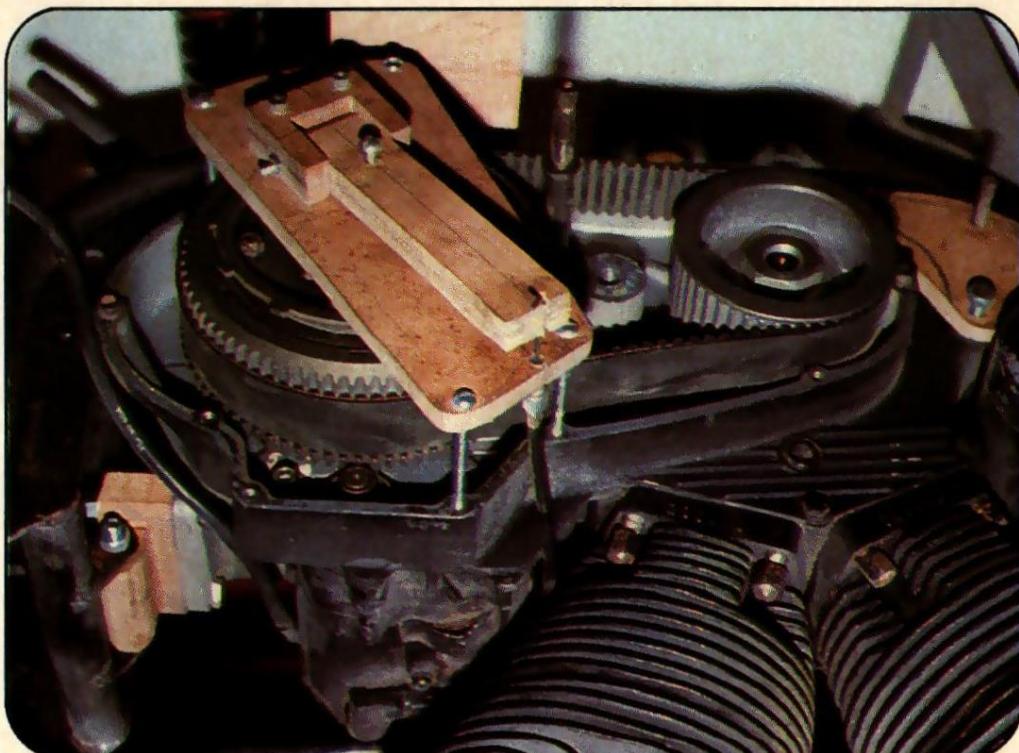
The Narley features a 1981 stock displacement ironhead Sportster, wedged, stuffed, and otherwise crammed into a 1966 Norton Atlas Featherbed frame. Check it out. The XL rocker boxes poke above the top frame rails and necessitated the custom fabrication of the gorgeous stainless steel gas tank by the Tank Shop in Scotland.

when it's completed, and that, anyway, he prefers to maintain the vintage theme of the bike. Except for blueprinting, he plans to leave the ironhead stock. An all-aluminum Evo engine would certainly clash with the rest of the bike's components. As Randy said, "A Buell might perform better, but it sure doesn't look better." Custom pipes were fabricated, and Randy plans to run an S&S Super E, since there wasn't room for the Del Orto dual throat.

For the left side, Randy tracked down a rare Sportster primary belt-drive kit, which he plans to run open with a dry clutch. The wooden forms are his solution to clutch retention and activation and were copied from a similar set up

found on Lucifer's Hammer.

The Narley runs Norton Road Holder forks, and a massive brake

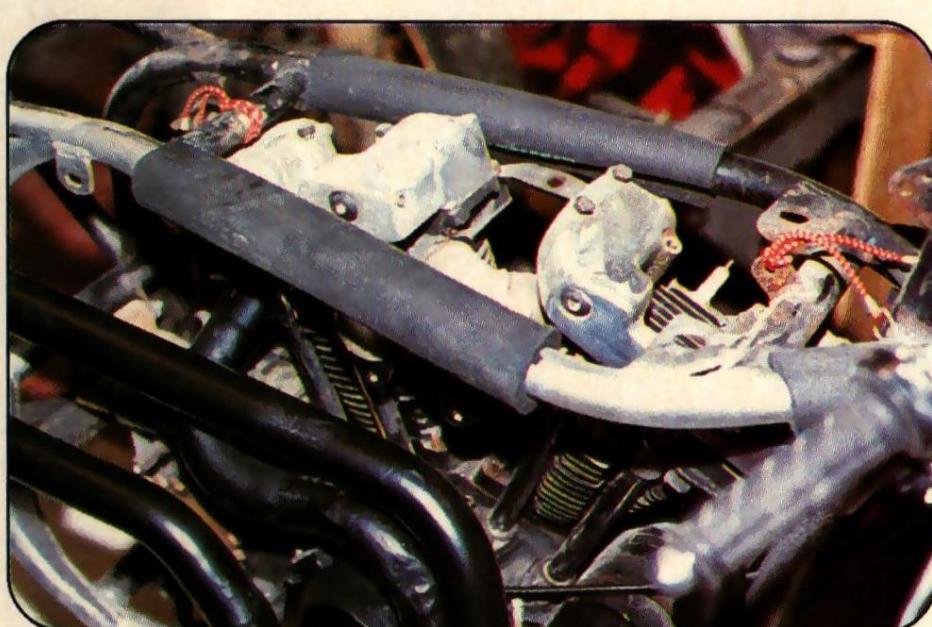


Randy copied his clutch set up from Lucifer's Hammer. Wooden motor mounts took 50 hours to fabricate.

ironhead XL instead of the Evo mill for his project. He said that he plans to take the bike vintage racing

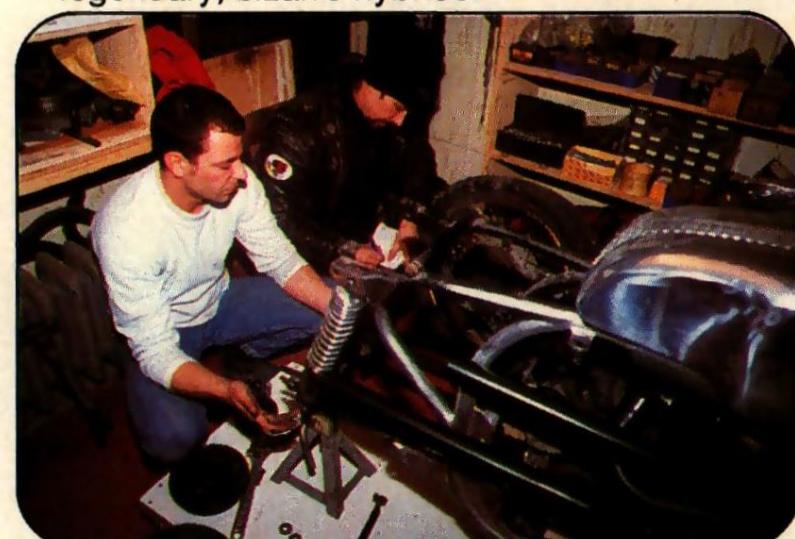
drum from a 1972 Suzuki Water Buffalo (the manufacturer's funky short-lived, water-cooled, rotary powered 750). In the rear, Randy replaced the stock Norton swingarm with a flipped Triumph unit in order to run a wider tire and longer shocks. Sixth Street Specials has supplied Randy with most of his Brit bike parts, including the frame.

The most famous custom bikes of the mid '60s British rocker scene were the Tritons--- Triumph mills installed into Norton frames, hence the monicker. Less common variations included Vintons (Vincent/Norton hybrids), and even more obscure combos of Beezers, Triphs, Norton, and Vincents. Randy is six months into his project and hopes to have it completed by summer's end. You can be sure that we'll be there when the Narley comes to rip-snorter life and adds one more illustrious name to list of legendary, bizarre hybrids. \ddagger

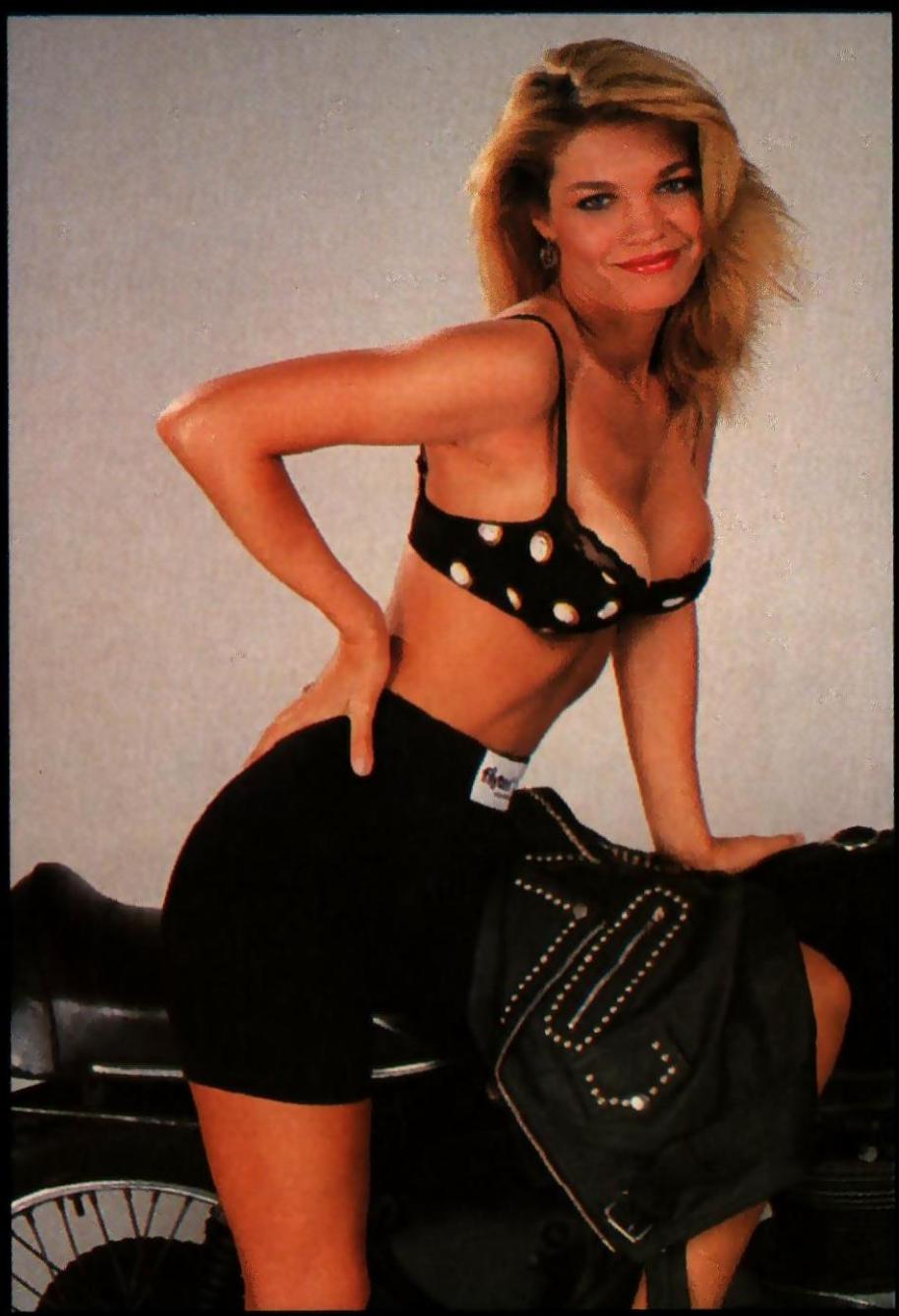


The 1981 Sportster mill was squeezed, shoved, and squoze into the 1966 Norton Atlas frame. Note custom pipes.

Randy loves the way the winged style Harley decals he scrounged complement the custom tank. He



The Narley uses a wider Triumph swingarm.



NANCY



PHOTOS: SAGER

MAKE UP: LISA
LABUDA

BIKE: TRACY'S 650
BSA FIREBIRD







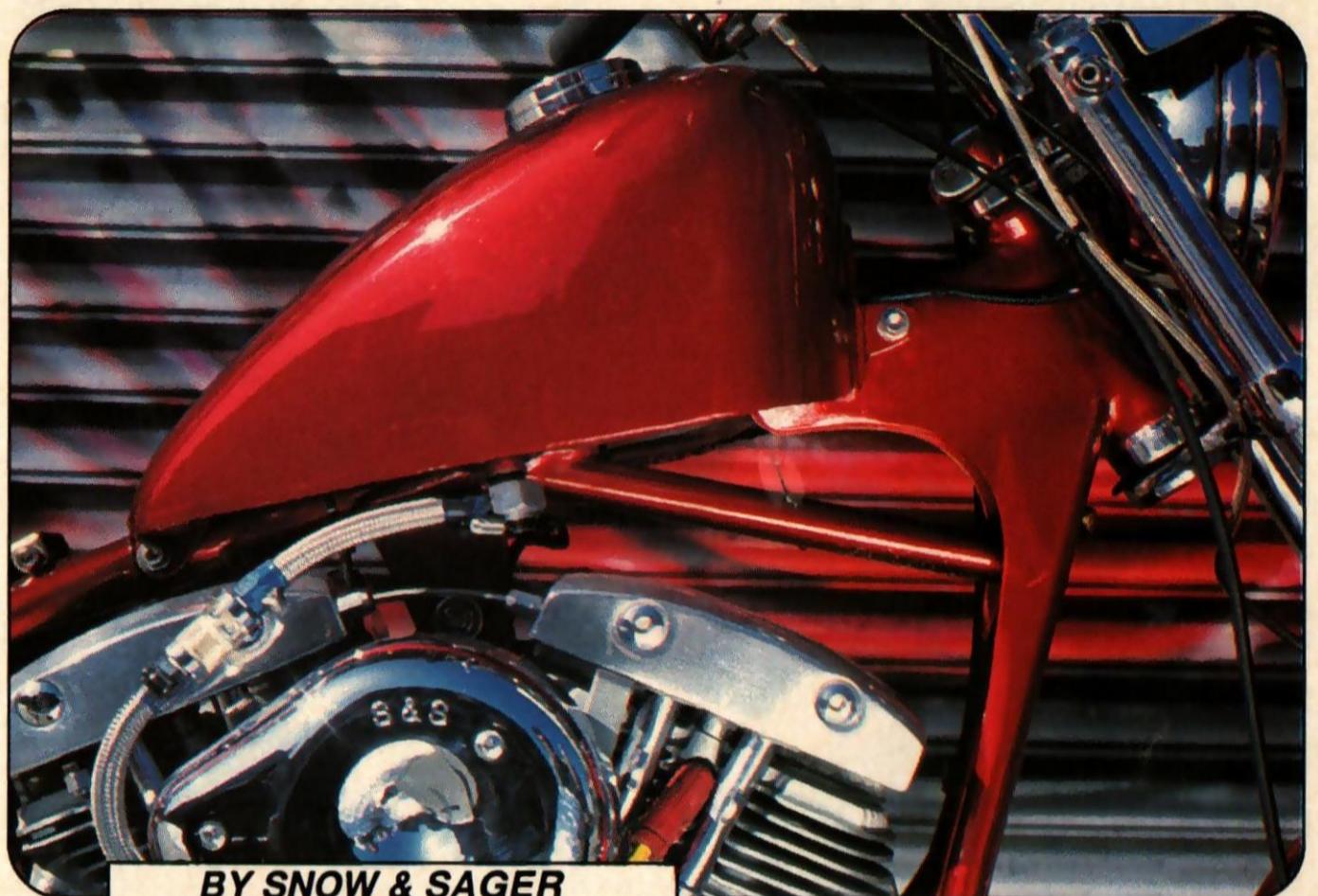
N.Y.C. **NEW YORK**
CHOPPER



NYC. New York Chopper. It's quite a distinct, easily identifiable, and impressive animal. Recognized by its rigid frame, snarly Big Twin motor, sleek Sportster tank, and stock length or shorter front end, the NYC is bred for street-fighting duty against the world's most desperate traffic conditions. You've seen this kind of beast in *Iron Horse* before, most notably Steg Von Heintz's Shovel from #116 (and last issue's centerfold), Genghis' everlovin' ride, Mabel (with its swingarm and sleek FX tank variations), as well as Roger Miret's fan-fucking-tastic, Steg-inspired, gunmetal Shovel on page 40 of this issue. Now we see the pattern again on this kidney-busting creation from Bob Maganza.

There's a solid reason for the popularity of this style of bike—it works. As much as we love and admire the awesome choppers from our biking

brothers in Sweden, the Netherlands, and other points in northern Europe, those Tolle-equipped longbikes would



BY SNOW & SAGER

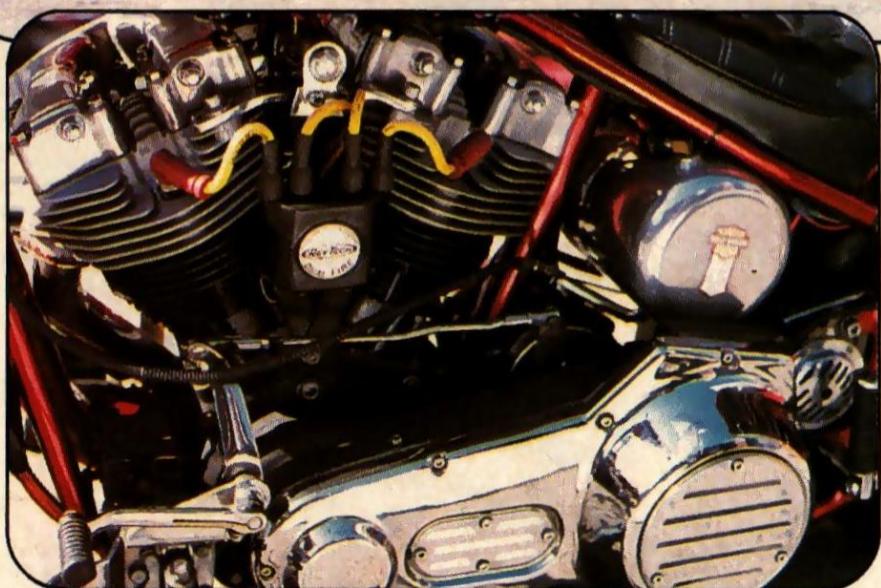
be handicapped in the crowded urban hell by the







very qualities that make them so distinctive and classy. The exaggerated rake and stretch, and mind-blowing wheelbase that typifies the Aryan chop simply would not cut it in New York City's insane traffic. The ability to execute an emergency U-turn in the middle of a taxi-jam is an extremely valuable asset. The short wheelbase allows for such unanticipated ad libs as hopping sidewalks, lanesplitting maneuvers, slaloming through stunned pedestrians, and impromptu, high-speed right angle turns down dark alleys. All of these moves and more are required on even the most relaxed cruise through the city. Ya need a New York Chopper in order to cope with the madness of NYC.



As of this writing, this particular screaming red example of the NYChopper was somewhat between owners. Steg turned us onto the '79 Shovel as it was passing out of Mark's hands and into the itchy throttle grasp of one Sergio. The bike originally belonged to a guy named Joe T., who had taken the Shovel through several incarnations, from dragbike to street chopper. You can still see the tabs for the wheelie bar on the sissy bar. Displacing a mighty 96 cubic inches via an S&S Sidewinder kit, the Shovel was quite capable of shredding the strip. You might appreciate how that extra power comes in handy while trawling through traffic.

Owner: Various

General

Fabrication by: **Bob Maganza**
Year & Make: **1979 Harley**
Model: **NYC(hopper)**
Value: **Lots**
Assembly by: **Bob Maganza**
Time: **Ongoing**
Chroming: **Browns**

Engine

Year: **1979**
Model: **Shovel**
Rebuilder: **Bob Maganza**
Ignition: **Dyna/Rev Tech coils**
Displacement: **96"**
Lower End: **S&S**
Balancing: **Yes**
Pistons: **S&S**
Cases: **H-D**
Heads: **Dual plugged**
Cams: **S&S**
Lifters: **Solids**
Carb: **S&S Super G**
Air Cleaner: **S&S**
Pipes: **Shotguns**
Mufflers: **None**

Transmission

Modifications: **Stocker**
Year: **1979**
Shifting: **Standard**
Engine Sprocket:
Trans Sprocket:
Wheel Sprocket:

Painting

Molding: **Yes**
Painter: **Derek**
Color: **Very red**
Type: **Lacquer**
Special Paint: **Flames by Derek**

City: New Yo' City

Frame

Year: **Several**
Builder: **Paughco/Bob Maganza**
Type: **Rigid**
Rake:
Stretch:
Other Alterations: **Reinforced and gussetted by Bob Maganza**

Accessories

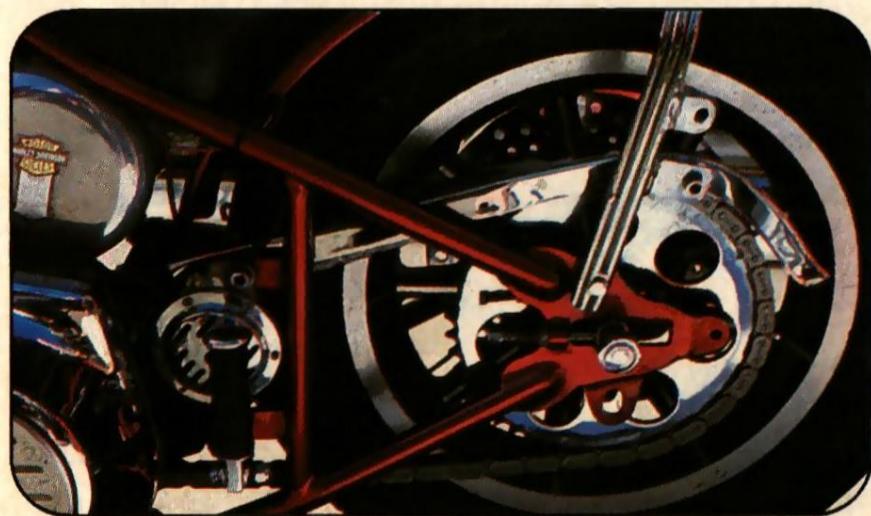
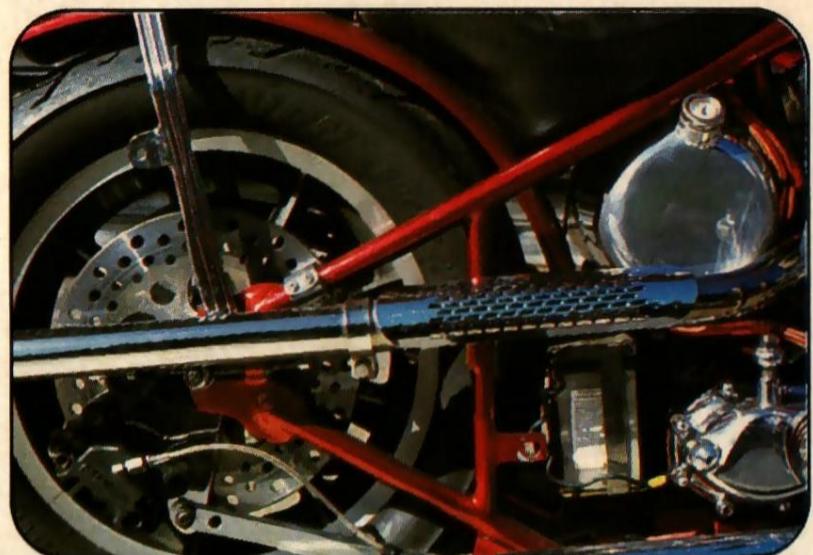
Bars: **Drag**
Risers: **Built-in**
Fenders: **Flat**
Headlight: **Stock**
Taillight: **Catseye**
Speedo: **Drag Specialties**
Front Pegs: **Stock**
Rear Pegs: **Stock**
Electrics: **Bob Maganza**
Gas Tank: **King Sportster**
Oil Tank: **5 quart**
Oil System: **Modified**
Primary Cover: **Custom by Bob**
Seat: **Fat**
Sissy Bar: **Bob Maganza**
Height: **Tall enough**
Material: **1/4" tube w/wheelie bar tabs.**

Forks

Type: **Narrow glide**
Extension: **Stock**
Builder: **H-D**
Special Features: **Chromed**

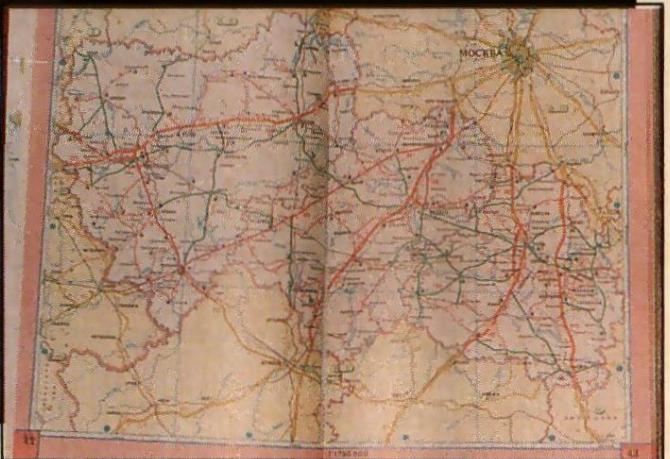
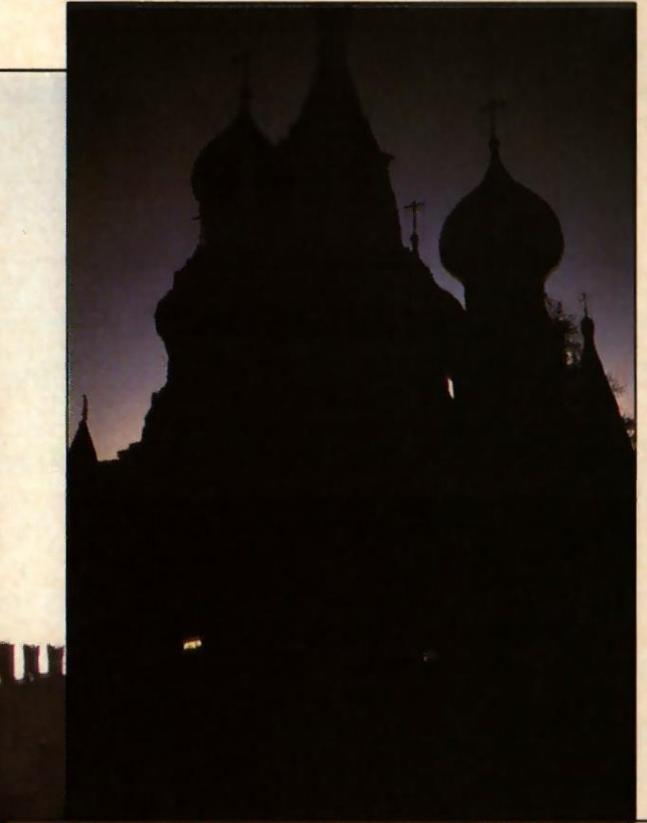
Wheels

| | Front | Rear |
|------------|--------------|-----------------|
| Size: | 21" | 16" |
| Hub: | H-D | Mag |
| Rim Width: | Stock | Stock |
| Tire: | Avon | Avon |
| Brakes: | H-D | Wildwood |

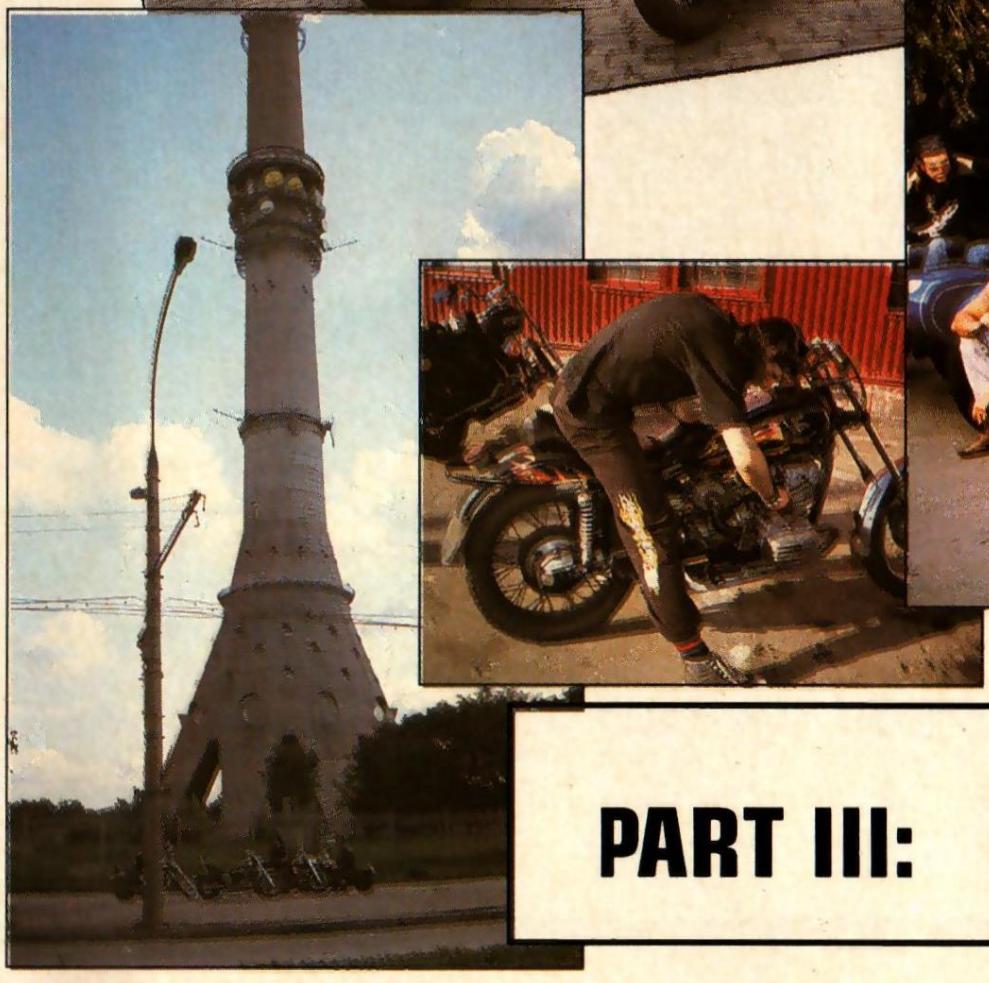


The proud new owner of this NYC has plans for the chop that will transform it from urban knuckle-duster into a long haul, over-the-road machine: 4" over wide glide forks, five gallon fatbobs, a plusher seat, and a platinum gray paint job. Bob M. is more than up to the task of giving the New York Chopper a more "obese" look, as Genghis would say. From Sweden to New York City to wide open interstate, it's a given that *how ya ride* often determines *what ya ride*. Stay tuned for an update after Mr. Maganza finishes with the NYChopper's latest incarnation... ✕

on the road...



in RUSSIA



PART III: MOSCOW !

BY DIMITRI TURIN



One big lump of noise. From New York City to Berlin to Warsaw to Minsk, and now, finally entering Moscow.

The story thus far:

As related in Iron Horse #123 and #124, four maniacs astride four Shovelheads have cut a swath across eastern Europe like the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse on holiday. Dimitri Turin, a transplanted Muscovite who owns New York City's famed Britbike shop, Sixth Street Specials, flew to Berlin with an 88" stroker and hooked up with his German buddies, Heiko, Bert, and John (whom he'd met a year earlier while visiting his folks in Moscow). The plan is to meet with the Nightwolves M.C. in the Russian capital and do burnouts in Red Square.

From The Bike Workshop in Bishofswerda, Germany, across Hitler's autobahn through Poland, the Shovel powered quartet visits Harley-Davidson of Warsaw as Bert's generator fails. Parts availability is limited to cone motors, but the four press on to Russia, swapping batteries between bikes, confident that the Nightwolves will have the necessary parts for repairs.

The road to Moscow is fraught with peril. Once over the border into the republic of Belorussia, gas becomes scarce and must be procured from roadside vendors. Quality ranges from 93 octane premium, which is almost nonexistent, to the ubiquitous 76 octane musk-ox piss that's cut with diesel or kerosene. Conditions in Russia border on anarchy, and pulling over to purchase fuel from shady characters is risky business--- the country is run by gangsters and corrupt officials. As Dimitri said last issue, "if you cannot defend it, you probably should not own it." As far as the police go, the best policy is to speed by their guardhouses, and if forced to stop, act like tourists. Dimitri, on his illegally-licensed '73 FX (he merely bolted a Vermont plate to the bike and altered the registration with a ball point pen), rarely reveals his Russian heritage to officials.

Chase vehicles are for pussies. Trailers are for sissies. "Fly and Ride" programs are for senior citizens and lames. This is motorcycling at its purest--- just flat-out riding, balls to the wall fun. Next time you see a trailer load of Harleys headed for Sturgis, think about Dimitri and his bros on four Shovelheads roaring at 90 mph through the rainy Russian night, blowing by bandits and cops, headed for Moscow and the Nightwolves...

Nearing Moscow, the gang is once again attempting to scrounge gas at an "official" state run gas station...

While most of the kids were yelling and screaming at each other, an older "supervisor" showed up and, having heard my explanation as to why we needed hi-test gas, suggested that I go across the road to the station that served the other direction and speak to the cashier: not only did they have 93 they also had a "special" pump with 95! I went to my bike and tried to start it--- it refused. I pulled the plugs and the air cleaner. Plenty of spark, but the shitty gas finally took a toll on the SU--- so much carbon (unburned kerosene and diesel) had stuck to the slide that it was stuck in the bore of the carb body. "Just a minor setback," I thought to myself as I proceeded to dismantle the dashpot from the carb. (The only

good thing about 3-gal. fatbobs on this trip was the fact that I had access to the inside screws with a regular screwdriver and that the dashpot body would clear the side of the tank and could be removed without touching the tank or the carb.) Once the slide came out, Bert and Heiko continued cleaning the parts, and I jumped on Heiko's FLH and rode across the highway to the other gas station.

This place was three times the size of the station that we were in and was completely deserted except for a bus full of Turks getting diesel. I pulled right up to the cashier's building and barged inside. It worked. Normally, as you are standing in front of the slot in the window, with bars separating you and the cashier, it is a lot easier for them to be rude and on a power trip than when you are standing inside their little world. The cashier was an older woman in her fifties. I explained our situation--- that we needed hi-octane, etc., etc. It took a good ten minutes of talking just to get the woman to admit that, indeed, she did have some 95. Apparently, the local political bosses-businessman did keep some hi-test on hand for their personal foreign cars; however, no cash in the world could buy any since, to get the good stuff, one needed permission from the highest levels of the local government. The offer of foreign currency did not budge this woman at all--- Why should she lose her job for a few German marks?! I was not giving up: to be inside the fortress and not to capture the flag would have been silly, so I kept talking, bribing and begging. Finally she said that she would sell me 5 liters of 95. At that point I was ready to walk away anyway: I was wasting all this time arguing and begging this woman to sell me some gas. We were less than 60 miles from Moscow and if we had to run on a bit of 76 so be it. I did put 5 liters into Heiko's bike and rode over to the others. They had buttoned up my carb and were waiting for me surrounded by a bunch of locals who were checking out our machinery. I explained the situation, and we decided to get 20 liters of whatever gas these kids had, counting on hope that closer to Moscow we

would find good gas.

We gassed up, packed away the tools, started up and split. One more stop and we're there!

The next 40 miles flew by in no time. At one point I had to come to a stop. While doing so I realized that I had completely lost my rear brake again--- just like before entering Breslau. So 20 miles before I would really need good brakes, I lose the one brake that

"After this wild run, I had no intentions of having to ride through Moscow like a pussy..."

matters in city driving. (When scrambling in traffic the lack of a front brake is an inconvenience, but lack of a rear brake makes one really vulnerable to cars--- even if one is not splitting lanes.) I knew that I had to take my master cylinder apart one more time. I told the others that in the next town I wanted to try to get some brake fluid and fix the brake.

The next stop was the first traffic light that we stopped at since Brest. At that intersection I asked a man in a car next to us if there was an autoparts store anywhere nearby, and he told me how to get to one. It was hardly out of our way, so we made a little detour and pulled into the parking lot of this store. When I walked in I saw a completely deserted store with nothing on the shelves. I asked the clerk if they had any brake fluid, and he just laughed. Ok, I thought, I will have to try to buy a few ounces from some motorist. Still in this parking lot, I was giving my brake lines a quick visual check to see if a line or a fitting was cracked, when a man drove into the lot, walked into the store, then came back out and approached us. He asked if we were looking for brake fluid. I told him that I needed to buy

enough to refill my reservoir. He said that he did not have any in his car, but if we would follow him to his house, he could get us some.

We discussed whether it was worth it to waste any more time or to try to get to Moscow, where we knew we could get brake fluid. After this wild run, I had no intentions of having to ride through Moscow like a pussy, and was able to convince the others to follow this dude. We followed this guy not more than a mile and pulled into this group of concrete two-story barrack-type houses--- your typical communist rural housing projects. We drove past them to a row of steel car garages. This guy opened up his garage, and I was able to wheel my bike in there. After taking the master cylinder apart, we saw that the piston seal was shot. I asked the man if there was a chance to buy a 19mm seal somewhere. (I calculated that 19mm was the closest size to 3/4".) He reached out towards the ceiling and produced a wire loop on which were at least 30-40 different o-ring and seals. I was able to find an o-ring close enough to the size needed. Then he produced a master cylinder, saying that the bore of my cylinder looked similar to his. He quickly took it apart, and its piston boot looked very close to the Wagner master cylinder from my bike. His boot felt softer than mine, but it was more intact so we used his and reassembled my master cylinder with the metric Russian parts. To my great relief the caliper bled up and I had good brake pressure. We thanked our new friend and offered to pay him for the parts, but he refused to accept any money. He told us that he had a coin collection and would like to get foreign change if we had any. We gave him whatever cents and pfenigs we had in our pockets, thanked him again and roared off towards Moscow.

The traffic started getting heavier and heavier, and one could tell that we were getting close to the city limits. Every couple of miles we would come to a traffic light, and the traffic would bog down. Splitting lanes to get to the front of the light, I saw a gas station 100 yards past the intersection. There was a huge line of cars waiting to get

gas. This was the first normal gas station that we passed that was open for business inside Russia! We pulled past the line and got right in front of the 93 pumps. 90% of all cars there were getting the 76, and ten or so cars in line for the hi-test chose not to fuck with us for cutting in. I walked up to the cashier and paid for 50 liters. It felt great to get gas out of a pump instead of a can! After filling up we paused to

"Knowing the streets and tasting the enjoyment of a victory lap, I picked up the pace and started splitting lanes. Moscow in the summertime, on a bike, heading to Red Square--- I was so high!"

discuss our strategy. We had to find a cafe called "Margarita" where the Wolves hung out. Heiko and Bert felt that, if I could get them into the center of town, they would be able to find this place.

Moscow here we come! In the next few miles we crossed the Moscow Ring road and entered the city. (This ring road is a limited-access highway which runs a loop around the city, and defines its boundary.)

Once we entered Moscow, the road got wider— from two lanes to four or five in each direction— and, because of that, the traffic got lighter. For a while I was not able to recognize where we were but I was not worried: as long as we stayed on this avenue it would eventually lead us to the center of the city. Moscow is a very large city with a population of 10 million. Its layout is a circle or an eggshape, with

the Kremlin at the center. The Ring road is about 70 miles in circumference, and the distance to the Kremlin from any point on the Ring road is between 10 and 13 miles. All the highways leading into the city turn into big wide streets or avenues called "prospects" (most of them look very much like Brooklyn's Ocean Parkway on steroids) that run towards the Kremlin. About 2 miles from the center of the city there is another major circular road-- "Sadovoye Koltso" (the Garden St. ring). This road is about six to seven lanes wide in each direction and defines the boundaries of the city center.

It took us about 20 minutes to get to where I started recognizing the streets. It was around 6 or 7 in the evening— the height of the rush-hour. The slow pace and traffic lights started taking a toll on our bikes. Now the effects of 700 miles of shitty gas were totally felt.

Finally, we crossed one of the bridges over the Moscow River and I saw S. Koltso. I instantly knew where I was, and everything really fell into place. We were actually very near the area where cafe "Margarita" was supposed to be, but I decided to keep going towards the Kremlin and Red Square. Knowing the streets and tasting the enjoyment of a victory lap, I picked up the pace and started splitting lanes. Moscow in the summertime, on a bike, heading to Red Square--- I was so high!

Never in my wildest dreams could I ever imagine that this would ever



Harleys invade Red Square.

happen. We were some sight--- 700 miles of Russian dirt on our bikes and faces, louder than anything anyone there had ever seen, heading towards Red Square! We blew past the Square, rumbled at the big intersection by the Bolshoi Theater and roared off towards what I thought was the neighborhood where Heiko and Bert would find cafe Margarita. I got my friends pretty close, and, at one point, Bert shot out in front, turned onto a side street, and after a block or two pulled up in front of the cafe.

Last year this cafe was sort of the clubhouse of the Nightwolves. This time when we pulled up, there were no bikes outside. While we were getting off our bikes, a dude that probably was a doorman ran inside and came out with an East Village-looking dick who must have been the manager. I asked him in Russian where we could find the Wolves. He started answering



Nightwolves? I know nothing.

something in Russian, and it was clear to me that he had an English accent. I asked him to speak English, and he told me that the Wolves did not come there anymore. "Where may I find the Wolves?" I wanted to know. The man said that he had no idea. I translated what went on to the others and told the man that we might as well have a few drinks in his joint. All of a sudden, this dude knew exactly where the new hang-out was. He told me that the Nightwolves were operating out of a new club and, with the help of his doorman, who was Russian, gave us directions on how to get there. This was not too far from where we were-- maybe 3-4 miles. On the way there I remembered a shortcut through some side streets which led us through the neighborhood where I was born. The emotions that I felt riding through there are impossible to describe.

Another few minutes of riding and we were on a quiet treelined street at the right address. We pulled into this driveway and saw bikers. We had made it. The noise that we made brought more people out of the club. Heiko and Bert were greeting the friends that they made last time. Next to the building was a fenced-in lot where all the bikes were parked. A patchholder opened the gate, and we pulled our bikes into the lot. Heiko introduced everybody as well as he could, and after we told the short version of our travel story, we all went into the club for refreshments. The name of this club was Sexton FOZD. After a few beers and a little bit of food, we started planning our next strategy-- where to stay. Heiko called

Andrei, a Nightwolf with whom he stayed when I met them last year. He invited us to crash at his place. He was going to come to the club in a few hours. Meanwhile we partied with the rest of the crew. As the evening went on, more and more people came to the club. By the time Andrei arrived, it was pretty busy. We hung out some more and then left with Andrei to go to his place. He lived in that same giant building where I met Heiko and Bert the first time. My friend whom I used to visit there had rented out his apartment and moved away. (Thousands of Muscovites rent their apartments out to foreign businesses for hard currency and then rent apartments for themselves in the less-desirable neighborhoods. The rents in decent Moscow neighborhoods already rivaled NYC prices.) The greatest asset of this building was the garage in the courtyard. Finding a safe place for the bikes was a total priority. We got to Andrei's, parked our bikes, unpacked our gear and went up to the apartment. It was great to take a bath and get some sleep.

The next day Andrei took us to meet

the president of the Nightwolves, Sasha, who is known to everyone as "khiroorg" (surgeon). He was going to get us some good gas. He came to meet us in a Ural with a sidecar. He brought a huge plastic can with him so we could fill it and not have to keep going back to the station. This was an ordinary gas station that happened to carry not only 93, but 95 as well. He introduced us to the manager, and told us that we could go there anytime. Once we gassed up, he took us to a shop where his Harley was. This place was a state-owned small engine repair center. When we arrived, everyone who was working there came to look at our bikes. The only Harleys that Russians were familiar with were flatties so everyone was asking a lot of questions about the design of our machines. I also saw Kirill, a Wolf I met last year, who was wrenching at this place. Sasha took us inside to meet the boss and to show us his FX. His bike was down for a top-end. Sasha had all the new parts together, and we volunteered to help him assemble the top. A Harley in Russia is so special it has almost mystical properties, and I think all the wrenches there were a bit uneasy about putting it back together. We took a look at all the parts and told Sasha that we would put it together for him the next day. Bert went back outside to yank the generator out of his ride. Here was a



Parked in front of the Nightwolves hang out, Sexton FOZD, was this example of Russian ingenuity: the front end on this Harley 45 was fabricated from subway grarbails.



Pulling up to Andrei's Moscow apartment building.



Draining shitty gas to replace with the hi-octane 95.

paradox: these guys were apprehensive about wrenching a top end on a Harley, yet they thought that rewinding a generator by hand was no big deal. (In the States almost no one would think of rebuilding a generator themselves. They would just buy a new rotor. In Russia there are no spare parts for anything, so everything gets fixed. If necessity is the mother of invention, than desperation is surely the father....) Bert's generator was bench-tested and the rotor, which was fixed in Warsaw, seemed to be OK, but the coils turned out needing rewinding. It was too late to start fixing it, so we were told to come back early tomorrow. We fucked around there the rest of the afternoon. Kirill showed me his bike that he was building. I was amazed at some of the handbuilt pieces. He had a homemade disc brake system. His caliper was handmade and so was his master cylinder. (Because of a lack of parts, Russians have to handmake things that we totally take for granted. Here, a custom brake system generally means installing a PM caliper and a stainless disc which are shelf items.) On the way back, we stopped by Sasha's place and saw his 45 WLA. After that, that we headed back to Sexton for another night of heavy partying. I ran into a couple of people that I knew and, around 3 am, convinced

another Kirill to take us to the Moscow Hills to watch the sunrise. Moscow lies far enough in the north that, in June, it

"... these guys were apprehensive about wrenching a top end on a Harley, yet they thought that rewinding a generator by hand was no big deal."

gets dark after 11 and daylight comes before 4 am. It was great to run all over the city that slept.

We were blowing all the lights and treated traffic laws with utter disrespect. When we got to Luzhniki, we were told that the cops got really heavy and chased all the bikers out of the parking lot. (Luzhniki is a huge sports complex where one of the parking lots served as a hangout for all the bikers.) Since everything was empty, we decided to cross the river and climb the hills and greet the dawn with a couple of bowls of excellent hash that we carried with us from Germany. (There is plenty of grass in Russia; however, everything that we had seen was worse than the homegrown of the 70's). On the other side of the Moscow River was a



Waiting for Sasha to show up on his Ural sidecar.

promenade that was closed to traffic. The cycles, however, could fit past the barriers, and the surrounding hills serve as a great place to have parties. As we were riding down the promenade, we came upon a cop car sitting near this Russian car that was completely totaled. This car looked like it had rolled end over end. We blew past the cops and started climbing up a footpass that was too small for them to follow. Our friend (my passenger)

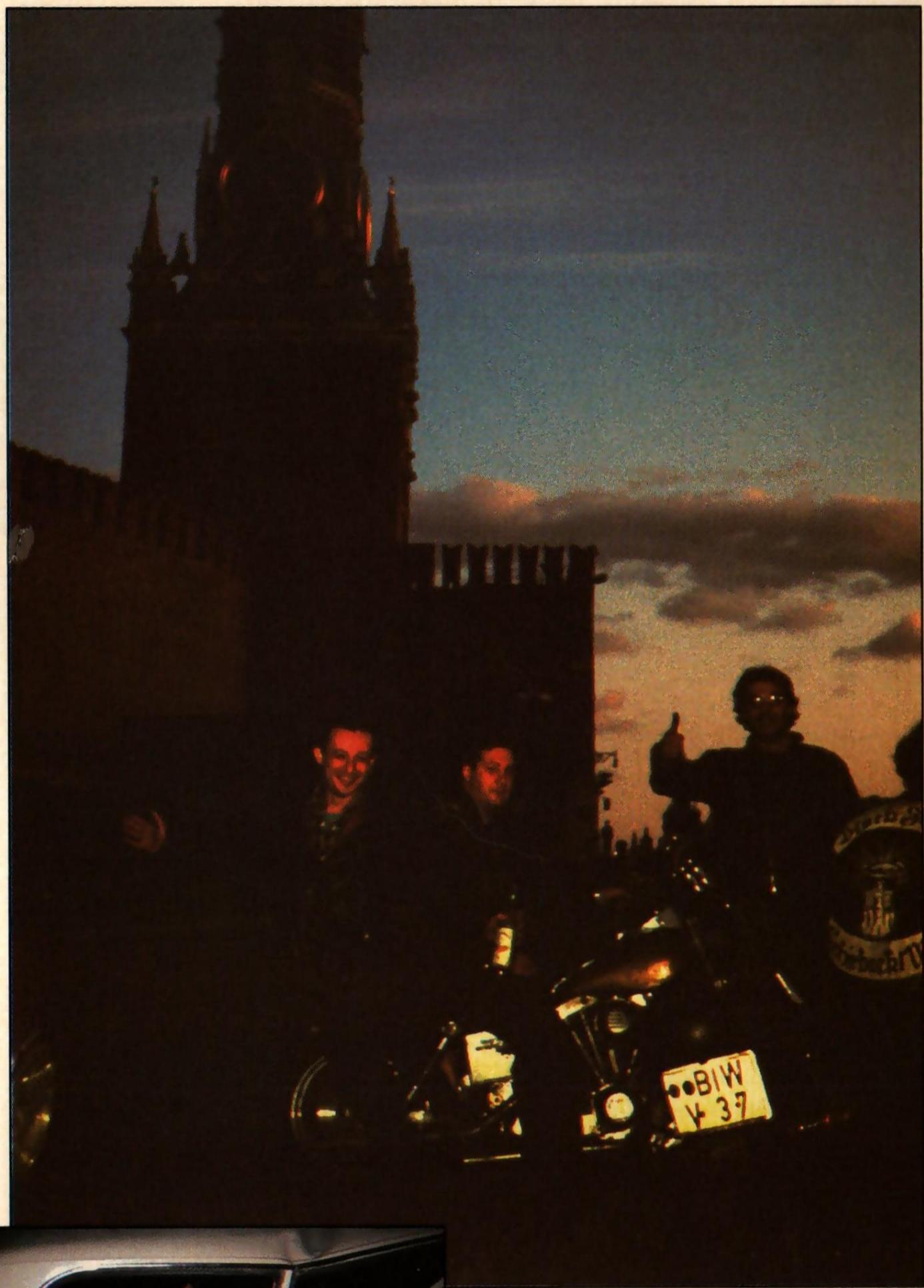
"The cop pointed a finger at me and said, 'Boom, Boom.' It was pretty clear what he meant."

took us to this great lookout spot from which we could really see the sprawling sleeping city. We hung out, waited for more daylight to arrive, smoked and talked. On the way back, the cops were gone from the promenade, and we stopped by the totaled car. Much to our surprise, there were two suits passed out in it. They were so drunk that the rumble of four Harleys would not wake them up. I snapped a picture of the wreck, and we headed back over the bridge towards the Kremlin. We rode up to Red Square--- right up to the removable barriers (in place to keep the traffic out). As we shut off our bikes, a cop car pulled up next to us. I spoke to them in English, gesturing that we wanted to drive onto the square. In sign language, the cops motioned that this was out of the question. "Why?" asked I, gesturing that even a plane had landed there before so four little bikes would surely be no trouble at all. The cop pointed a finger at me and said, "Boom, Boom." It was pretty clear what that meant. Suddenly, while we were talking, there was the sound



Two Muscovites out on the town...

of a car doing a burnout. Everyone turned to where the sound was coming from, and we saw a big Beemer blow a donut. That car was about 200 yards away from us, heading onto the bridge. The BMW started across, then



Red Square at dawn.



parking braked a 180 and headed towards us. In the next second, the driver saw the cops, blew another 180 and headed down towards the river the wrong way down a one-way ramp. At this point, the cops jumped into their

clunker to give chase. The Beemer disappeared from our view, then came out from under the bridge, blew two more donuts and started heading across the river again. By the time the cruiser came into our sight from under the bridge, the BMW was already on the other side of the river. I was hoping that our cops would give chase across the bridge which would give us a chance to dart onto the Square. The police Lada (Russian Fiat 124 copy) had no chance whatsoever against any foreign car so they just came back to where we were. When they got back, I started speaking with them in Russian, asking them why they gave up so easily. The driver said that this BMW was probably hot, the driver was probably armed and he was trying to provoke them to give chase. Why bother? Then they started asking me about our trip and our motorcycles and life in the West. I asked them what would have happened if we would have blown past the barriers and attempted to cross the Red Square on bikes. The cops explained that the Red Square is still regarded by many as a pretty holy place, and that the police post on the other side of the square was equipped with AK 47s and it would be very likely that someone would start shooting. We chatted with the cops a bit more, watched the sun come up and cruised to Andrei's to crash. After a few hours of sleep it was time to go to the bike shop to assemble Sasha's FX and try to fix Bert's generator. I made sure that Andrei was able to ride over to the shop with Heiko, Bert and John while I rode to see my grandma. (I did not tell any of my relatives that I was coming to Russia. I had no clue how this trip might turn out, and I did not want anyone to worry until I got there.) My granny was so happy to see me. I had to explain to her that I could not stay at her place or my dad's since there were no places to leave the bike. Also, I could not leave my friends since they did not speak Russian. After spending a couple of hours with grandma, I drove to the bike shop.

At the shop, Sasha's bike was coming together. Heiko told me that he bet Sasha that we would assemble his



Lev, a member of the Nightwolves, shows off his custom Ural at the shop.

bike in one day. He was right— the FX was coming together nicely. However, there is a difference between assembling a motor and hooking everything else up so the bike would make it to the club. To make a long story short, we got to Sexton with Sasha in the lead shortly after 1 am. We partied for a bit and then followed Sasha to Oleg's to spend the night. (Andrei is a drummer in a metal band called Shah. They had two albums out and were in the studio recording their third. Because of the all-night recording session, Oleg, who is the owner of Sexton, invited us to spend the night at his place.) Oleg's house was on the outskirts of the city; it must have taken us at least an hour to get there. By the time we found the place, got keys to Oleg's garage, drove there (the garage was about a mile from the house), parked the bikes and walked back, it was full daylight again. We woke up in the afternoon and made our way back to Sexton.

After a couple of beers, we rode over to Andrei's to get a change of clothes. Then we all rode over to the bike shop, getting more gas along the way. While the others stayed, I rode to visit my brother. I was very fortunate to catch him when I did since he was

leaving town the next day. We got quite drunk, and when it was time for me to go to back to the Sexton to catch up with the others, Nikolai (my brother) came along for the ride. Coming off the Crimean bridge, I blew a red light. I did not mean to, but it happened. (Being a few blocks from Red Square where there are cops at every intersection, blowing one light was stupid. You either go for it and blow them all, or behave.) I was not even thinking about what I did as I pulled up at the next intersection. While waiting for the green, I did not



Stas Namin
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SHAH

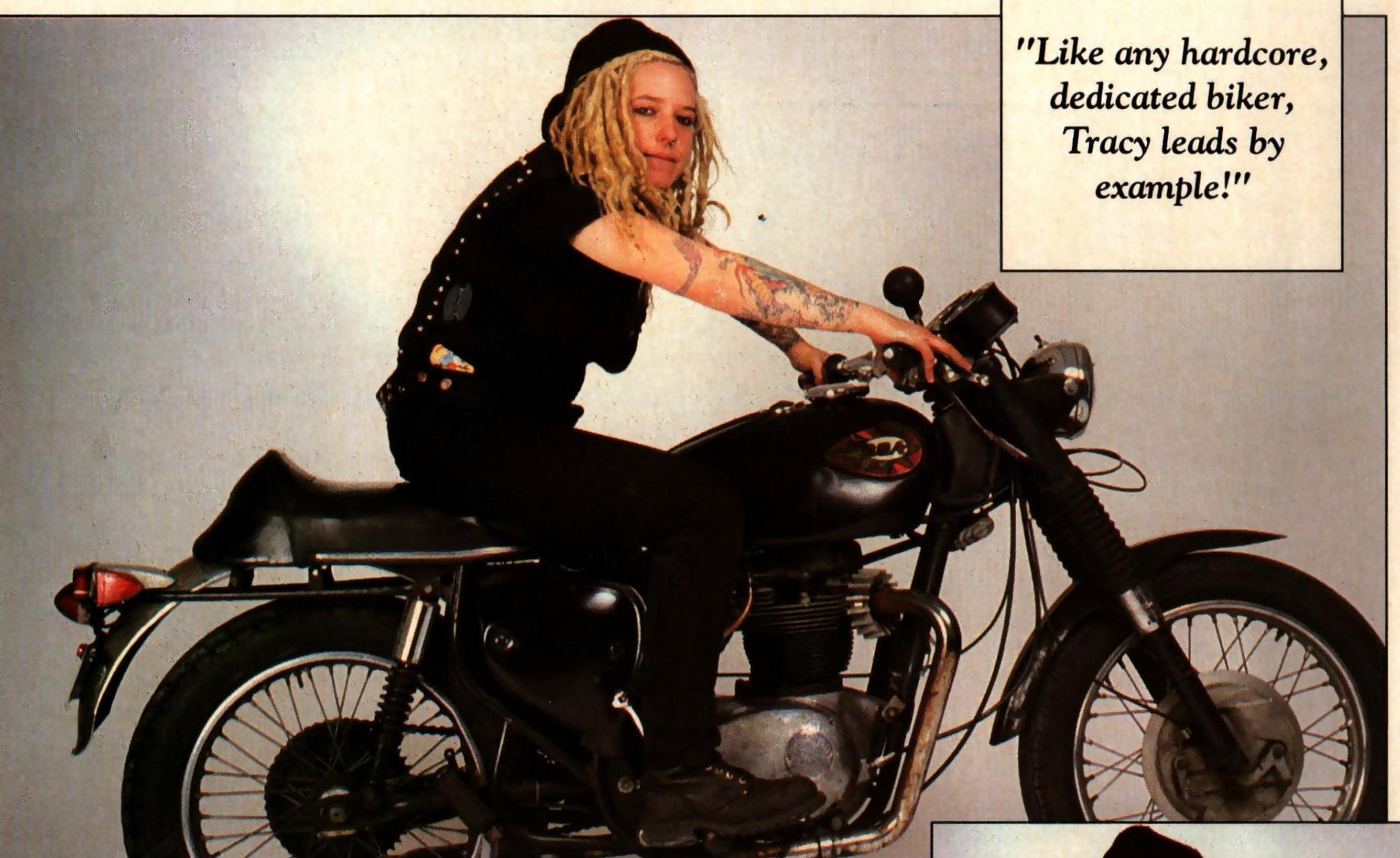
even see a cop who came up and stood in front of the bike blocking me. If I had known what was about to happen, I would have tried to plow through. Instead, I followed his motion to pull up next to his booth just to my left. The next mistake that I made was to be nice and speak to the cop in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

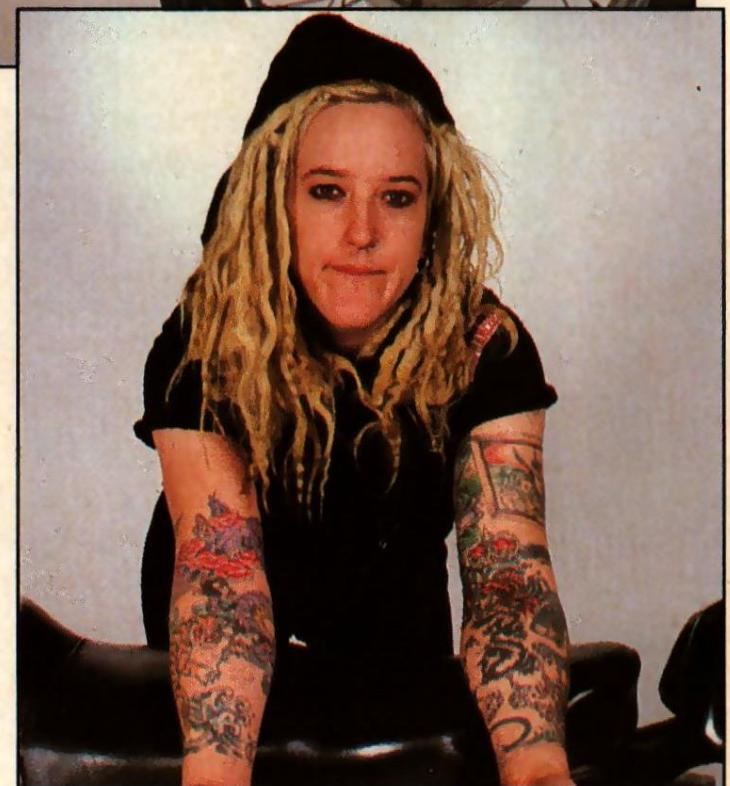
Tracy Kicks Ass....

by Snow

photos by Sager



*"Like any hardcore,
dedicated biker,
Tracy leads by
example!"*



Ever wonder if a chick could kick your ass? You know, literally reduce you to a putrid pile of whipped, slobbering, embarrassment? Think it might possibly



change you in some fundamental way? There are some dudes who get off on contemplating such a thing, but did you ever consider what might happen if, say, one of those *American Gladiator* babes somehow got the idea that you weren't completely assured of her femininity and pounded the shit outta ya to correct your mistaken impression? Something like that could probably give a guy a whole new outlook on life.

I know a woman, who, when it comes to class, can kick ass on a lot of guys who call themselves bikers. Her name's Tracy and she works in the basement garage of the Sixth Street Specials on the Lower East Side. As you know, this is the famous NYC Brit bike shop run by Dimitri Turin and Hugh Mackie. Tracy spends her days as a mechanic up to her elbows in the bowels of esoteric English iron, while her nights are spent playing rhythm guitar in her band, Special Head, at local clubs like CBGB's or Maxwells in Hoboken. When it comes to riding bikes, Tracy possesses the kind of hardcore dedication that puts many men to shame. In other words, like any genuine biker, she makes the posers, yuppie phonies, and wannabes look like pussies.

Tracy's only means of transportation is her beloved 1969 BSA Firebird Scrambler, and I don't think she's ever owned an automobile. She started riding when she was twelve on a Honda 90, helmetless on the streets of

Boulder, Colorado. From there, Tracy moved

to San Francisco, and has been living in New York City for the past four years. She was always on Japbikes, and when asked how someone who was born after the demise of the British bike industry happened to be riding a '69 BSA, Tracy said she had always admired the classic look of the British motorcycles. "I really can't stand these fuckin' plastic bikes from Japan," she further elaborated. Hey, they do serve their purpose as crash-test vehicles while you're on your way up to a ride with class.

Tracy spoke of how the riding environment is much better in San Fran than in the Big, Rotten, Maggot-Infested Apple. "There's a lot more respect for motorcycles," she said. "Car drivers just have a better attitude about bikes out there. New York City sucks, nobody has any respect and the traffic is nothing but stop-and-go. The California weather's much nicer, also. There's never any snow..." This is a factor which has preyed on many NYC bikers during this year's winter---the worst in over ten years. However, Tracy's not one to let a little sleet, ice, and snow slow her down. She braved the elements by riding her BSA to the studio for



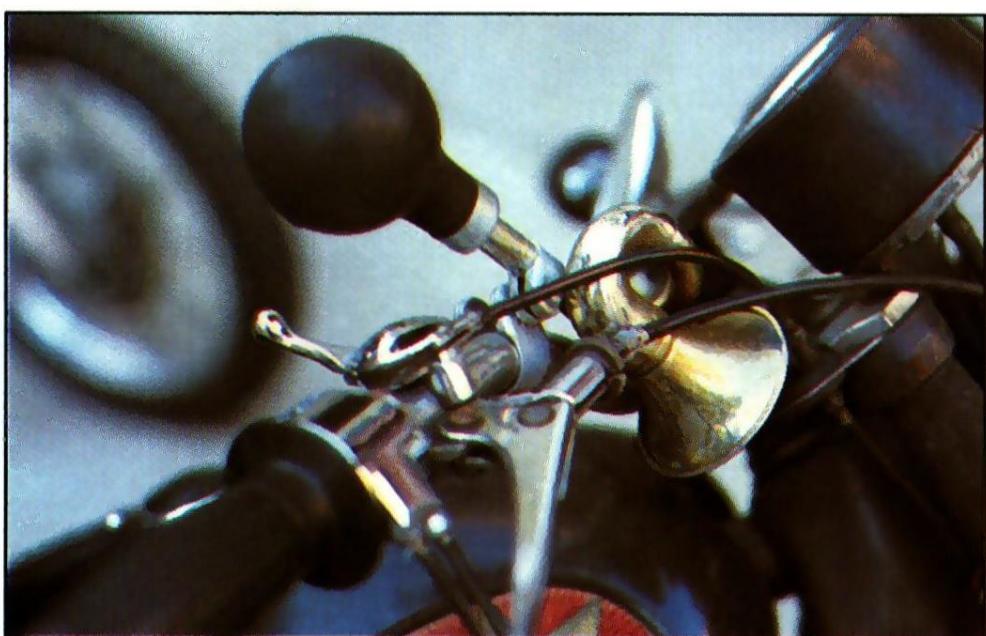


this issue's centerfold even though the temperature was a less than balmy 15

regard, ain't much different than H-D ownership. "One place couldn't even replace my chain without messing it up." However, in California, she was unable to find any schools that catered to her interests as most were mainly auto-mechanical oriented.

her cool tats and reconsidered her for the job. (Tracy's employment enhancing tattoos were done by Alex, and Big Ed in San Fran, and Civ on Long Island. Her first tat, a safety pin, was applied by her cousin via the good ol' needle & india ink technique.) The day we shot Tracy and her bike, she was installing a Boyer electronic ignition on a '67 BSA Lightning.

Some punks can't get used to a woman on a bike, much less making a



degrees.

Which brings us to the obvious question, if the riding's so much better in San Francisco, what's she doing in New York? "I was bored of it," she says. Hey, NYC might suck, but it's anything but boring!

Tracy always had the desire to learn about cycles so that she could work on them herself. She was also tired of being ripped off and having to endure shitty, incompetent workmanship. "I've had one shop after another fuck up my bikes," she said about the trials of Japbike ownership, which in this

When she arrived in NYC she heard about the Sixth Street Specials and approached them about an apprenticeship. According to her, Hugh's rejection was terse enough and to the point, "He said 'No! We don't need any help.' And that was it." A few months later, Tracy was at a party and met Hugh again, who liked



Hey, cut her some slack--- Tracy's Firebird lives outside!

living as a wrench. However, Britbikers are a rather liberal lot, and Tracy reports only one negative reaction.



We caught up with Tracy while she was in the middle of installing a Boyer electronic ignition on a '67 BSA lightning.



"This English guy was trying to get a job here, and the first thing he asked me was, 'Can you ride a bike?' I was like, 'Fuck you.' I mean, if I was a guy, he would have never

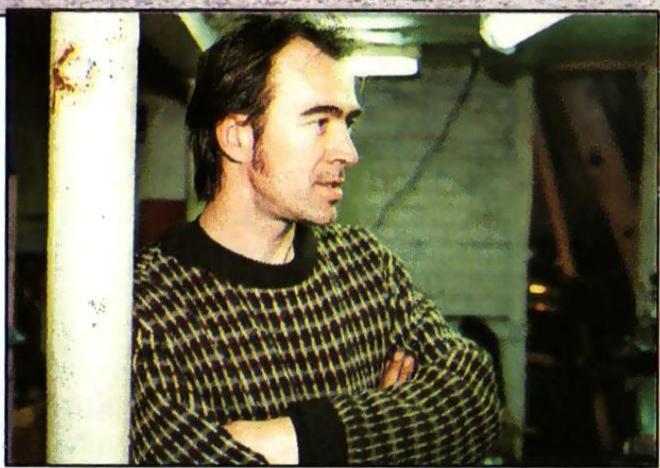
dreamed of asking me that question." The guy's only qualification seemed to be his accent and was summarily shown the door. Told ya she kicks ass.

Tracy's admirable dedication to riding should be appreciated by anyone who's into motorcycles. With her 650 BSA that she spray-painted herself, and that righteous

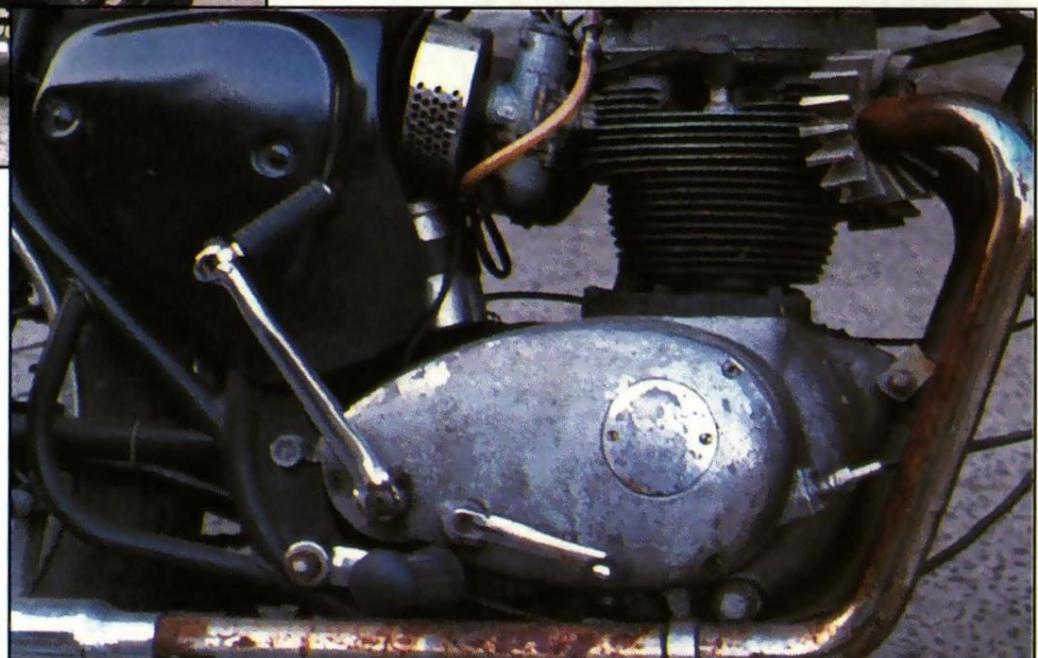


Call us prejudiced, but we happen to think that Brit bikers are the coolest folks on two wheels.

British grease under her fingernails, she shames any guy who whines that he can't afford a class ride or who buys a Harley as a posing prop. But maybe, just maybe, some of the dudes who've had their butts figuratively whipped by the example Tracy sets might examine their motivations and actually become bikers themselves. At the same time, she inspires those with the sincere desire to own a righteous ride of their own. Like any hardcore biker, Tracy kicks ass just by being her own bad self. ♦

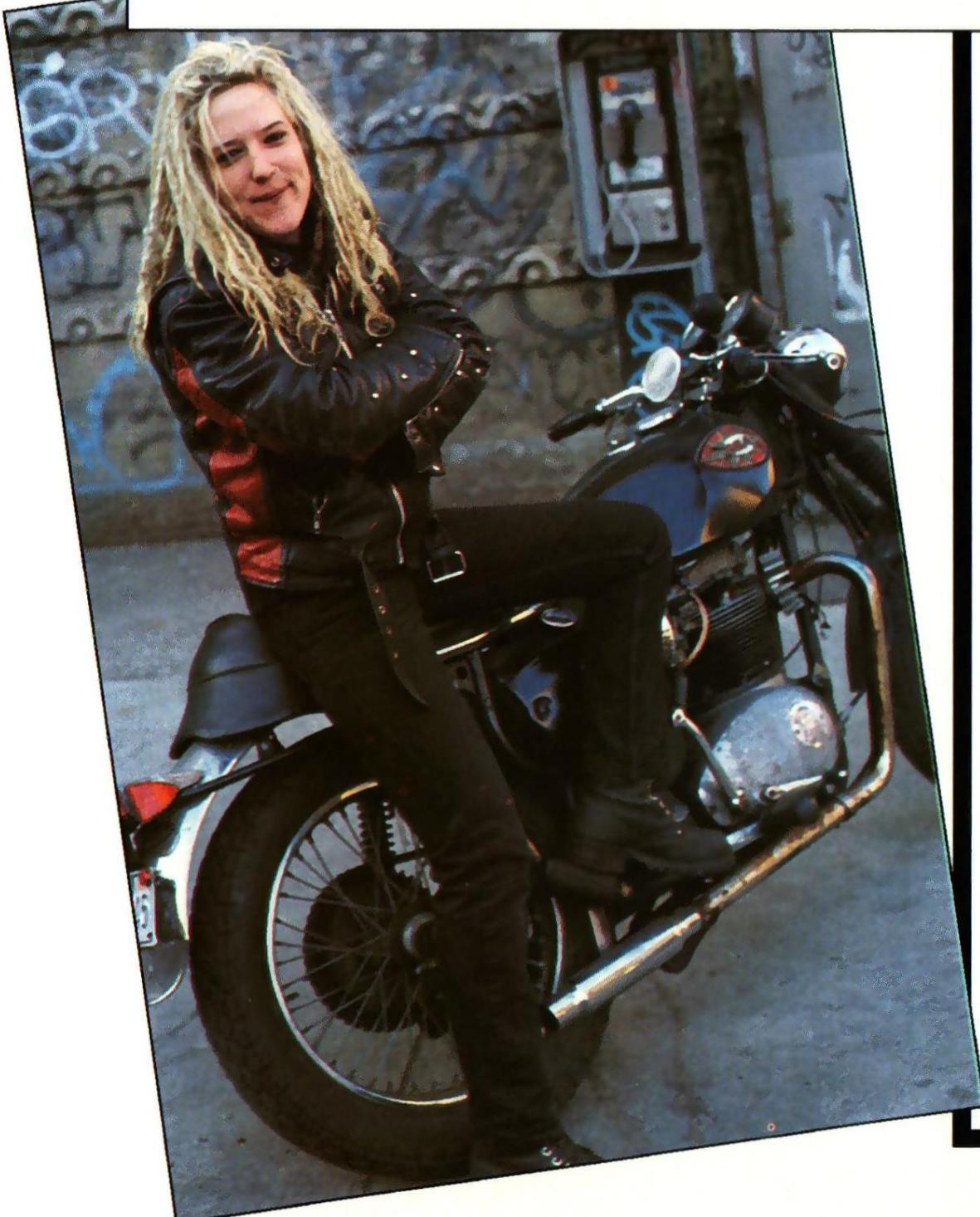


Hugh Mackie of Sixth Street.





What Kind of Woman Reads
iron horse?



Cincinnati Dealers Expo

Iron Horse infiltrates the dealer's sanctum sanctorum--- and lives to tell the tale!

by **Flynnch**

Every year here in Cincinnati there's a huge motorcycle dealers-only trade show. Motorcycle product manufacturers show off their newest wares to dealers and prospective buyers "in the business." For the last couple of years, I've snuck into the free parties and have eaten the free food and drunk the free beers, but things were different this time around. This year I had a different goal in mind--- I was determined to see what actually goes on inside the expo.

So, on the day of the show, I cruised downtown Cincinnati and strutted into the Albert B. Sabin convention center with a copy of IH #123 in my back pocket and proceeded to enter. Wrong! I was stopped by a very rude lady named Ruth, who was not impressed with my story about working for the Horse. Despite the fact that I put on my sunglasses and showed her my pic in the rag and explained about the Piss Peas M.C. and how important *Iron Horse* is to the industry as a calming voice of reason, she told me, "Sir, you have to leave the building."

Now, say that I had been a wuss (with a dangly earring in the proper ear, of course, and a polite Garth Brooks beard) from one of those yup H-D "oriented" publications--- Ruth probably would've welcomed me with open arms. Yech. However, we here at the Horse are used to overcoming adversity, so I proceeded upstairs to

seek out a person of higher authority to throw me out. This was the on-site registration booth, and I quickly scoped out the situation and determined what I'd need in order to enter the pearly gates of the motorcycling industry.

I was going to need a business card with my name on it or a paycheck stub(!). Okay. I started digging around in my wallet, and found a business card from my friend Joe's bike shop (Big Bone Bike Shop). Luckily, there were no names on the card, so I filled out the registration form rather sloppily and slipped into line. I finally got waited on and told the girl at the booth that I represented the shop and that we didn't print our names on our business cards to save on expenses. She said she couldn't help me, so I gave her my best "Gee, aw shucks, just this once" smile. That's the only time it's ever worked.

I then headed for the next booth to get my name badge typed up, and almost had the girl insert "Genghis" onto my badge, but I figured I'd better not push my luck. It'd be just my luck to run into one of Scott's "fans" or kung-fu rivals who might've wanted to "discuss things."

So with my bogus badge pinned proudly to my *Iron Horse* t-shirt, I embarked upon the grand tour.

I would really hate to be an



independent bike shop owner. There was so much good shit to see, and about three times as much garbage. Lots of leather jacket/fringe/concho stuff, neon doodads, billet/chrome bolts, etc., all bandied about by spokeswomen boasting some major-league cleavage. Somehow the honest manufacturers, just trying to display their products, seemed less significant in comparison.

Accell had a booth showing off their fuel injected Panhead, which I managed to catch a glimpse of through the line that formed for an autograph from their silicon-implanted and very pushed-up-and-out poster girl. Custom Chrome had their own bar set up--- the Custom Chrome Saloon. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that you need a drink to buy some of their products, like fake kickstarters and phoney jockey shifts.

There's a very salient point to be made here, let's see if I'm up to it. This was a dealers show, not a show open to the general public. This is where your local dealer comes to pick out products that might eventually find their way onto your scoot. I'd hate to think that I could have been sold a better version of a certain product which, unfortunately, may have remained on the shelf in favor of another one whose presentation

appealed mainly to the male libido or an inebriated dealer. We get occasional complaints about the phone sex ads in the Horse, but at least they're honest about what they're selling, and not trying to snake oil you into buying their product. Or maybe I'm just too idealistic.

As I mentioned on page 36, I spoke to Buzz Buzzelli on the phone regarding *American Ricer*. I had sent him a copy of IH #123 (since he said he hadn't seen the rag lately), and was curious about what he thought of it, so I cruised over to the *American Rider* booth.

Again, I have to give Buzzelli credit. He only had time to read part of the mag and had formed some intelligent opinions. He said he didn't consider IH to be of the same genre as *Easy-riders*, which I took as a compliment. We talked for a few minutes, and I came to the conclusion that he believes in what he's doing, and that he loves motorcycling (we talked about Sportsters, too!). Which is not to say that I like his magazine, but at least he was honest with me about whom he felt comprised his readership-- mostly new riders, and former Japbike riders. I dug the fact that he felt that it was an important enough matter to discuss.



Can you see it from here? It's Arlen Ness' mini-pony tail haircut!

I then made my way over to the S&S booth. I was standing there reading a chart, when I overheard behind me a guy speaking with a strong New York Italian accent. The dude really knew what he was talking about as he asked one of the S&S representatives a few in-depth questions. I turned around and



Andrew is stunned by the new S&S motor.

met Andrew Rosa! I was impressed-- both with the ability of the S&S rep to answer questions, and with Andrew's inquiries. Here was a master mechanic asking one of the premier high performance manufacturers some tough questions, and I could see it translating into better service for both Andrew's and S&S' future customers. All this without silicone or booze!

Observing the show with Andrew I received some insight into what an independent shop owner has to go through in order to survive in the motorcycling industry. For example, almost all of the major aftermarket manufacturers offer better prices to the shops that sell a large volume of their products. These are referred to as the "platinum" or "gold" prices. I imagine that the average bike shop owner will have to put up with selling some poor quality imported parts or plastic axle covers or appear to agree with the philosophy of the fake kicker or Pan cover in order to get that "gold" price on other products. From what I could see, these big aftermarket manufacturers, thanks to their buying and marketing power, have made it nearly impossible for smaller, exclusive parts manufacturers to compete. To the customer, this translates into the bottom line. He will patronize those shops that offer the best price for the same item, no matter

what the shop owner has to do or put up with to deliver that price. To think that everyone was upset with NAFTA-- they ought to try running a bike shop!

I kept an eye out for independent manufacturers that I thought were legitimately trying to create a better product for the motorcyclist. I picked up a few fliers from S&S (their new cases), Chopper Guy's, and Buchanans to name a few. Actually, I wound up with a whole box of fliers.

I also made my way to the *Easyriders* booth. Funny, nobody from the editorial staff was there-- only business people with ties and styled hair. Same goes for *Cycle World's* (used to be *American*) *Big Twin* booth. It was empty every time I sat down in the lounge area. I did, however, get a chance to briefly meet and speak with Buzz Kanter from *American Ironing*. He had business to attend to with other customers, and I heard him say that they were going to publish 41 bike magazines this year. All right! We'll have plenty of Biker Lit Crit material, that's for sure. I also got to see Arlen Ness. I couldn't help but wonder if there is some near-sighted barber somewhere in Malibu who owes him for parts. I'd hate to think that he actually pays for that haircut. Oh well, what can you expect from a dude who's made a career of building Harleys to look like Vespas?

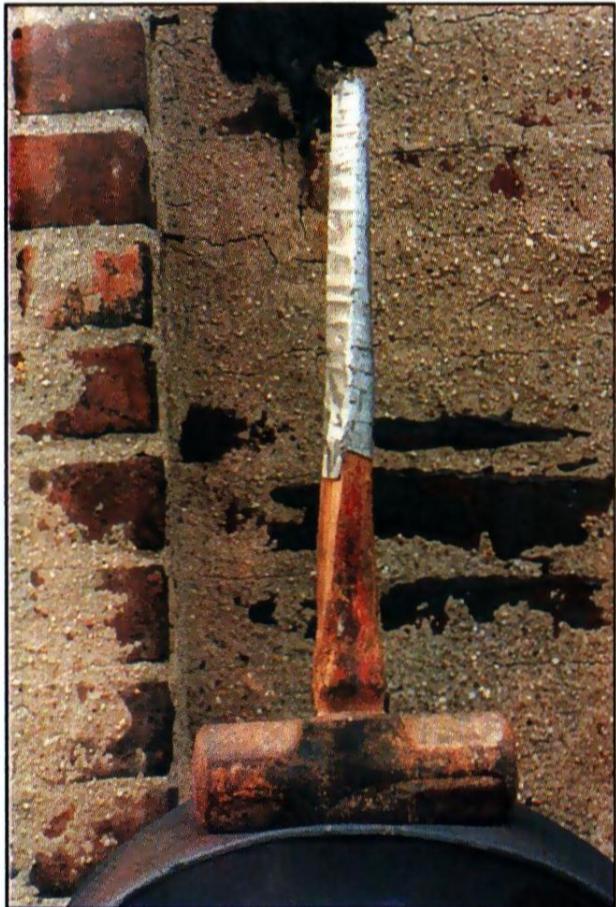
All in all, it was quite an educational experience. In fact, I recommend that



Flynch relaxes in the Big Twin lounge, researching next issue's Biker Lit Crit article.

everyone try to sneak in. I don't see why the general public isn't admitted to the show-- they're the ones who'll eventually be purchasing all this merchandise. But what do I know, I wasn't even invited to attend in the first place. Who am I to criticize their party? Next year, maybe I'll get me a business card or two: "Hi! I'm Cynical Biker Writer, Lynch!" *

more biker lit crit



YOUR DAD'S OLDS...

Hottest Custom Harleys

by Genghis

I recently met the chief editor of a trade magazine for the publishing industry. This trade magazine covers various publications and relates how well they do in the market place. Since the editor of this trade rag knew that I

wrote for *Iron Horse*, our conversation turned toward a complaint she had received from "some moron publisher of motorcycle magazines in Connecticut." It seems that this given publisher was disgruntled because the trade mag had underreported the motorcycle rag's circulation numbers. Guess who was the publisher and what the magazine was. The hint is the whining.

"YOU ASKED FOR IT"

It's simply amazing how certain magazine publishers are cashing in on the Harley craze among yuppies by "creating" new publications that are merely offshoots of the same old shit found in the original, parent rag. *American Ironing* has come out with yet another of their offshoot rags which simply continues the same bland bullshit that stinks up the newsstands of this fair country. Thus, *American Iron Magazine Presents Hottest Custom Harleys* joins other unnotable efforts such as their Christmas "buyer's guide" issue (one big catalog for their advertisers), their Indian rag, half-assed touring rag, and other uninspired methods of panhandling spare change from the yuppie biker crowd. I call this sickening proliferation of *American Ironing* offshoot mags the "shotgun method" of publishing. Put enough H-D oriented rags cut from the same tired cloth on the stands, and with Harley's great popularity the chances are pretty good that yuppie morons will buy the shit. I find it interesting that there's hardly enough content to fill one issue of *American Ironing*—their writers never have any-fuckin'-thing to say—let alone support a whole stable of magazines. Can you imagine diluting their bland pabulum any further? It's like that shit 76 octane gas that Dimitri had to buy in Russia cut with kerosene. I'd have a much higher opinion of this crap if it was actually serving an audience, rather than just capitalizing on the loose change of the yuppie bikers. However, as with the parent rag, *Hottest Custom Harleys* has nothing to say.

Buzz Kanter's editorial in this premier issue of *Hottest Custom Harleys* was titled "You asked for it..." All I gotta say is, be careful what ya ask for---because you may indeed get it. However, this assumes that anyone actually *did* ask for this pile of bile in the first place. That's a worn out device employed to cloak the most mercenary opportunism in the guise of catering to the demands of a clamoring public. Gee, we've already got *Cycle World's Big Twin*, *American Rider*, *American Ironing*, *Easyriders' VQ*, etc., but hell, I guess people just can't get enough of stock \$50,000 Softails and uglified

FXRs. Sorry, Buzzboy, I don't believe it. I think the only person who asked for *Hottest Custom Harleys* was the *American Ironing* accountant.

It is interesting to note that HCH's senior editor, Timothy Remus, authored a book called *Arlen Ness, Master Customizer*. This may account for the SOS (same ol' shit) quality of "customs" that appear in this rag. To me, anyone who canonizes Mr. Mess should have his credentials as a custom bike enthusiast revoked (by me, of course).

**"What happened to
hardcore, outlaw
bobbers and
choppers, man?
They've gone the way
of the wind..."**

A multihued blurb on the rag's cover screams, "14 Sensational Harley-Davidsons In Full Color!" Guess how many of those "sensational" bike features included tech sheets? Two. Even those two lonely technical data sheets were woefully inadequate. What is it with *American Ironing*'s writers—don't they have a functioning copy machine to insure a supply of tech sheets for the owners of the "sensational" bikes they feature? Of all the "sensational" bikes that were featured in the first issue of *Hottest Custom Harleys*, the only one that I wouldn't be embarrassed to ride down the street was a spartan chopper based on a 1927 JD Harley. Incidentally, *Iron Works* recently did a better feature on this identical bike a couple of months before HCH discovered it.

All the other "customs" belong to the typically pink, canary yellow or fuschia spaceship school of bike building that has so enamored the Beverly Hills Brando-Come-Latelys and those after their bucks. You know, the type of bike so predominant in rags like *Easyriders* and all the rest that have sold out traditional chopper values in favor of flaming queen garbage wagons.

What happened to hardcore, outlaw bobbers and choppers, man? They've gone the way of the wind in "polite society" in favor of graphics-laden, puke-colored, trendy, air-dammed, cafe-fairinged, ugly-to-the-bone, Rodeo Drive Yuppie Glides. "No outlaw

attitudes," indeed. Man, any Hamster worth his Pavlov lever would be proud to have one of these hideous customs in his cage. Instead of tracking endlessly on his little ferris wheel, the Hamster can sit on his little pink or yellow custom rocketship and pretend to be a human biker.

DRAG QUEENS

Do ya know what these kinds of bikes remind me of? Drag queens. We are all aware that motorcycles are of the female persuasion, but these faggy looking bikes resemble female impersonators, and not very good ones at that. All glitter and sequins, but no real estrogen. Just a bunch of old queens who're trying to deny their testosterone. Hardcore riders want to see real bikes with sex appeal like the choppers in *Iron Horse*. What does a biker encounter in *Hottest Custom Harleys*? Sexual-identity questioning motorcycles that look like Truman Capote ready for the prom.

The first bike featured is a bright yellow ("hey, taxi!") Softail. It's got some trendy graphics, as if the paint's peeling off to reveal the H-D name. The author of this bike feature, Timothy Remus, offers some appropriate remarks---"Abundant glitter seems a prerequisite for that special appeal. Starting at the front, the chromed and engraved lower legs.." blah, blah, blah.

I think you get the gist of this bke's M.O.--- flowery embellishment and brightly garish colors worthy of a transvestite. Hey, what's that I see on this bike's derby cover? Why, it's an engraved "Hamsters USA." Wotta surprise.

Another "sensational" custom in this rag was an embarrassingly pink bike built by Dave Perewitz. It's a typical rodent-styled bike, and, to be honest, I wouldn't be caught dead on this thing. The feature was accompanied by some really ass-kissing copy by Remus. Ugh.

There were some "technical" articles in this rag. One was called "Custom Tricks," and centered around the installation of an air dam on a Sporty. Yeah, real "trick." How to fuck up the simple, clean lines of a classic, stripped bike like the Sportster with a useless lump of aluminum.

I would like to ask these air dam afficianados something: exactly what function does an air dam serve? I realize that on fully faired japbikes such spoilers serve as aerodynamic wind-cheaters which can result in slight power gains at about 150 mph, but a Harley is about as aerodynamic as an anvil. What happened to the old chopper/hot-rod practice of stripping off all parts that don't serve a useful

purpose? The old custom principles are still the best. I see nothing at all "sensational" with the trend of bolting useless, fake parts that don't do shit but add unnecessary weight to the bike. According to the text of this "technical" article, the air dam fashioned for this bike "represents about sixteen hours worth of labor."

Ya know, if I had constipation and "labored" 16 hours trying to take a crap, I could produce the same results as this customizer--- a piece of shit.

That was followed by a repulsive, violet colored FXR "custom" with those ever-popular, cartoonish-looking graphics, and laughable pipes that flare out wide at the ends. And, of course, it has an air dam. Hey man, the FXR is ugly enough without your help. The only way to minimize the FXR's hideousness is to downplay the thing by painting it a nice, inconspicuous black. Why heighten the Ugly Experience by painting it an eyepopping purple? It's like telling a fat chick to wear horizontally striped clothes.

Further on in the rag, there's another FXR that appeared on the cover of another straight, yuppie-oriented rag. More sensational leftovers from other rags. The graphics of this bike made it look as if the Blob was engulfing the fenders and gas tank. You have to question the aesthetic sense of anyone who would choose an FXR in the first place, and then adds insult to injury by making the bike as noticeable as possible. Hey, why doncha attach neon signs that proclaim "Look at me, I'm ugly as sin?"

The next bike feature had a title that Freud might've found revealing--- "No Garage Queen." Denial all the way. If I had an intentional plan for making a Softail really hideous, here's what I'd do. First, I would attach those ugly, but increasingly trendy assdragging fenders (more of that extra weight) fore and aft. Then I would paint the thing white with an obnoxious-as-possible red and yellow flame scheme. Hey, guess what "No Garage Queen" looks like?

Again, more bland writing about this bike fills the pages. Can't these straight bike rag hacks think of anything more interesting to say in their copy beyond praising the bike as if Jesus had just ridden it down from heaven? You could interchange any of the generic copy of these "sensational" bike features and it wouldn't make the slightest difference.

GARBAGE RULES

One gander at the bike on the cover of HCH should've tipped me off immediately as to what fate awaited the reader. It was a garbage wagon replete with 16s front and rear, obesebobs, and

a huge saddle. Leave to the yups and bankers to fall in love with the garbage barge look--- exactly what the original bobjobbers tried to get away from by stripping all the shit off their bikes. We seem to have come full circle in the Harley scene. The Brando-Come-Latelys have brought it all back to where it started--- with an 800 pound Queen Mary festooned with all the shit that was removed from the original custom bikes. All I know is that Chino from *The Wild One* would've thrown up all over these land yachts.

To me, this is an indication that

"The old custom principles are still the best. I see nothing 'sensational' with the trend of bolting on useless, fake parts that don't shit except add unnecessary weight to the bike."

pseudo-customizers and pseudo-bikers aided by the likes of publishers of rags like *American Ironing* are attempting to redefine the custom Harley as a garbage wagon. Don't believe me? There was a feature on a pure garbage barge in HCH. The opening paragraph reads "Up until recently, the phrase 'custom dresser' was an oxymoron---a contradiction in terms. Conventional wisdom had it that a real custom Harley is a minimalist bike based most often on an FXR [Say fuckin' what!---Genghis], Softail or custom chassis. But that was before Drag Specialties and Donnie Smith redefined the notion of what a custom Harley ought to be."

Do you feel brainwashed yet? Are your ideas of what a righteous chopper or custom Harley should look like being "redefined" by stupid shit copy like this? What utter trash. No mention of fifty years of custom bike heritage. No mention of classic rigid frames or traditionally revered Duo Glide swingarms. Nope, just the squares' misguided concept of what "conventional wisdom" supposedly says concerning the "custom chassis."

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Motorcycle Service Center
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Russian. He was going ape shit over the fact that I ran a light at the previous intersection. (He must have received a radio call.) I did not argue but apologized for not noticing the light and asked him how much the fine was. He started screaming that I was totally drunk and that he was calling the squad car and the sergeant with a breathalyzer and that I was not going anywhere but to jail, etc., etc. I pulled out my US passport and told the cop that I was willing to compensate him personally for the red light; otherwise, I was only speaking English, and he could call anyone he wanted, but I would certainly lodge a formal complaint with his superiors and U.S. officials about his improper and terrible conduct. He seemed unfazed as he walked away from me and into his booth. I started rehearsing the getaway maneuvers with my brother, i.e. at what intersection he was to jump off the bike and where we were to meet again. At that moment, the cop reappeared and motioned for me to come toward him. "It will be ten bucks," he said. I was relieved, I gave him the money and off we roared towards the club.

Sexton was packed, there were several bands playing that night and there were tons of people. We partied all night. At one point, I had to send Nikolai home in a taxi since I was too trashed to drive anywhere. I ended up crashing at the club with Heiko and



Kirill, Sasha, and Dimitri, along with their new buddies, the Red Square cops who wanted to bust Dimi for running a light. The best strategy for survival is to act dumb, speak English only, offer to pay the "fine" on the spot, and plan an escape route just in case.



Bert.

When I got up, I wanted to ride to see my sisters. My brother would have been gone already, but when I got to their apartment, there was no one there. I hung around and waited in front of the building for a while, then rode off to visit various hangouts of my childhood. I spent a good part of the afternoon doing that. Finally, I ended up at my aunts' apartment. They were

very surprised though very glad to see me. At this point, I could've really used a real meal and a night's sleep so I accepted their offer to spend the night, provided that I could find a safe place for my bike.

Through my aunt I hooked up with these guys

who were working out of a service garage nearby. They were into car racing and were total gearheads. They had just returned from a rally near the Finnish border and were unloading the racecars and their gear. They finished in very respectable eighth place among the field of about 50 cars. Considering they were competing against the Finns who have much better machinery and are world-known as the most mental rally drivers, my new buddies did very well. They felt the same way and were partying in celebration. We put my bike inside the garage and blocked it with the two racecars, making it impossible to get to it. That was a smart move since, as more of their buddies were showing up and more vodka was being consumed, more and more people were begging me to let them ride the Harley. So instead of continuously saying "no" to everyone, I started saying, "If you can get it out, you can ride it." The garage door was locked and my pal, Volodya, who had the keys kept telling everyone that



The Nightwolves' band plays the Sexton. Harleys and rock 'n' roll---there might be hope for Russia yet.



Dimitri's sister, Yulya, checks out her brother's capitalist tool--- the 88" stroker 1973 Super Glide.

some other guy had them. This guy was so drunk that numerous efforts to revive him were to no avail. I hung out till the vodka was gone, then walked to my aunts' apartment. I ate a wonderful dinner and fell asleep. The next morning I got hold of my sisters and rode to visit them. We hung out for a bit, then I took my oldest sister, Yulya, for a spin on the bike. We did not get too far before we ran out of gas. (I hadn't checked my gas since I headed out on my own.) We were near a busy intersection with bus and subway stations, and I thought that I would be able to buy a little gas from some motorist since every car in Russia usually has a full gas can or two. Every driver I walked up to would shy

away in fear-- even more so than in New York. After about 30 minutes, it began to look pretty hopeless. Even my sisters efforts were to no avail-- no one was going to sell us any gas.

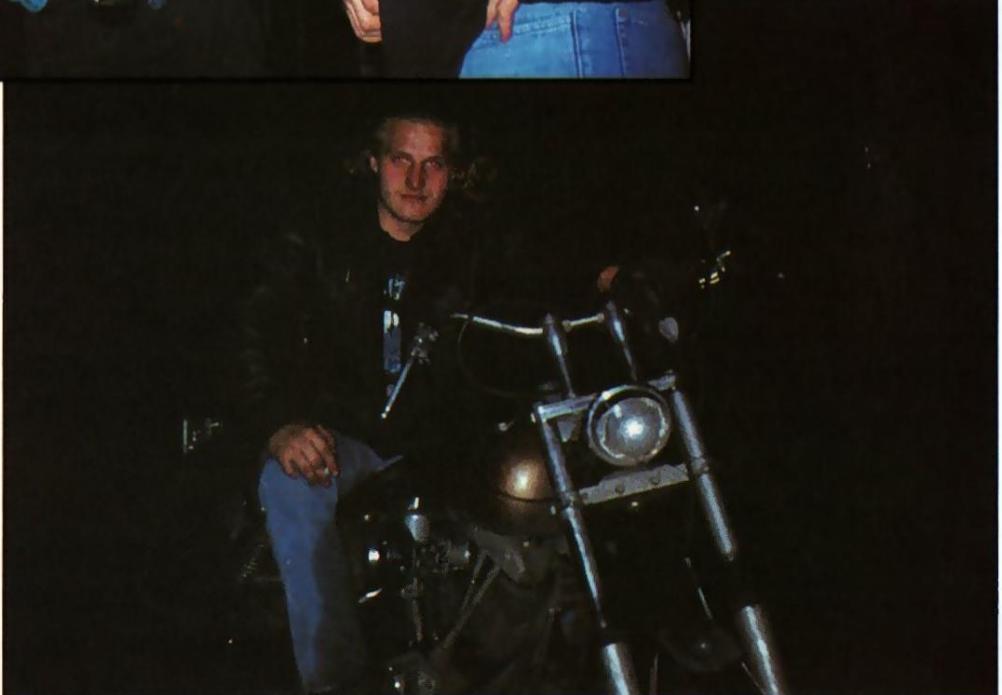
Suddenly, I spotted two kids with a gas can coming toward us. One of them was selling gas a few blocks away, and the other saw me and got

his buddy. They had 10 liters with them. I gave them a 5-dollar bill, which was more than twice the price, and let them fight it out who got what. I took my sister back to her place and headed downtown once more. I swung by the shop and hooked up with the others. We did some maintenance on our bikes: oil change, tappet adjustments and other minor shit to get them ready for the trip back. When we got to the club, there was a message that Sasha was having problems with his FX. He did not have any tools with him so I rode with one of the Wolves to give Sasha a hand. We managed to get the bike going and came back to Sexton. Another night of debauchery was about to begin.

We partied till daylight. Somehow, John and I were the only ones from our group to wake up at the club. This was the day we were leaving. John and I rode to Andrei's house to get our stuff. Heiko and Bert had spent the night there. We started packing to leave. I wanted to try to find some octane booster to make it easier for our bikes to run on the shitty gas on the way back. Andrei took me to a few auto parts stores and repair shops. No one had anything remotely like it. The only fuel additive we could



Partying with the Nightwolves the night before heading west. Vodka, octane booster, and adrenaline...





Alas, no burnouts at Red Square.

find was dry-gas. Andrei, however, had a half a bottle of this booster (he mistakenly bought in Germany thinking that it was dry-gas) that he gave us. We tied our gear to our bikes, filled up one more time at our favorite gas station, threw in a blast of octane booster into our tanks and headed to

Red Square to take our last picture.

During our stay, I tried to get everybody to the Square. Jokingly, these were our terms for assembling the FX: the Nightwolves were to arrange to get us onto the Square to do a burnout by the Mausoleum. We were too busy hanging out and

partying so we never insisted on going. So Andrei and the four of us rode up to the Kremlin close to the same spot where we were early one morning. It was around 8 pm, still warm and sunny and Red Square was full of tourists. We asked a passer-by to take our picture, gave our farewell to Andrei and headed west.

Heiko made a bet in the Sexton that we would get back to Bishofswerda in 48 hours. We had our work cut out for us. The rush hour was almost over, and in a half hour, we were out of the city. We needed to make time now, while we still had daylight. Our plan was to spend the night at the roadhouse in Yartzevo. We hoped to get there around 1 am in order to catch the owner who would be able to get us gas. Also Bert's generator was still fucked. Actually, the generator was fine now, but the regulator was still gone. As we were going past a police post 40 miles outside of Moscow, a cop tried to flag us down.



Bidding farewell to Andrei's apartment building.

We flagged him back and kept going. This was the first time a cop actually walked out onto the road and started waving before the lead bike went past him. We blew by another post 20 miles later without slowing down too much. There was no one standing outside the shack so I did not think much of it. In another half an hour, we crested a hill and saw signs for an upcoming cop checkpoint that was at the bottom of that hill. We rolled back the gas and started engine braking. We were at least 500 feet away from the post when a lone cop came out of the guardhouse, walked into the center of the road and just stood on the yellow line. This was a bit confusing, but we composed ourselves quickly and started setting up to go around him as about 8 soldiers in SPEZNAZ commando uniforms strolled out of the building and lined up, blocking the road. They just stood there with their legs spread apart, their arms held together behind their backs and the folding stock AK's dangling from their necks. We came to a pretty fast halt. It was clear that the cops had called for reinforcements. The cop demanded papers, and we started digging for our passports. Instead of my license, I handed him my International license which I'd gotten from the AAA prior to this trip. While the cop was looking at all the papers, the soldiers were milling around us trying to ask us questions about our bikes. We were answering in English and German and sign-language and were generally playing stupid. I grabbed my camera and was forcing it on the soldiers, gesturing for them to take a picture of us with the cop. Soon the cop came over and gave everybody, but me, their papers back. He started explaining to me in Russian that my license was not endorsed for a motorcycle. I was just playing stupid, trying to get my picture taken with him by the soldiers. This cop kept getting more and more pissed off, and I kept nodding my head, smiling and acting like I did not understand him. Finally, the sergeant told him not to fuck with me and to let us go. He spit on the ground and gave me my papers back. Heiko and the others were already chatting away with

the soldiers, offering cigarettes and smiles. One of the soldiers took a picture of us with the soldiers-- "For our mothers," and we were off once again.

Getting through that one made us feel invincible-- we went full out trying to make up lost time. Before long, it was time to start looking for gas. Soon we got to the gas station where we had to clean my SU. This time I spoke to the attendant who told me that I had to speak to the woman across the road

***"...about eight
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They just stood there
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backs and the folding
stock AKs dangling
from their necks. We
came to a pretty
abrupt halt."***

about premium gas. We decided to put the octane booster to the test and asked her if we could have the normal stuff. She sold us 40 liters out of her own gas cans, and we gave the bikes another dose of booster. The sunset was long gone, but the twilight just started setting in. Every minute of light was so important that we split without having as much as a cigarette break. In another hour it got dark. I was in front with Heiko, and we had pulled away from Bert and John, so I pulled over to wait for them so we could start

running formation with Bert. Bert came shortly, but John was nowhere to be seen. Soon a car stopped next to us, and a driver told us that a bike was broken down about 5 kilometers back. We headed back to look for him. The hanger bracket for the S&S broke, and John's carb had fallen off the bike. Fortunately, the fuel line held, and by the time we arrived, John was surveying the damage to the manifold clamps and rubbers. We had another set of manifolds with us and decided to install it. As a support for the carb, we were going to use bungees. By that time, it was completely dark. We decided to go for it and not pull the tank in order to do this job. About an hour was lost installing and securing the carburetor. Bert swapped batteries as well, and we were ready to make it to our roadhouse without any more stops.

The next couple of hours were uneventful. According to memory, this place should have been coming up. (We did not have a map, but there was no way that we could have missed it.) Soon, I was low on gas and started looking around. The road was dead. A little bit later, I had to shift on reserve. I was going to keep going until I ran out, then I would siphon from others. Five minutes later, I saw a police post. We pulled over, and I ran into the guardhouse. There, I found a cop and a regular guy hanging out playing cards. I asked the cop where I could get some gas, and he just pointed at his card partner. This man looked up from his card hand and lazily told me to go into a parking lot 50 yards past this shack. There, I would see his youths with cans selling gas. I settled with him on the price, and he told me not to worry. The lot was full of young characters with gas cans. The price that these guys wanted was twice what their boss said. They said that they did not have a boss. I went to start my bike to ride back to the guardhouse when the bossman pulled up in his beat-up Mercedes. Suddenly, gas was cheap again. We got 50 liters this time.

Our roadhouse was only 30 miles from this place, but to me it seemed like an eternity. I was cold and really

tired (having partied all night) and could not get into the riding groove. It was 3 am when we finally reached the truck stop. The place was open and rocking. There was even a cop on guard duty by the entrance. We parked our bikes as close to the entrance and the cop as we could and went inside. The owner, Yevgeniy, had long gone home, but some people inside remembered us from the last time and were very friendly. The dining room was full of people. We walked to an empty table and sat down. The waitress came over, and we got some hot tea and hot food. While we were there, one of us would go and check on our bikes every five minutes or so. Every time, the cop would be right there next to the bikes. We just finished eating and were deciding whether to stay or keep going when John stepped outside and noticed that his pack was gone. Mysteriously, the cop was gone as well. This theft woke us right up. What a lousy feeling: all this time in all these places nothing bad had happened, and, finally, at a place where we've been before, we let our guard down a little bit and immediately got shit on. Everybody was so apologetic, and nobody saw anything.... Fortunately, John had nothing of value in his pack, just clothing. (Imagine if his passport had been in it!) We got out of there as fast as we could. At least the light was coming out, and we did not need to run our lights. The highway was deserted, the air was cold and we just wanted to get as far away as fast as we could. No sleep till Warsaw.

In a few hours, we got to the Belorussian border. We got gas from our friendly tanker and continued westward. Soon, we were past the place where we slept on the way to Moscow and, for a while, got to see what we missed while going through there at night. At one point, we passed a Russian car. After a few miles, he passed us, and the driver and the passengers gave us a thumbs up. The passenger in the rear seat lifted up a carton of HD cigarettes and placed them on the shelf by the rear window. The car could not keep our pace, and in a few minutes, we passed

it again. This passing back and forth went on for about an hour. The car had just passed us on the outskirts of a small town, and as we were following him, the passengers waved

"...we saw three bikes--- two Japs, and a Beemer--- heading in the same direction as we. We screwed it on and caught up to these riders with German license plates. We rode with them awhile, got bored with their pace, passed them and picked up our pace."

to us to follow them, and the car pulled over. They stopped at a gas station that had gas! To our surprise, we filled up without any hassle— just like in Moscow. In a hour, we stopped at a rest area opposite the one with the Audi (last issue). Some of the kids recognized us from the week before. We bought some food and topped off our tanks with a half of a can of gas. (I have to give credit to this octane booster: the whole way back, our bikes were running great, and it seemed that the gas mileage was better. The inside of our exhaust pipes turned this evil ash color and looked very dry.) We were back on the divided highway and felt that we were on the home stretch.

Nothing interesting happened for a whole gas tank. Now we were less than a 150 miles from the Polish border. As we were getting gas one last time, we saw three bikes--- two japs, and a Beemer--- heading in the

same direction as we. We screwed it on and caught up to these riders who had German license plates. We rode with them for awhile, got bored with their pace, passed them and picked up our pace. After an hour, I heard a terrible noise coming from my rear wheel. My spring perch for the rear caliper had fallen off on the way there, and I had two bungees holding the caliper off the disk. The saddlebag worked through the bungees, and they snapped. Having examined my caliper, I realized that it was shot. We tried to steal the front caliper of Heiko's FLH but did not have a 12-point socket to get it off. Again, I had to ride with only a front brake. We figured that in Warsaw, we would get a new set of pads and pins and repair my brake.

Soon, we went through Brest and were at the border. The line of cars going out of the country was nothing compared to the line coming in. We had no problems leaving the country, but the three trendy Germans we met earlier were given a hard time— they had lost their custom declarations on their trip (they spent a month and about 6000 miles riding all over Ukraine). I was able to go over to them and, acting as their translator, managed to chill the border guards out, and they let those guys through. The first thing we did after we crossed the border was get a full tank of that wonderful Polish hi-test. We went really, really fast and got to Warsaw in an hour. Unfortunately, we were not fast enough to get to the dealership in time. The store was closed and the owner, Wojtek, had gone home. Our Russian buddies were there so they let us in and helped us do some much needed repair on our bikes. I had to shorten my chain, and John had to make a new bracket to hold the S&S. We took a shower and crashed in the worker's shed.

We got up early, packed and got ready to go, while waiting for Wojtek to open up the store. We wanted to get t-shirts and, hopefully, a set of pads and pins for my caliper. The store had plenty of t-shirts and junk, but no Shovel parts! We bought t-shirts and a rain suit for John, since his was



Back at the Bike Workshop in Bishofswerda right after cleaning the Hogs.

stolen. (Incidentally, the grand opening of the dealership had been three days earlier and it was a great success. Wojtek sold three of the five bikes that he had.) I decided not to try to get to the Liberator shop for parts, but to just go for it. We wished Wojtek good luck and headed further west.

The rest of the trip was not that exciting except that 30 miles south of Katowitz we ran into a thunderstorm. For the next 80 miles, we drove through one of the worst storms that I have ever had to ride through. We tried to wait it out at first, but it did not look like it was going to stop. This part of the ride sucked, especially for me, since I had no rear brake. I would try to stay behind Heiko to use his brakelight as an early warning system. I could not see anything, and frequently the rain would turn to hail, making riding very painful. It must have taken us 3 hours to go 80 miles. The traffic, mostly trucks, would move very slowly, but they were impossible to pass because we could not see anything. Finally, I saw signs that Breslau was just ahead. I pulled over with Heiko to wait for the others. When they finally came, the rain started tapering off. I could not get my bike started. I needed to check my points, but the weather was too miserable and we were too wet, so we just pushstarted my bike. I did not shut it

off till we got off the Hitler Highway about 50 miles from the German border. The rain had been off for several hours by then, and we stopped to do my points. Just as suspected, they were almost closed. After adjusting the points and timing the bike, it started with the first kick. Next stop was the border where we crossed

"These last 40 miles were the fastest and craziest of the whole ride. Heiko, being on his home turf, went nuts and went all out. I figured that I better stay close to him since I did not know the road."

without any hassles.

These last 40 miles were the fastest and craziest of the whole ride. Heiko, being on his home turf, went nuts and went all out. I figured that I better stay

close to him, since I did not know the road. The problem that I had behind him occurred when he would pass in places where I did not have room to follow. I would have to wait, then try to catch up. That's where the 88" came in handy: on straightaways, I could catch up. In no time, we were in Bishofswerda. We bunched up tight together and rode into the clubhouse as one giant lump of noise. The time was exactly 10 pm. I guess we did not quite make it in 48 hours. We sat in the clubhouse, drank Jack, told our stories and tried to decide where to ride on the next trip. I'll keep it a secret until it actually happens... ✕

I would like to thank all the people that were kind to us on this ride, especially the Nightwolves MC. I'd personally like to thank the Bike Workshop for making it happen for me. If anyone is interested in a trip like this, contact the Bike Workshop directly or through Sixth Street Specials. We guarantee that going with us you can break all the traffic laws that you wish, drink as much booze as you can and have as much unsafe sex as your heart desires!

---Dimitri Turin

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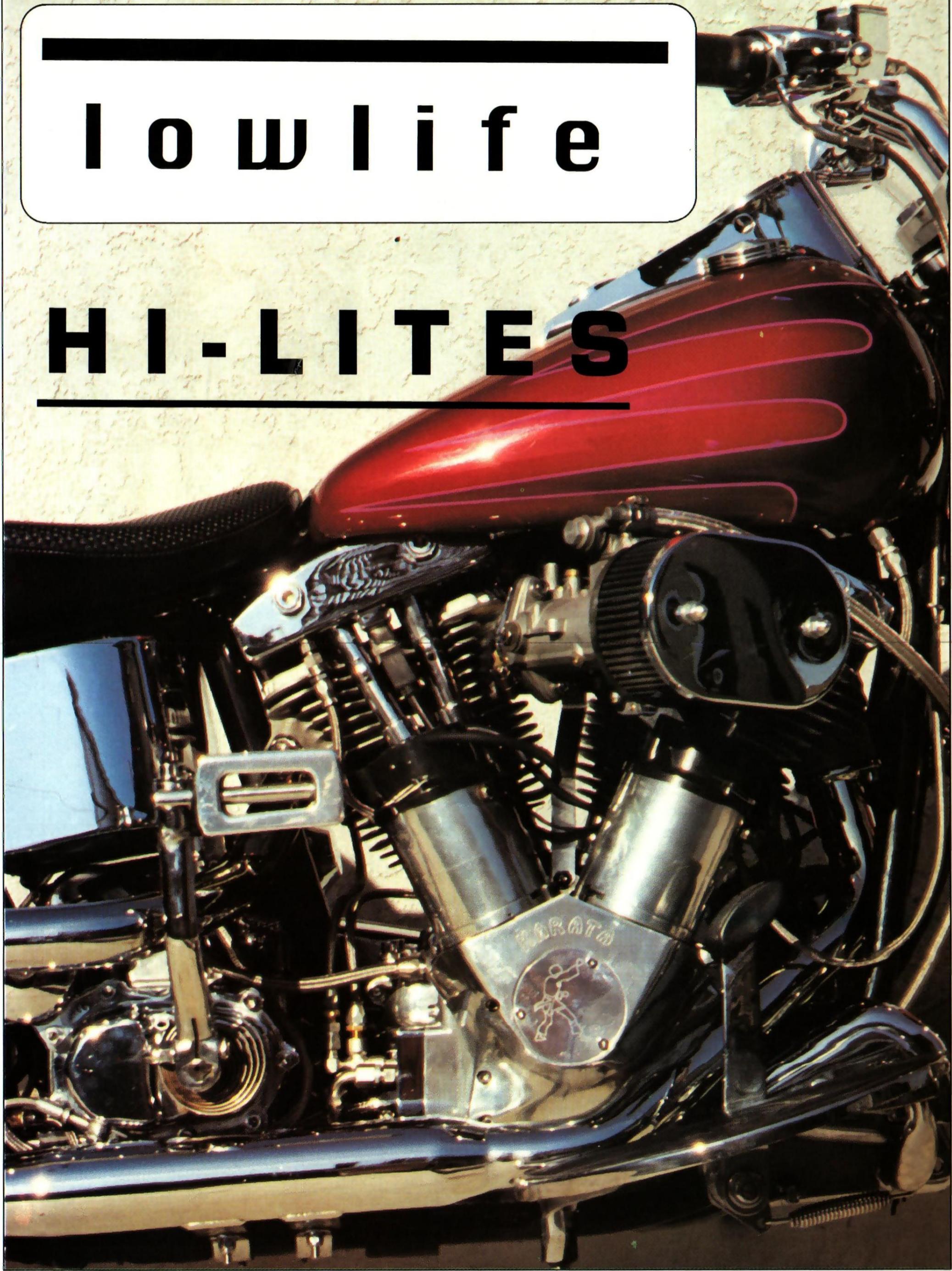
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ERRATA: Back in issue #123, the Bike Workshop was erroneously credited with the construction of Bill Holsonback's **1940 custom Chief** (IH #108). **WRONG! Bill built the bike himself--- I thought it looked familiar! Sorry about that, Bill!**

-- Ed

I o w l i f e

H I - L I T E S

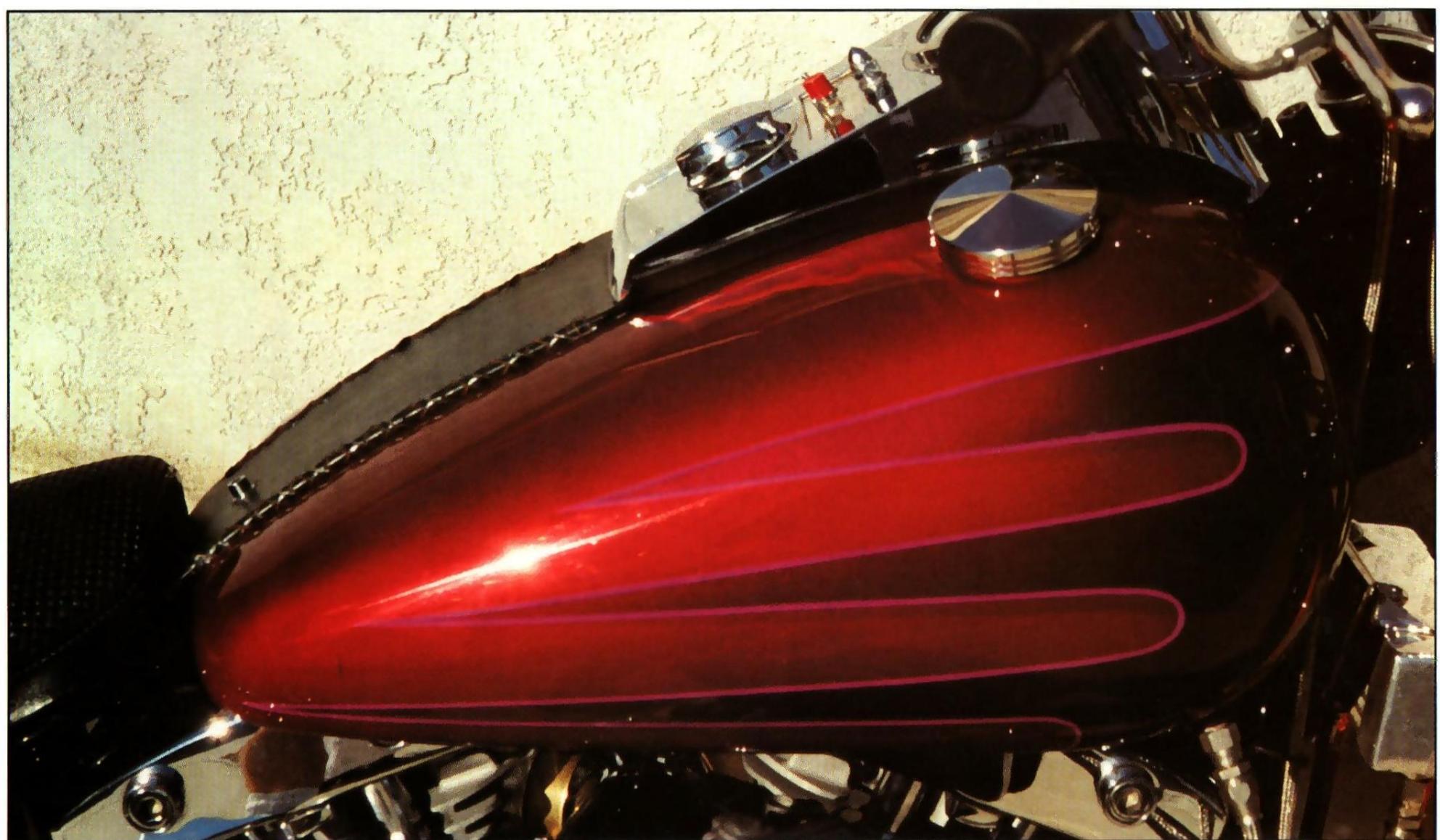




At first glance, it would seem that Darrel Weatherford is your typical upscale Californian with a nice suburban home, and a nice suburban car. Then you see the dual Karata mag Shovel parked in the garage. I quickly found

out that things are not always what they seem, especially when Harleys are involved.

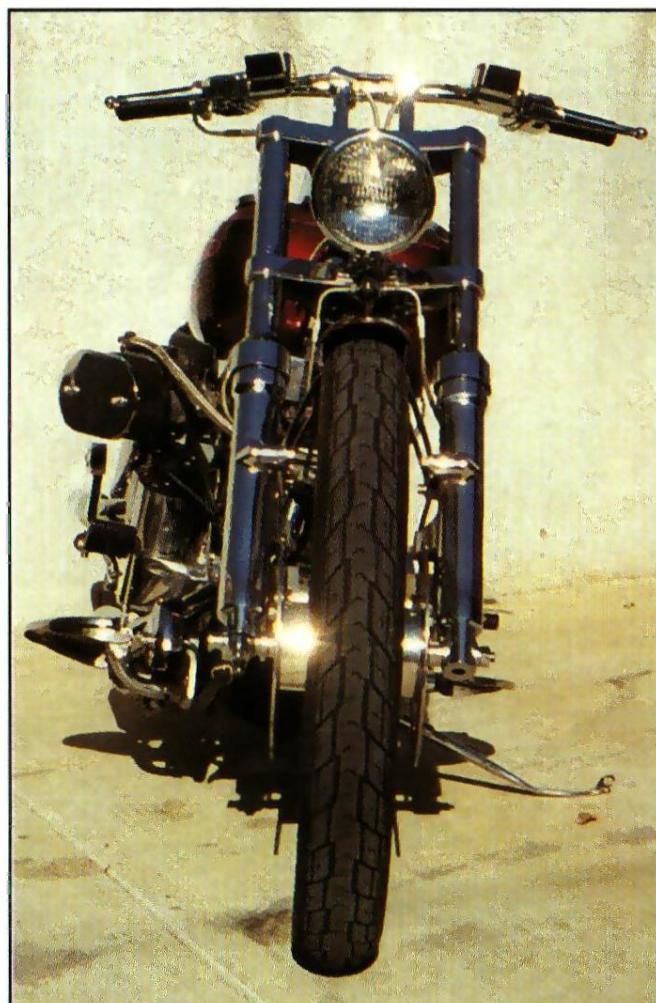
Darrel and I were down at the local bar havin' a few beers when we both ended up in the head to take a leak. I



glanced down at my shoe, and the fucker was pissin' on me from the next stall! Before I could launch my counter-attack, the manager came in, and, witnessing the carnage, started beating on the stall doors yellin' something about lowlifes destroying his business. That's when Darrel started pissing on him, and it wasn't long before we had our own personal police escort from the premises. The cops were kind enough to make sure that our motorcycles started, and requested that we ride very far away from the bar. They didn't have to tell us twice--- lowlifes are ruining that place!

That's the kind of stuff I've learned to expect from Darrel. He pays the bills running his roofing company during the week, and spends his spare time riding his Shovel or causing trouble at his house on the Colorado River ✕

words & pics by Jesse James





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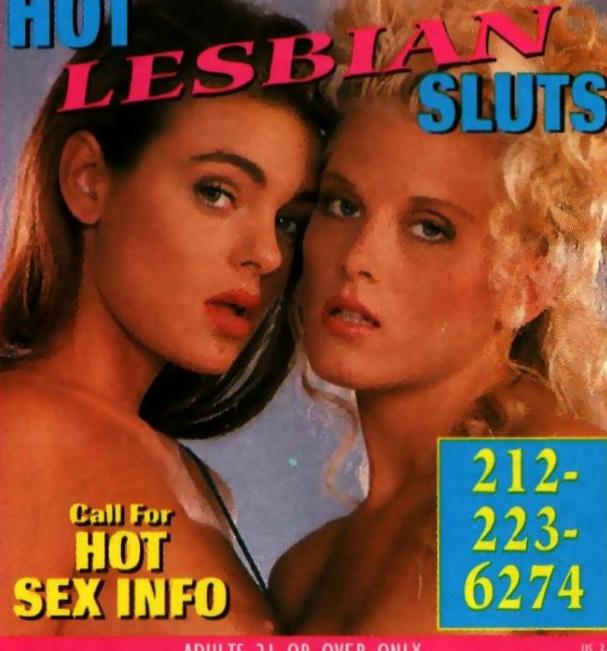
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GENGHIS/TIME MACHINE
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

to do with fitting in with square society. Tough, sometimes mean-spirited, and definitely cool, the outlaw machine is always anti-social. That's the part that the squares will never get-- it's got to be part of the package, man. It's class. That must be why a mainstream outfit like the Motor Company has a hard time officially associating itself with the outlaw element.

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Back in 1903, I received the benefit of Bill Harley's and Arthur Davidson's opinions of Mabel, the FLH S&S Glide. They were the reactions of true bikers. Mr. Davidson offered this sagely assessment: "Your machine looks and sounds like she wants to run someone over! Righteous!" I knew they could relate. We high-fived and I blasted home. Later. ☺

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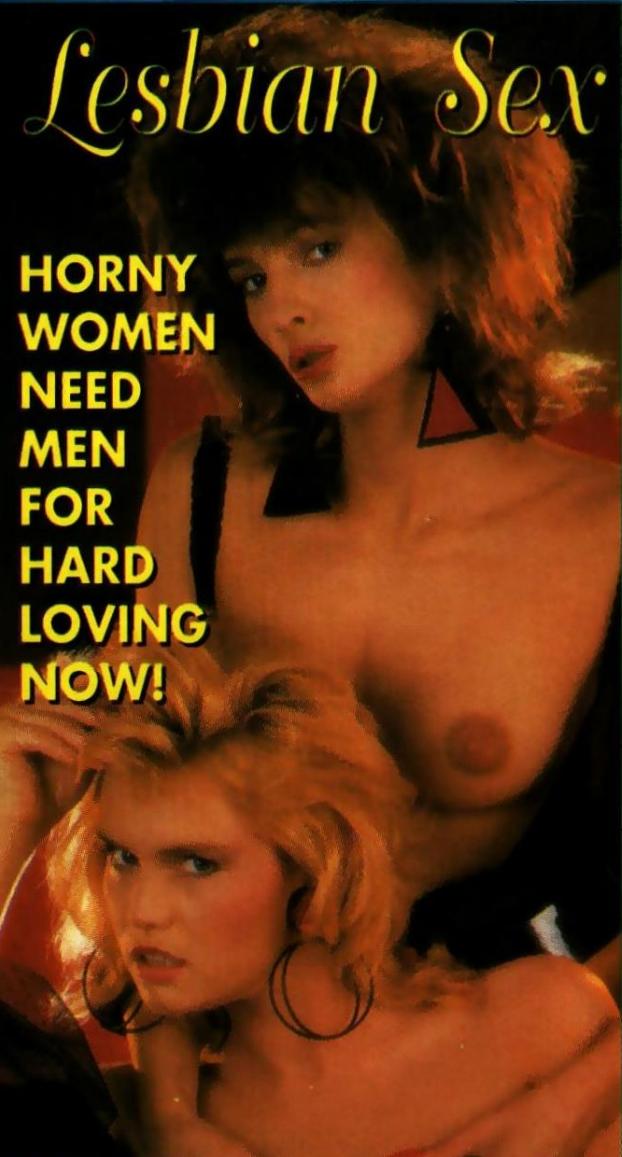


FANTASIES

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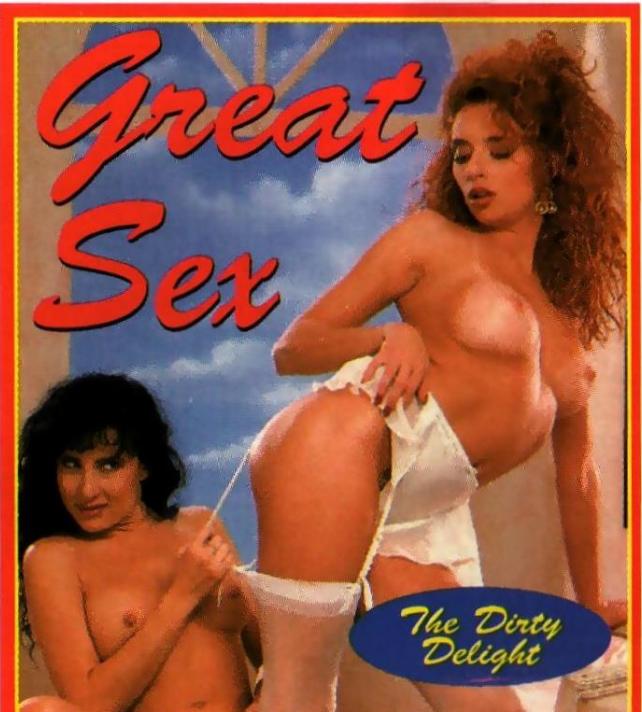
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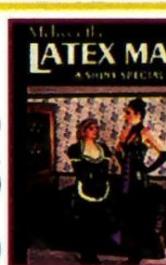
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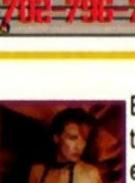
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healthy kick. Also, it just makes sense to provide a manual backup crank to the electric starter, which is convenient but definitely not infallible. Plus, a kicker would return a little of that ballsy honesty that used to define Harleys--- a measure of user-repellence that, for lack of a better turn of the phrase, separated the men from the boys.

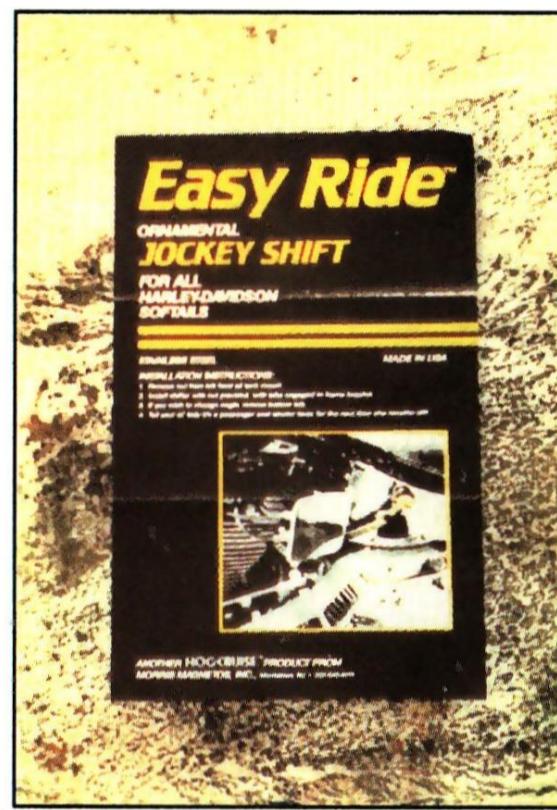
Demand number four might be viewed as unreasonable, but I'm going for it: make dealers require that a person buying t-shirts or any other fashion junk provide proof of Harley ownership before they can be allowed to purchase said merchandise. I'd be more than proud to whip out my registration any time. This would make Harley owners feel like exclusive customers again, rather than being forced to rub shoulders with every Joe Blow straight out of the tattoo magazines who owns every pastel H-D shirt ever made, but no motorcycle. Remember the '70s when sidewalk-commandos stood a good chance of having their H-D shirts razored off their backs by offended bikers? Ah, for the good old days, when Harley ownership was *really* special and *really* meant something!

Which brings me to the last item, the style of said t-shirts. I wouldn't be caught dead in the style of t-shirts they sell these days, especially that one that has the lightning bolts all over it. I liked the AMF era t-shirts the best--- like the one that looked like a Jack Daniels label. Man, that shirt had some class. My uncle gave me one in the '70s, and I was so little that it damn near came to my knees. I grew into that shirt and wore it for years, until it was mere threads. H-D shirts should be only white or black, with none of that dragon, viking, last-biker-on-earth bullshit. And get rid of the entire Willie G. line. Yuk, stick to bikes, man. (Karen G. can call me for fashion tips. I'll take her to my favorite shop to get cool shirts, the thrift store.)

This is serious, though. Just as the American flag turned upside down is an international distress signal (employed by the American Indian Movement as a symbol to the rest of the world of their plight) this is a sign of distress. Harley-Davidson is deliberately, methodically separating themselves from what they refer to as their core audience. If they don't stop, and instead, start listening,

one day they'll have dealerships full of plasti-coated, rubber-mounted, gutless, neutered bikes, and no one to buy them, since they'll be indistinguishable from every other soulless, user-friendly cycle on the market.

Send Harley a message, and be the first on your block to flip them your patch!



FAKING YOUR OWN DEATH?

"Whether their lack of action was a result of apathy, cowardice or shame, I know not, but I do not feel responsibility for it. In democracy, those who fail to act, fail to influence..."

I read that quote in the paper one day, and wrote it down and put it in my wallet. I read it often, and I especially read it when I decided to install my jockey shifter (even though I knew that every part would have to be fabricated). I think that the jockey shifter is the coolest thing on earth, and was afraid that the art of the suicide shift would only become a part of chopper folklore if I didn't do my part. Not that there aren't bikers who hand jam already, it's just that, in this era of ornamental, safe, show bikes, I felt that the jockey shift was in danger of disappearing. Thus, I decided to use my position at the Horse to carry on the tradition of murderous peril known as jockey shifting!

I was more than thrilled to get a couple of letters about my choice of certain death, and was glad to know that I wasn't the only person wanting to

continue the tradition. Here's a letter I received (which was printed last issue):

"... I finally got a Shovelhead about six months ago after having to sell my 1972 Sportster that I built out of baskets. I, like you, have always thought that suicide shifters were about as cool as it comes. Naturally, one of my first thoughts was to try and put one on my Shovel. After asking around at several shops, I got the same negative attitudes and 'you'll kill yourself's' that you apparently got. I was ready to walk away and forget the whole idea.

"Then I read your articles in #122 about jockey shifting your FX. Also, about the same time, I met some of the very few guys around here that actually run foot clutches.

"Talk about a turn around! Those two things were all it took to get me back on track and convinced me that I wanted to do it after all..."

--- Matt Liebenua, Kuna, Idaho

Fuckin' A, dude! A jockey shift isn't for the meek. It's harder to ride, requiring not only a new set of reflexes, but also a new way of thinking. The only way to achieve the cool look of a metal shifter bolted to your tranny is to drastically alter your riding style, a sacrifice that not only seems impractical to some people, but impossible to others (like head Piss Pea Snow! I think he'll cave in to peer pressure eventually).

Until we received a letter from Lawrence McKenna in Brooklyn, NY, I thought that sacrifice and dedication were required to run a jockey shifter. Lawrence wanted to install a magneto on his bike, and sent off to Morris Magneto for information. Along with the info on their mags, they also sent Lawrence a flyer for an "Ornamental Jockey Shift!" Lawrence had some pretty strong opinions on the subject, which were printed last issue, but, to refresh your memory:

"To my mind, the jockey shifter is something that's pretty useless anyway, even when it's a real one. Foot shifting and hand clutch just works better. It's a hell of a lot easier to downshift into a tight turn when you don't have to take your hands off the bars. But to each his own, and I'm the first to admit that they sure look cool. But a fake one? How would they explain the clutch lever on the handlebar? And why would anybody pay money for a fake one anyway? It can't be that hard to put together the real thing without paying money for a

pre-fab unit that doesn't work anyway. Morris doesn't include the price of this abomination in their flyer, but I bet you could fabricate a real one for less than they want for the bullshit one..."

--- Lawrence Mckenna, Brooklyn, NY

Again, fuckin' A, dude! I have to agree with you. What kind of fool would put fake shit on their bike? What's next? Fake apehangers that extend when you're not riding your bike for that cool, sky-high look? I just can't imagine what kind of loser would bolt something like this onto their bike. I mean, what's the purpose? If someone knows enough to look down for a jockey shift lever, they're damn sure gonna know that's a clutch cable running up to the left grip (unless you're Crazy Fuckin' Larry, who runs the most awesome jockey shift on earth!). What's the point, especially if someone asks, "Does this thing work?" I guess Loser Dude's going to have to say, "Well, no, it's fake."

I just don't get it. Maybe it's just modern marketing. Don't be surprised if you start seeing toupee commercials with loser dudes pulling up to the curb on their faux hardtail Softails, and then reaching down to fake shift their tranny, just about the time they pick up their silicone-injected

ol' lady. If it's really a lady, that is. One thing's for sure, it is a real fake jockey shifter kit that Morris Magneto needs shoved up their ass. I can't believe that a company that makes such a real, hardcore product as a magneto would even consider

"I saw a girl in a town above Jackson, Ohio, jockey shifting a Flathead chopper. Righteous. She definitely had a bigger pair than whoever thought of this lame fake jockey shifter."

something phoney. What would they think of someone offering fake magnetos?

They apparently don't care, just like the people who invented fake Panhead covers and fake kidney cam covers. They're watering down the real thing just to make a quick buck on the current market. Sure, it's just a fad, and we have to ride it out, but I damn sure don't like being associated with these people.

I don't care for the way Morris marketed this thing. Sure, whoever's going to buy this product is an insecure homophobe (which means he's a closet fag) anyway, but in the installation instructions, step number four reads: "Tell your ol' lady it's a passenger seat ejector lever, for the next time she mouths off!"

First off, any loser that puts a fake jockey shifter on his bike doesn't deserve an ol' lady, and second, the one thing that anyone with a fake jockey shifter definitely does deserve is any mouthing off they get! Hey Morris, lay that rap about an ol' lady mouthing off on BSA riding Tracy featured in this issue and see what happens.

This is the '90s, but I guess if you ride with a fake jockey shifter, it wouldn't hurt to ride around with a blow-up doll. That way, you'll be sure not to get any lip (of any kind!). The ironic thing is that last fall I saw a girl in a town above Jackson, Ohio, jockey shifting a Flathead chopper. Righteous. She definitely had a bigger pair than whoever thought of this lame fake jockey shifter. Morris also added, in large print on their flyer that their product is "Made in the USA." Hey, guess that'll excuse any stupid fuckin' thing. How proud we are to have fake jockey shifters made right here by patriotic Americans. The European bikers gave us 80 and 120 spoked wheels, Tolle forks, and repro H-D rigid, and we have fake shifters, fake kickstarters, and fake bikers. Oh yeah, I'm proud. To me, it's a product of apathy, used by cowards, and the maker and buyer should be ashamed. ♦

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US-52

According to the ill-informed idiots at *American Ironing's HCH* the old maid FXR and FXST are the traditional chopper platforms. Gee, I guess that Harley customizing all started in the 1980s, and not the '30s and '40s as bikers previously believed. I guess we all just dreamed up the classic bobbers and choppers that have defined the custom Harley profile for the past five decades--- long before the FXR or FXST came along.

Out and out bullshit. Revisionist history is what this scum-sucking rag, *Hottest Custom Harleys* preaches. "Minimalist bike based most often on an

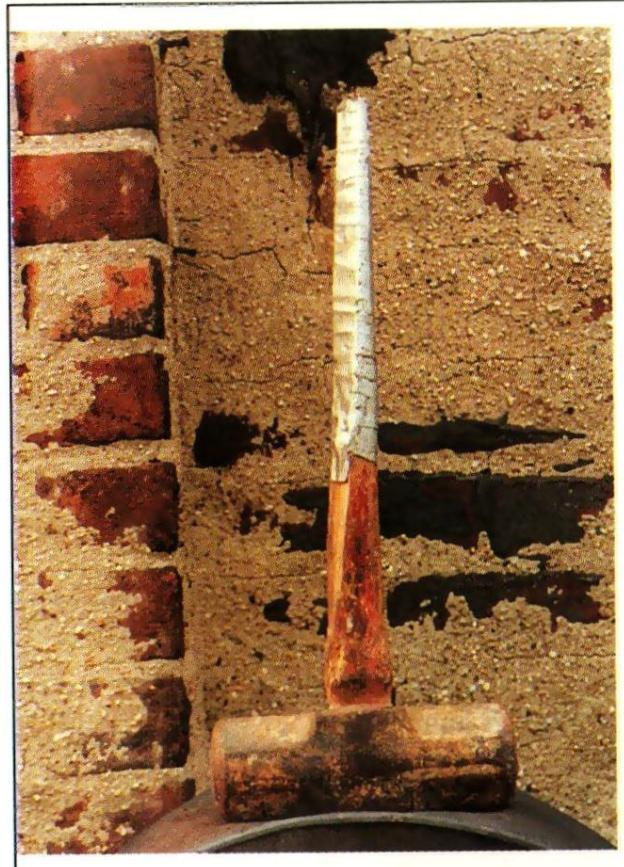
"I guess we all just dreamed up the classic bobbers and choppers that have defined the custom Harley profile for the past five decades--- long before the FXR or FXST came along."

FXR, Softail..." is enough to make any informed, knowledgeable biker sick.

"CHOPPER" OF THE FUTURE

Hey, man, *American Ironing's Hottest Implausible Bullshit* has just "redefined" what our future chops are gonna look like. Let's see, how does this sound to you: an FLT Garbage Glide with full-sized, pink and yellow, color-coordinated saddlebags, Tour Pak, full fairing, wearing every conceivable bullshit bolt-on item from *American Ironing's* Christmas catalog. And, oh yeah, can't forget that air dam.

Gee, and I thought that Mabel was a pretty clean looking bobjob. Now I'll have to get a fairing, some saddlebags, and all the rest of those neat weight-adding items like a radio and headphones so that Patty and I can "communicate" while heading down the highway. There's my "Hottest Custom Harley"--- oh my God! **IT IS MY FATHER'S OLDSMOBILE!**



EZ LITE BIKES

Cycle World's Big Twin

SPRING 1994

by Snow

Duck! Or better yet, step up to the plate and get ready to swing your hammer, cause here it comes--- the latest salvo in the ongoing culture war for the soul of custom motorcycling. The third issue of (the former *American*) *Big Twin* from the Harley bashers at *Cycle World* joins forces with the likes of *American Iron*, *American Rider*, *Easyriders*, EZ's VQ--- the whole yuppie biker press--- in its ceaseless quest to transform the custom Harley culture into just another bland, easily digestible lump of coffee table fare.

People tell us to lay off, to stop ripping these rags--- to live and let live. Fuck that punk-ass shit. We're not preventing any of these publishers from printing their crap or trying to suppress anyone's right to free speech. But we're not about to stand idly by without saying *our* piece. If you don't like it, turn to the rest of Dimitri's ride or check out Nancy's ass on page 48. One thing's for sure, we're the only ones who care enough to open our fuckin' yaps. If it wasn't for Biker Lit Crit, the only sound you'd hear would be the E-Z listening lite muzak of the yuppie biker press. It's *Iron Horse* versus the world--- a whole world of weak, lying, posturing bullshit passing itself off as an accurate representation of the custom Harley culture by a bunch of opportunists who

didn't give a shit about H-Ds, custom or otherwise, before the '90s.

The allusion to muzak is too easy, but entirely appropriate. Let's see what's happenin' with the current Harley scene--- Harley's suing bikers over the use of the word "hog," they've trademarked "Ape Hanger," (neither of which, in the opinion of most real-world bikers, the H-D corp. has any legitimate claim to), Willie G. was recently quoted in the nation's leading paper of record, the *NY Times*, as saying that, "Motorcycling doesn't have a lot to do with transportation," customers often have to wait for as long as a year for the delivery of their new Harleys while over a half dozen Big Twin mills are bolted to the facade of the H-D Cafe,

"Imagine a biker magazine written by your grandmothers and aunts, and you've got a pretty good idea of the dynamic hard-hitting style of Big Twin."

and getting a Shovel serviced at a dealership boutique is as likely to occur as it is at MacDonald's.

But what does *Big Twit* have to say about the scene? Zero. The first three columns by Paul Dean, Beau Allen Pacheco, and Alan Girdler are all tuned to EZ Lite FM. No guts, no opinions, and definitely no glory--- just more pabulum for the baby boomers who've yet to grow up and deal with the real world. Dean, Harley basher extraordinaire from *Cycle World*, whines for six paragraphs (2/3 page) about how hard it was to photograph a semi-stock Softail. Hey, you're gettin' paid, dick, who wants to hear it? Beau Allen, straight from the japbike jockeys at *Rider* is all puffed up about his credentials as a Harley enthusiast. His photo shows his head perched upon what appears to be a black leather bag of Jiffy Pop. Quite a change from his white t-shirt gig at *Rider*. At least these guys can dress the part. Maybe Beau's for real, but he didn't show much in his debut column, beyond the usual back-patting that typifies these yup writers.

More easy listening. Alan Girdler reveals in his piece how his primary chain was adjusted for him by a Harley dealer. I was on the edge of my seat for that one.

Hey, man, is it just us perpetually pissed off bastards here at the Horse, or are there perhaps other bikers who might find this bland, boring shit offensive? These straight rags like to distance themselves from the hardcore element of the Harley scene because of the use of naughty language and such, but personally, I think their brand of Harley journalism is more insulting than the nastiest string of four letter words, especially considering what's currently happening with H-D. Imagine a biker magazine written by your grandmothers and aunts, and you've got a pretty good idea of the dynamic, hard hitting style of *Big Twin*. My dear ol' Baptist grandma has stronger opinions than this collection of lames.

Oh, okay--- they can plead objectivity. Traditionally that's what journalism is supposed to be about, which is fine for court reporting, war coverage, scientific investigation or any other fact finding endeavor. However, if you're going to cover a subculture as nutty and as intensely idiosyncratic as Harley riding, let alone the custom Harley culture, objectivity isn't gonna get you very far.

This is the reason that japbike rags always came up short when it was time to test a Harley or evaluate the Jap "cruiser" rip offs of H-D. The objectivity so valued by the straight bike press, in which a neutral (neutered?) tester reduces a bike's net worth to a series of cold performance numbers, horsepower/torque charts, and esoteric shit like ergonomic factors (hey man, just buy a new fuckin' seat!) was absolutely irrelevant when applied to Harleys. The japbike writers admitted as much in many of their tests, but that realization didn't prevent rags like *Cycle World* from regularly bashing H-D (with barely concealed glee) or placing Harleys last behind the Jap imitations in their "cruiser" comparisons (as recounted in IH #123's Biker Lit Crit, *Cycle World*, under Paul Dean was particularly energetic in this regard).

The way it usually worked: a japbike rag reporter looked at a Virago or Vulcan or Intruder or Shadow and compared it to a Sportster or a Softail. Armed with his incredibly responsible sense of objectivity, said reporter put the bikes through their paces and then allowed the chips to fall where they may--- usually all over the H-D. "Tsk, tsk, when is Harley gonna build a real motorcycle?" is what these tests invariably came down to, with much sarcasm directed toward the H-D

product.

What of custom class? What about tradition, heritage, and chopper-influenced aesthetics? Considerations that make, say, an original FX Low Rider a much more interesting and significant bike than its recent Dyna incarnation or that make *any* Harley superior to a jap rip off. Hey, pal, that's mere opinion and subjectivity--- none of which translates into open road performance. How the bike worked, not what it might happen to mean to the rider, was the japbike rags' sole consideration. They were deliberately blind to the qualities most valued by the custom Harley culture, and proud of the fact.

So now these guys are producing Harley oriented magazines solely because there's money in it. It's not because they've suddenly developed an appreciation for extended forks or a motor with an "antiquated design" (one of the japbike rags' favorite putdowns of H-D). They never loved Harleys, never trashed a stock bike in favor of a chopper profile, never replaced their batteries and electric starters with kick-only magneto ignitions, never installed a real jockey shift or performed any other hare-brained, but fuckin' cool modification to give a chop a little more class. By any objective standard, choppers and custom bikes are ridiculous. Talk about opinion and subjectivity--- this is where it lives, as Genghis would say. That's *all* there is when it comes to custom bikes.

Small wonder then that *Big Twin* has nothing to say. Motivated by opportunism rather than enthusiasm, they haven't a close clue as to what constitutes custom class or a cool ride. To have an opinion about such matters they would need to have some familiarity with the subject. Straight riders for the whole of their careers, these guys are ill-equipped to deal with the subject of custom Hogs. It's like Ward Cleaver transforming himself into Big Daddy Roth. Since these guys weren't brought up within the custom culture, H-Ds can only exist for them in a vacuum, which is exactly the perspective they report from--- a perspective that divorces custom Harleys from the environment of their origin. *Iron Horse* #116's review of the first issue of *Big Twit*, identified this journalistic practice "that has surgically excised The Look [of the H-D culture] from the messy, greasy reality." Lynch touched on the attempt to "separate custom Harleys from the culture that produced them" in his *American Rider* review.

For instance, the first issue of *Big Twit* reviewed the Dyna Wide Glide and

never discussed the model's rich heritage or its unique place in the custom tradition (none of which applies to the Dyna version). *Big Twit's* guiding principle for feature bikes seems to be based upon the most superficial considerations--- an Evo motor, and the shinier the bike the better (one reason why the Project Fuck You Chopper will be primer grey with black rims and spokes and zero chrome).

There's a big to-do by Paul Dean about a custom shop in Florida called Razorback Motor Works and the custom Softies and FXRs produced by its owner, Wayne Fuller. The man produces some nice, clean, refined, but basically stock bikes that impressed the hell out of Dean. Lots of air dams, giant fenders, and what Dean refers to as "...a series of enclosures on the handlebar, the steering-head area and the gas tank to completely conceal all the wiring at the front of the bike." More covers, more complication, more weight--- so whatever *did* happen to "less is more?"

At any rate, let's live and let live, and grant that some people like this look. What was most intriguing about the article was the fact (which was trumpeted in a cover blurb) that Harley-Davidson had just purchased "Razorback Motor Works and all of its assets." Harley has "signed a long term contract with Wayne Fuller to retain his services for the design and development of accessories solely for Harley-Davidson." Good, I guess we can anticipate the proliferation of the Garbage Glide look from future factory models. Call me paranoid, but being from Arkansas, I also can't help but wonder if this means that H-D is going to attempt to appropriate "Razorback" as a company trademark the same way they did "hog." Wayne says the name didn't come from "Arkansas... or the University of Arkansas..." All I can say is, Harley would have its hands full with a state full of people who are more fanatical about the use of "Hog" than any biker ever was!



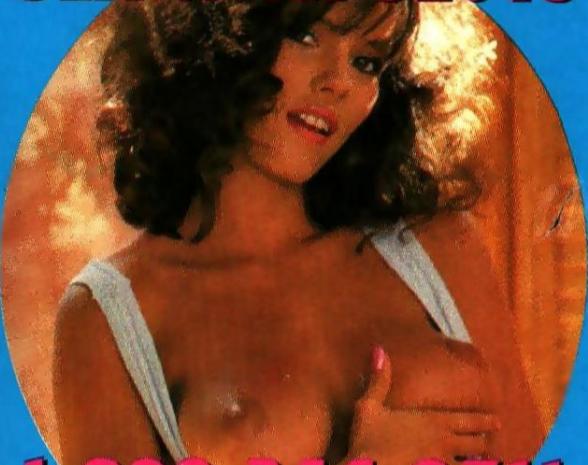
The only article worth a damn in this entire piece of shit was authored by Kevin Cameron (with some beautiful illos by Dennis Brown). I've got a lot of respect for Mr. Cameron, he's a true gearhead who's forgotten more about motorcycles than I'll ever know, and he pens a nice survey about the evolution of the Big Twin mill from '36 to the Evo. *

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iron horse essay contest

"And the winner is..."

Finally, after eight issues, we have a couple of winners in the fiercely contested Iron Horse Essay Contest! Congrats go out to B.D. Murray of Sulphur Springs, TX, whose entry appeared in IH #120. The co-winner is SSG. B.G. (Mad Dog) Howard Sr. whose essay was published in IH #123. Free Iron Horse subscriptions will be delivered to our eloquent winners as soon as the contest's sponsor, Abner Mality, coughs up the dough. Thanks to all who entered!

We're re-printing Abner's original contest rules, as well as B.D.'s and B.G.'S winning entries for your edification...

I've been beefing, forever it seems, that Iron Horse should offer subscriptions---well, you finally went and did it, and this morning I mailed in my dough.

Put your money where your mouth is, I always say, but when your mouth is as big as mine, you're talking about more than could ever be covered by only one year's dues: what to do? And then it hit me! Why not buy a couple of subscriptions for some creative, deserving motorsickle hoodlums?

How does an essay contest grab you? Just address ONE of the four following topics in a couple of brief paragraphs:

1. *"Favorite uses of offally (jeez, I'm sorry. I really meant to write officially) licensed tee shirts, I mean, shirts." And please, let's forego the obvious stuff like covering the wet spot, wiping body parts, or stuffing said shirt into parts of this humble scribe.*

2. *"Why I believe that putting H-D decals on an automobile should be forbidden by federal law and punishable by flogging."*

3. *"Why I believe that purchasers of H-D tee shirts and decals should be required to provide proof of ownership of a Harley as well as a motorcycle license."*

4. *"Why I believe that the entrance to the parking area of any motorcycle event should only be 40 inches wide, and that there should be no such thing as a rain date."*

Okay, to be eligible, you must mail in your entries along with an officially licensed, multi-colored, lifestyle tee shirt, I mean, shirt. If IH will furnish a more or less responsible and/or reprehensible person to judge this drek, I'll spring for a year's subscription for one winner of each category (that's a maximum of four, kiddies). When the judging is over, somebody'll haul the shirts over to the West Village to donate to a gay homeless men's shelter. Think of that whenever you see a "Milwaukee Vibrator" tee on some puke wearing white leather sneakers...

Abner Mality, #13 Rue D'Wakening, Pot Hole, New Jersey

BIG QUESTION

In June of 1988 I was sitting on the seawall in Galveston, TX, drinking a Bud and watching the seagulls shit on the tourbuses. It was a hot bitch; I had on a pair of cut-offs, flip-flops, and a gimme cap. I was hugging close to a small, covered pavilion in a vain attempt to avoid radiation poisoning from the hot Texas sun. I was pretty much in a trance for various reasons when I noticed a sidewalk commando coming up my port side. He must have seen the tattoo on my shoulder and assumed that it was an open invitation for sparkling conversation. This dude was wearing black cowboy boots with silvertips. He had a chain wallet. He had a wad of keys that sounded like a marching band, a belt with metal studs and Mexican coins stuck to it, a blue bandana tied around his head, and a black tee that said, "I'd rather push my Harley than ride a Yamaha."

Several thoughts crossed my mind at

once. They were: Man, this motherfucker must be burning up, this guy is a dink, he must have never had the pleasure of motor hiking a loaded FX down the interstate during July, this guy is a dink, Lord, why does he have to talk to me? Why can't he talk to the chattering Vietnamese family who's trying to crowd me out from under the only shade for miles around? This is guy is a dink. Then it speaks, "Hey, man, do you ride a Harley?"

I, being the cunning linguist that I am, sez, "Yeah." Then he starts, "I love them Harleys, blah, blah, blah, motorcycle bitches, blah, blah, blah, smoke dope, blah, blah, blah."

After a few minutes, I could hear the breakers on the Gulf, I could hear four or five of the local Viet Cong arguing over the proper division of three pickled eggs (actually, it sounded a lot like cats fucking), and I realized that Bat Masterson here had stopped talking and was looking at me. I, being the sensitive orator that I am, took the opportunity to inject this witty query. I sez, "You putt?"

The guy looked like I handed him an elephant turd. I realized that I had miscommunicated. I rephrased my question: "Do you ride a motorcycle?"

He looked at the beach, he looked at the crabs, he looked like he had crabs, and finally he sez, "Well, no, but if I did, I'd ride a Harley." I guess the look in my good eye told him I was not impressed. Weenie Boy then said, "Live to ride," or "May the Force be with you," or some such bullshit. Then he rolled on down the seawall doing his best tough guy impersonation. I just shook my head. One of the VC poked one of the others and said, "Mong nong cluck nuck fuck," which roughly translates into "That guy must be a dink."

That day, on that peaceful beach, surrounded by beer cans, seagulls, and Asian immigrants, I realized that no matter how many t-shirts or tattoos or pit bulldogs or any of that shit you have, if you don't have heart, if you don't live to feel your face pressed to the wind, if you don't literally love to ride a motorcycle, you ain't and never will be a biker. No matter how much authorized bullshit you buy, no matter how many motorcycles you possess, if you don't have the heart, you are not a biker. Some people own Harleys. My Harley owns me. That's the difference.

--- B.D. Murray, Sulphur Springs, TX

MAD DOG'S GLORY

Here is my reason for making it mandatory to show proof of Harley ownership plus a motorcycle license to purchase a Harley t-shirt or decal.

Every night of every week, while sitting in my favorite watering hole (The Companion) in downtown Anjung-Ri, South Korea, there is always some butthead biker-wannabe who comes over while I enjoy my favorite beverage, Pepsi-Cola on ice. It never fails. They ask, "Do you ride or just wear the clothes?" After my reply of "yes," it always leaves them wondering. I get to hear about their hardtails, Pans, Shovels, and of course, their new Softails. These poser fuckheads own every bolt-on-chrome and plastic part they can get on their credit cards (we're military and don't make that kind of money), but a bike? I love to watch their faces when I ask them where their bikes are. That's when I get to hear some of the best excuses ever uttered. "My wife made me sell it," "the Army wouldn't let me bring it," "heard the gas here was no good," "I was told there was trouble getting parts," "insurance is too high," and of course, my favorite, "I left it in storage." Holy shit, we're only here for a year!

Then when I tell 'em I have a Sportster, they want to give me shit. I tell them there's a lot of history behind the Sporty, but fuck, no, these puke-faced motherfuckers just want to talk shit about their paint and stroker kits, and how cool it is to have their hair in the wind. Shit, we're all military--- there ain't any hair to get in the wind to begin with! The word "bro" gets worn out if everybody is a fuckin' bro. These assholes then proceed to get shitfaced and embarrass everyone who ever rode a Harley.

When I go to leave and sit on my Sportster, all I ever see parked around me are mopeds and some shit 125cc bikes that ya never heard of in the States. I really get a shit-eating grin as I fire up those 61 cubic inches, and rev the mill through the drags. Local men stick their fingers in their ears, while the women grab their kids and duck into shops.

I wear Harley shirts, but I ride. I ride no matter what the weather, or how much the insurance is, and there's always octane booster for the shitty gas. As for my wife, she would never come between me and my Harley.

--- SSG. B.G. (Mad Dog) Howard Sr., A Co. 3rd MI BN. (AC), Unit #25228, BX 626, APO AP 96271-0254

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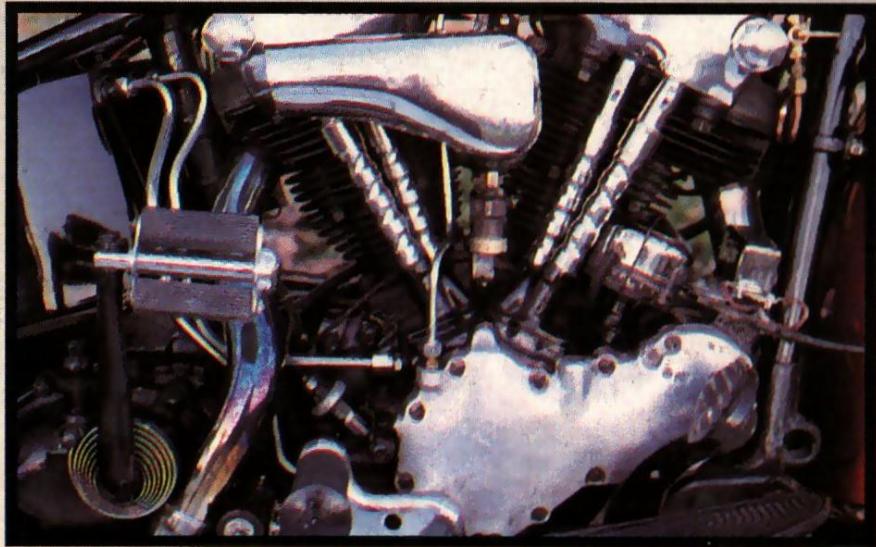
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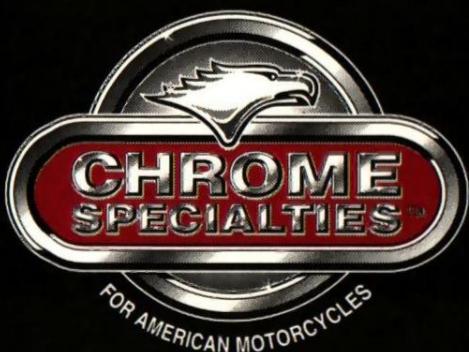
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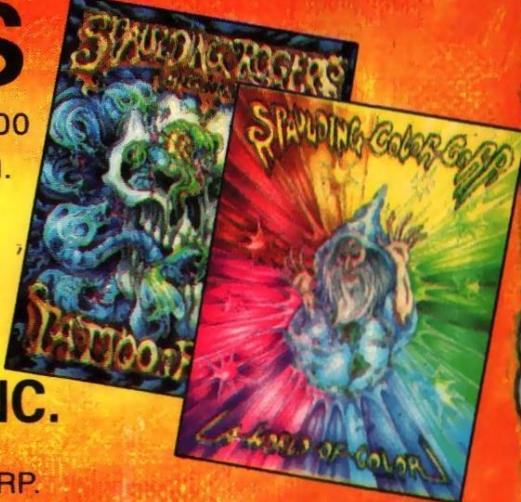
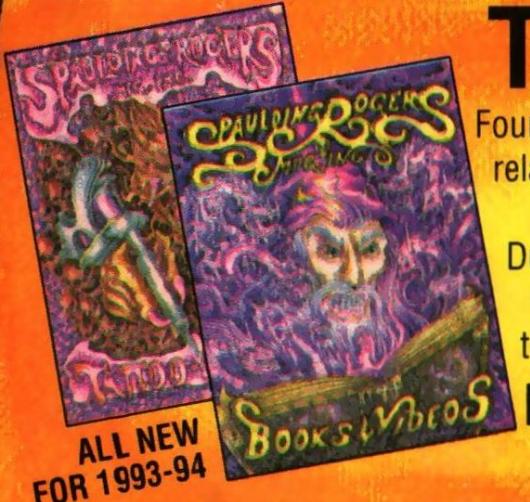
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